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THE DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. WALSH.

How oft our dreaming fancy roves
A shadowy world of bliss,
And peoples it with hopes and loves
More fair than aught of this;
But cold reality dispels
The dear, delusive dream,
And vanish all those magic spells
That flit o'er life's dark stream.

Last night methought I roamed in halls
With gorgeous trappings gay,
A flood of light illumed the walls
And made them bright as day;
And by my side was one whose vows
To me were dearer far
Than gems that shine on monarchs' brows,
Tho' brought from lands afar.

Now faintly far, now thrilling near,
Voluptuous music floats,
As if from some celestial sphere
Rang out its angel notes:
A purer still and brighter charm
Fair woman lends the scene,
Whilst manly lips avowals warm
Pour forth in "love's young dream."

We stood, the one beloved and I,
Amid the brilliant throng,
And from her mutely speaking eye
I drank love deep and strong.
An instant, and, oh Heaven! a change
So sad came o'er the scene,
That all grew misty, dark and strange,
I woke—'twas but a dream.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BALL ROOM.

It was the height of the ball, and Laura Mellish and Ray Desmond were whirling round in the mazes of a waltz. It was the first week in May, 1824; and the house of Sir Orford Mellish was the scene of unusual gaiety.

Laura, the eldest daughter of the baronet—eldest and best loved, too—was eighteen upon this day; and all the friends of the family, and the most distant relations, were crowded that night into the elegantly furnished apartments of Sir Orford. One only among that gaily dressed throng, however, was there, whose coming on that evening brought joy to the heart of the young girl. This was Ray Desmond—the son of Sir Ray Desmond, the Yorkshire baronet—a young, handsome fellow of five-and-twenty, of great expectations, and a free, generous disposition. He had been engaged now six months to Laura Mellish; but since the day when their engagement had been ratified by the consent of her father, he had suddenly become neglectful; as it were, and less frequent in his visits. Not that his attachment had become less ardent. His manner was more eager, more anxious, more demonstrative than ever; but there was a wildness in his eye, a restlessness in his whole behaviour, an unrest evident in his speech and his conduct, which was terribly painful and distressing to the one he had chosen to be his wife. On this night, however—the first night of meeting for a month—he seemed to have cast off, altogether, the gloom and anxiety which oppressed him generally. He had brought Laura a lovely diamond bracelet, clasped it on her glowing arm, with the old smile beaming from his dark brown eyes; and now that the dancing had begun, he had entirely resumed possession of his former self, and was entering to the full into the joy and hilarity of the scene.

"I am so happy to-night, Ray, said Laura, as she sat down with him near one of the bay windows, lovely and warm from the dance; "so happy because you are once more with me."

The young man smiled.

"You speak, dearest," he said, "as if I had been absent a long time."

"And is not a month a long time, then?" asked Laura. "It seemed a year to me. Where have you been?"

Ray Desmond slightly changed color.

"I have been in the country," he said, "on business, money hunting."

Laura laughed lightly.

"Money hunting!" she cried. "Why, you are talking like an old man, Ray! Any one would think you were a tradesman, or an old banker, to hear you talk. Why, what do *you* want with money?"

"You are soon to be my wife, dearest," he said, bending over her. "I *shall* want money then, shall I not? My father allows me a good income; but that is no reason why I should not make more."

"And how do you make it, then, Ray? I should have thought that you had about as much head for real serious business as *I* have."

"Ah, that is *my* secret, dear Laura," he said. "I can—— Ah, what is that?"

He started up and clenched his hands and his face grew pale as death. As he started a shadowy form appeared at the window and a broad belt, as it were, of darkness had fallen upon them. When he rose, however, and looked again, nothing was there. Forgetful, as it seemed for the moment, of the ball-room and the music and the one he loved, he leaned his pale brow against the glass and gazed out.

Sir Orford Mellish's house was situated in St. John's Wood, and as he glanced out he could see a mass of waving spring foliage and the bright moon glinting on the white stone of the terrace beneath the window. Nothing could be seen. The place was vacant. Moonbeam and starbeam had it all to themselves.

"What could it have been?" he muttered. "He promised not to come unless——Ah, there *can* be no such misfortune impending over me!"

As he murmured these words, the soft, warm arms of Laura glided round his neck.

"What ails you, dear Ray?" she said in a gentle voice. "You look so pale and so distracted, you alarm me. Tell me, dearest, what is it?"

The young man turned to her with a forced smile.

"It is nothing, Laura—nothing but what I am often subject to. You must bear with me, dearest! Ah, Laura, leave me a moment! I will rejoin you in a few minutes.' He was trembling now in every limb. It was not, however, the trembling of fear, but of profound agitation. Laura hesitated but an instant. The pleading look in his eyes detemined her, and she moved slowly away.

Ray Desmond watched her eagerly as she passed away and disappeared among the dancers, looking neither to the right nor left. As soon as she was gone he hurried to the window, and, throwing up one of the side sashes, gazed out.

"It must be a man's form," he said, "that stands so motionless by that elm tree. I will go to him."

He glanced back at the ball room. No one was observing him. Closing the window from without, therefore, he passed hurriedly along the terrace and approached the spot where he fancied he saw the man. His fancy was correct.

A man was there, leaning against a tree smoking a short pipe; a man with a rough cap drawn over his eyes, with a red handkerchief roped round his neck, a black velvet coatee and corduroy breeches.

"Ah, Mr. Desmond!" he said, before the other could speak; "I am glad you've come. I've had trouble enough to get in and stop in without being found out."

"Yes, yes; but why are you here? what is the matter?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Marston wants to see you; and, you see, he says as there's something the matter with the Lavender colt."

The young man passed his white gloved hand through his hair as he stammered, "Something the matter with it! Why it was well enough this morning!"

"Ay, like enough, sir; but you see that isn't nothing nowadays. Lavender might ha' won the Derby this morning and be dead to-night. You see——But Mr. Marston will tell you all about it. He's waiting for you."

"Where?"

"At the 'Three Jolly Shepherds', in Oxford Street. He's on the quiet there."

"But my carriage—how shall I get there?"

"Oh, leave *me* alone for that, sir," said the man. "Running Joe is up to snuff, I think. Your vehicle is just on t'other side of that wall, sir. If you will come, sir, I'll be over in a moment and tell him where to meet you."

"At the corner in ten minutes, then," said Ray Desmond; and hurried back without another word.

The dancers were enjoying themselves vigorously and observed him not as he opened the casement gently and sprang in. Making his way round the outer circle of pleasure seekers, he found Laura talking to her father and her sister Emily.

"Sir Orford," he said, "and you, Laura, I am sure you will excuse me. But I feel very ill—more so than I can describe to you; and I must retire."

"Bless me, my boy," cried Sir Orford, heartily, "if you are ill, don't go home; there is a room upstairs at your disposal and I will send for Sir Henry Adams at once."

Ray smiled faintly.

"I thank you, Sir Orford," he said. "I know I am welcome, but I know also that you will excuse me if I say that I would rather go home. To-morrow I will call on you. Good night, Sir Orford—good night, Emily—good night, Laura dearest!"

This last, spoken in a low voice, almost inaudible to all save the one for whom it was intended, brought tears into her eyes. Emily heard nothing.

"Don't be ill long, Ray," she said, laughingly, as she shook her beautiful curls at him. "Don't be ill long. The Derby week is coming; and you know you have promised to take us to the Oaks."

Desmond started as if bitten by an adder. But he quickly recovered himself.

"This is, I trust, but a passing illness," he said. "I hope it will not last so long as *you* speak of. Good night."

And with these words, slowly, almost uncourteously, spoken, he quitted the room, not even knowing what he had said. At the corner of the street he found the carriage, with the rough fellow already inside of it; and in a few moments he was dashing away towards the "Three Jolly Shepherds."

On reaching Oxford street, the coachman turned off into a dark, narrow, dirty street, where the carriage jolted from side to side over the uneven stones.

"Where the deuce is the fellow driving to?" cried Ray Desmond, impatiently, rising to speak to the coachman out of the window.

"It's all right, sir," said Running Joe, quite familiarly; "it's all right. You see, the 'Three Jolly Shepherds' ain't exactly in Oxford street. It's a little out of it. You see the lights there. Here we are."

The handsome carriage drew up with a rush at the door of the grimy looking public house, and Ray Desmond eagerly alighted.

"Marston does not choose a very agreeable place of meeting," said he, as he glanced up at the murky windows, rendered more dirty in appearance by the flaring gas; "but never mind—lead the way."

The man in velvet needed no further orders. Passing into the bar, he halted.

"Very dry work, sir, smoking and waiting," he said. "A glass of whiskey would be refreshing."

Hastily ordering the required beverage, Ray said, "Take me to him and return for your liquor."

The man accordingly beckoned him towards a door, on the other side of the bar; and, after ascending a staircase of objectionable shape and odor, Ray Desmond found himself at the open door of a room as ill smelling and murky as the rest of the establishment. On a chair, near the fire, sat a man, with curly, iron gray hair; a man about forty years of age, with a broad, muscular frame, clad in the height of sporting fashion. His feet were in slippers and in his mouth was a long pipe. This man was John Marston.

CHAPTER II.

TIP FOR THE DERBY NO. 1.

The room in which the man sat was a gloomy room, full of the heavy, uncomfortable furniture that is generally to be met with in such public houses. A scrap of carpet adorned the floor and a few tawdry prints hung around the walls.

"Ah, Desmond," said Marston, without removing his pipe from his mouth; "I am glad you have come. There is no time to be lost, you see."

Ray cast himself languidly in a chair.

"No time to be lost!" he cried. "Don't talk in enigmas—tell me the truth. What is the matter?"

"Well, the truth is, the Lavender colt has gone wrong. There is no doubt about it," said John Marston, still not removing his pipe.

"Gone wrong!" exclaimed Ray Desmond. "Where did you hear this?"

"Why, you see," returned Marston, "Running Joe and Flash Charlie have been down to John Roberts' place, on the watch, and they've found that the colt limps. It's a done thing for him—he's no use! We must alter our game and bet against this horse like wildfire."

Desmond rang the bell.

"Bring me some brandy," he said to the waiter.

Then, turning to Marston, "Well, the news you give me," he added, "is very bad, indeed. I am deeply in with this horse; you know all my hopes are on it. There is scarcely time to reverse my book now."

"Bah! don't talk of time. We must make time. Now, come; *I* am squaring myself on the reverse tack. I'll begin with you: I will take sixteen to one, in thousands, to set me right. Book that and come with me to the club early in the morning. I sent for you to-night for another thing, however. I have heard of the Yorkshireman."

"What! Sir Lawrence Glanville?" exclaimed Ray, reddening, now, with pleasure.

"Yes, the same. I have met him; and, more than that, I have betted with him. He has money once more."

"Then," said Ray Desmond, with pale lips, "he shall not long keep it!"

Marston laughed coarsely.

"You have not forgotten the old love, then?" he said. "I thought you were engaged to Laura Mellish—a handsome girl and with a bouncing fortune, too?"

"Yes, so I am," said Ray, biting his lips, that he might not resent the insulting familiarity with which the other spoke; "but I have not forgiven the old score. You cannot understand my story yet, or you would not speak as you do."

"Never speak as I do? not understand your story?" cried Marston. "Why, you are mad! I know it by heart; I had it from your own lips. You and Sir Lawrence Glanville were bosom friends. You loved Cornelia Trevanion, the daughter of an enemy of your father's. You married her in secret; you trusted her to the care of Sir Lawrence. He betrayed his trust, and your wife died in shame and broken hearted. You seek revenge upon him—quite natural; but, if you love this other woman, why not leave it alone?"

Ray Desmond shook his head bitterly but made no reply.

"By the way, are you quite certain that your wife was unfaithful to you?" asked Marston, with as much nonchalance as if he were merely speaking of an ordinary affair.

"Certain!" cried Desmond, passionately. "It was from his boasts and her own confession that I knew it! What more could I have?"

"True, true."

"And you say this Glanville is in London?"

"Yes; I saw him yesterday. He will be at the club to-morrow. He will scarcely recognize you."

"Oh, yes! I am not so altered as that," said Ray Desmond. "There is no chance of his not recognising me. If I ruin him it must be through others."

"I will be your cheerful agent in this," said Marston. "You know well how I hate him! He has insulted and brought me to shame more than once. I am a man who never forgives an injury; and I only wish I had a hundred heads and a hundred hands, that I might punish him!"

Ray Desmond smiled contemptuously as the man said this—looking like a malicious bull-dog as he spoke.

"Punish him!" he cried, "punish him for what? What are your insults to my sorrow? What are his injuries to you to his deep wrong to me? Where he has spoken ill of you, degraded *you*, struck you, he has ruined *me*, blasted my happiness, trampled on my hopes and my love, taken from me all that was dear in life; and yet you compare your wrong to mine! Pooh! man, it is insulting to me. Let us work together, but do not talk of similarity of interests."

Desmond had his face averted from Marston as he spoke, or he would have observed the vindictive glance that was in his eye as he gazed at the fire; a glance, not vindictive as regarded Sir Lawrence Glanville, but as regarded Desmond himself. But with the artfulness of an old and practised hand he chased the look from his face and said quite genially, "Now don't be offended, Desmond; I meant no offence I assure you. I only say that as *I* hate the man as cordially as *you* do, we shall work the better together."

"Certainly," said Ray, abstractedly.

"And now as to another thing. You see I had lots of things to say before morning, and was obliged to disturb you. It won't do, you know, for us to appear too friendly at the club; that's why I met you here. You told me last week you would go to Chorlton."

"Yes; I wish to do so."

"Well, do so at once. Lord Brainborough's lot are dangerous; and as you know him well, you might learn something. Out of a goodly number of flies, one can generally weed out truths. Can you go to-morrow?"

"Yes; but I must see this Glanville first."

"Certainly; but what to do?"

"I know not. To see his face—to feast upon the knowledge that I shall and will some day be his ruin."

"You will bet with him, of course?" said Marston, almost anxiously.

"Yes, if he will with me."

As he spoke, there was a bustling step up the stairs,

MR. BEN WEBSTER, Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London

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and in another moment Running Joe entered with his face radiant. With a rapid glance toward Ray Desmond, Marston put his finger on his lip; and the man, understanding at once that something was "up," changed countenance at once and quietly handed over the letter to his master. Marston opened it quietly and read it without moving a muscle of his face, or betraying the least emotion. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR.—It is as I told you before. Put all your money on the Lavender colt. There aint nothing as can bete him. The story about the 'limp' is goin fust rate, and to-morrow you'll get forties to 1. Yours, JEMMY SIDLER."

Such was the letter that John Marston read quietly, folded up and put in his pocket.

"Tell the messenger it is all right," he said.

"No answer?" asked Running Joe, in surprise.

"That *is* an answer, isn't it?" said Marston, savagely. "Say it's all right and go."

Running Joe, with a muttered curse that was not lost upon his master, quitted the room; and Marston, turning placidly to Desmond, said, "Well, then, I may book your twenties to one against Lavender!"

"You said sixteens."

"Ah! yes—true—sixteens. Well, it doesn't matter. I am sure to lose. Here is my cheque. Let me hear from you from Chorlton as soon as you learn anything, will you?"

"Yes, certainly. But tell me one thing about this Glanville; is he going to the Derby with you?"

"I cannot say; I will try and work it so. But at any rate don't blame me for taking you away from the ball. It's business in every way, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed," said Ray Desmond, rising languidly; "yet scarcely in time to enable me to recover my terrible losses. I cannot marry Laura Mellish penniless, and I had hoped that this Lavender would have pulled me through. Never mind; I must hope and work for the best. Good night."

He extended his hand languidly to Marston, who took it and pressed it strongly in his coarse palm.

"Good night, Desmond," said the blackleg. "Don't forget me. Good night. Joe, show this gentleman out, and then come up to me."

Joe returned after a few moments.

"Shut that door!" roared Marston.

The man did so.

"Now, curse you!" cried his master—"curse you! when will you remember what I told you about coming into a room grinning like that—like an idiot? You might have sold me altogether, curse you!"

Running Joe prudently did not answer. So his master's rage evaporated after a few more curses.

"Take this note," he said, after scribbling a few lines—"take this note to Sir Lawrence Glanville; and—curse you—if you know anything about the Lavender colt, keep it to yourself."

CHAPTER III.

TIP FOR THE DERBY, NO. II.

The night was so fresh and pleasant, and his head was so hot and feverish, when he emerged from the "Three Jolly Shepherds," that Ray Desmond dismissed his coachman and preferred to walk. Nearly every one was now abed—that is to say, nearly all ordinary people. All the hard workers had long since retired to their couches. Only the pleasure seekers rolling home in their carriages from late balls, and the criminals and those who watched them—only these were now abroad; and many a strange and scarcely friendly glance was cast at Ray Desmond, as he walked slowly along, smoking his cigar and thinking of a multitude of things. Several times, indeed, he stopped, and glanced round, feeling convinced that he was the object of some special surveillance; but no matter how often he did so, never once did he succeed in catching the slightest glimpse of any familiar form or face. He was just engaged in drawing up a plan of operations for the next day when the sound of strife attracted his attention, and before he was aware of it, he was in the midst of a dense and struggling crowd. He had no opportunity of observing anything of the cause of the conflict, for he was hustled hither and thither in such a manner that he could do nothing more than take care of his own person and property; but when he emerged from the throng a letter was in his hand.

"What can this mean?" he thought. "It cannot be for me. It must have been pinced in my hand by accident during the melee. Let me see the address."

He approached a street lamp, and glanced at it.

The superscription was written fairly and plainly enough, to "Ray Desmond, Esq."

"This is most curious," he said—"most curious;" and tearing it open, he read it anxiously:—

"One who is friendly to you, and watches over you, gives you a piece of advice, which, it is hoped, will not come too late. Instead of going to Chorlton to-morrow, go to Sandyhook, where the lavender colt is in stable. You may find things very different there from what you are led to expect."

"Curse them all!" thought Ray Desmond, in his first passion. "One tells me one way, one tells me another! What shall I do? And yet this seems something which I ought not to despise. It is, I am sure, a friendly warning, and can, at any rate, do me no harm! I will go."

The next morning, without proceeding to the club, or giving any intimation to John Marston, Ray Desmond took his place in the coach, which was to take him to Sandyhook.

Lovely as the May scenery was it had no effect upon him. He only saw one scene before him, the last struggle for the Derby and the Lavender colt beaten. It was the renewal of this scene again and again in his mind that made the miles seem like leagues; that made his cheeks flush, and his eyes flash, and his heart leap; and he almost sprang at one bound from the top of the coach when it stopped before the quiet little village inn, which was the only place for refreshment near Sandyhook. Knowing, however, that he must, for his own sake, smother his feelings and feign a calmness which was not his own, he walked quietly into the "Bricklayers' Arms" and called for pale ale.

"Can you tell me, landlord," he said, as he imbibed the refreshing liquid slowly, as if he were in no hurry, "can you tell me where Charles Lawson's cottage is?"

"Old Charles Lawson, the horse watcher, sir?" said the landlord.

"Yes; that is he."

"Well, he lives up yonder," said the landlord, pointing to a little white cottage on the crest of the hill; "leastways, he arn't at home just now. He be gone to Lunnun, I rayther think, sir."

"Ah, well, I will not hurry, then," said Desmond, finishing his ale. "Good evening."

The shades were just falling as he stepped out of the inn and entered upon the highway. There was very little distance between the "Bricklayers' Arms" and the white cottage; but there was a longer and more circuitous route that would enable him to waste time until such an hour as it would be likely that Charles Lawson would be in. So vaulting over the stile, he betook himself to a narrow path, between green growing things of all kinds, and was proceeding right leisurely enough, when his attention was attracted by cries of distress, proceeding evidently from a child. Always kind and generous, ever ready to assist those in trouble, Ray Desmond hurried towards the spot whence the sound of distress proceeded, and there saw a sight which at first compelled him to laugh heartily. He stood on the margin of a pool, whose waters, now in the fast deepening twilight, were shadowed over here and there by the tall forms of the trees. In its centre was a little girl of some ten years, sitting astride of a large log of wood which she could neither move one way nor another, though her legs were deep in the water. The poor little thing was crying bitterly, and she cried all the more when she saw the stranger laughing at her. But Ray soon put her at her ease.

"Why, my little one," he said, "how did you come there?"

"I don't know, sir. I floated, I think, sir," and I can't get back."

And then there was another burst of crying. Ray Desmond was far from being a Don Quixote; but a little one in distress like this was much more than his manly heart could bear to behold without wishing to render assistance. So, taking off his shoes and stockings, and forgetting, for the moment, all about the object of his journey, he entered the pond, waded out manfully, in spite of his fine clothes, and seizing upon the little stranger, brought her safely to land.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she said, when he had done so, throwing her arm round his neck and kissing him—"oh, thank you, sir!"

And as she said this, her clustering little golden locks showered on his face. He drew back as if a snake had bitten him.

"What is this?" he cried. "The eyes—the face—the features are hers! Yet what a fool I am! No wife—no child! Tell me, where do you live?"

"At Mr. Lawson's, sir."

"The horse watcher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he your father?"

"No, sir; I've got no father."

"No father?"

"No; and no mother. I'm nursed, I am."

Prattling like this, they walked on, after Ray Desmond had put on his boots and stockings once more, and passed swiftly through the green fields. Presently they reached a long, black building.

"What is that?" asked Desmond.

"Those are the stables," said the little girl; "and I'll show you where we get in to look at the horses, only you mustn't tell Mr. Lawson."

Ray Desmond's heart beat high with emotion.

"What horses are there?" he asked.

"The race horses; and there's that beautiful horse, Lavender, that's going to win the race. I've seen him."

"And can I see him?"

"Yes; only," said the child, putting her face up, and smiling archly, "you mustn't tell Mr. Lawson."

"Oh, no; I won't tell him!"

The girl, still holding his hand, led over the field, until they reached a part of the stable that abutted on a marshy place, where high reeds obscured a portion of the wall.

"Here," said the child, pulling aside some long rushes and showing a large hole in the woodwork, "here is the place we get through."

Ray smiled in spite of his disappointment. The aperture was scarcely sufficient to admit of the entrance of a child, much less a man.

"Won't you go in?" asked the child, quite innocently.

"I can't, my dear. But hush! I hear voices! Ah! There is a place through which I can see! Stand still, and don't speak, on your life!"

He spoke so harshly and sternly now, just as if threatening a man of his own age, that the little girl stopped speaking and stood tremblingly looking at him while he approached nearer and peeped in. A swinging lamp revealed the features of the speakers. They were those of John Marston and Running Joe; and the horse they were examining was the Lavender colt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HAD HIM THERE.—A father was teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares. "What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "You had 'em," "Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent. "Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you were on a tare." The Sunday school lesson was brought to an abrupt close and Johnny was sent off to bed.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAID UNDER THE SOD—REWARDS AND REMEMBRANCE—A VISIT TO WILLIE BURN—HAPPY AT LAST.

Three days later, a simple, unostentatious funeral moved away from Rosa Villa, and all that was mortal of poor Madeline Lennox was laid in the nearest cemetery. Very little was known in the neighborhood of what had transpired on the day of her death; the earl had desired Waters and the other servants to be silent on the subject, and accompanied his desire with a liberal *douceur*, so he had been obeyed, and very little gossip had taken place about her.

It was generally believed in Highgate that the kind, motherly, old lady who had suddenly made her appearance, and directed and paid for everything, was the mother of the poor girl who had been so lovely in her last days of life. It was, in fact, Mrs. Marsh, to whom the countess had told the sad story of the child she had recovered only to lose directly, and who had immediately volunteered to go and superintend matters at the cottage, so soon to be left untenanted.

There had been a few visitors during the time of darkened windows and hushed voices; Lady Lorton and her daughters—Lady Margaret looking as if she had been used to silken robes and glittering jewels all her life; and Lady Agnes, full of affection for her new found sister, and of gentle, saddened wonder as she looked upon the fair, still face upon the bed, so like her beautiful mother's, and pondered on the story she had only just heard of the twin sisters, older than herself, and lost for so many long years.

There was nothing of pain or suffering in the calm face now, truly:—

"Death had left on her
Only the beautiful."

And it was with deep thankfulness that the countess gave a mother's last kiss to her dead child, for she felt how much more terrible than such a death as she had witnessed would it have been to have found her daughter in the very midst of her profligate career.

The earl came, too, and John Thomas, and Barton, and Dr. Cameron, and looked their last on the silent tenant of the darkened chamber; and the showman received, from the father's own hand, a thick lock of the sunny hair, to be kept by him while life lasted as a memento of the strange eventful past; and the appointed day came, and the coffin lid was screwed down with its shining plate bearing the name of the deceased in full, "Laura Sophia Brooks Dornton," and her age, and the date of her death, no titles; the earl felt as if it would be a mockery of her life to give her a title in her coffin.

"Had she lived but a month," he said to Dr. Cameron, "or even a week, my child should have been acknowledged to all the world, and have lain beside her brother in the vault at Lorton, but as it is——"

He stopped suddenly, overcome by the recollection of the reasons he had for not speaking of the relationship.

"I understand," said the doctor, "it is better as it is."

And the funeral train started on its way, the neighbors wondering much who the four gentlemen might be who occupied the two mourning coaches; and speculating whether the funeral was paid for by the Duke of Portarlington, or whether the lady's jewels had been disposed of to meet the necessary expenses, with other topics of wonderment equally necessary for them to be made acquainted with.

It was the Earl of Lorton and Dr. Cameron who occupied the first carriage, James Barton and John Thomas, the latter attired, perhaps for the first time in his life, in a new suit of black, following in the second.

No one else; there were no mourners to lament the dead mistress of Rosa Villa, no trains of fashionable friends to send their empty carriages to swell the funeral *cortege*; Lord Lorton paid the servants and dismissed them, and sent the key of the villa through Barton to the duke's agent, with a simple intimation that its mistress was dead, nothing more, and the place was shut up; poor Mrs. Saville's costly wardrobe and fashionable jewelry lying unheeded in their places, and the flowers of the pretty garden blooming and withering, with none to tend or care for them.

The fresh mourning that the family wore was stated to be for a relative.

No further explanation was given and those who were not in the secret tried in vain to find out who could possibly be dead connected in any way with the Lorton family.

The newspaper telegraph which the old housekeeper had brought to London in such trepidation was the only one that appeared.

Mr. Barton managed that, being very distinctly given to understand that any more would be disagreeable; and though the opportunity of giving the world a specimen of the dulcet tones of the trumpet he was so fond of blowing was thereby lost to him, he pocketed the annoyance for the sake of the golden harvest which the affair was likely to produce. And golden indeed it was, for his lordship not only gave him a cheque for expenses that more than doubled anything he had paid out and a diamond breast pin to serve as a remembrance of what he had done, but when the two proofs had been received from Scotland, viz: the nurse's confession and the deposition of the patient in the asylum duly taken down and attested by the doctor and a magistrate, and forwarded with the little shirt which Lady Lorton well remembered, he found himself master of a snug sum of money in the bank as well.

The earl had made a pretty correct estimate of his character, and knew there need be no delicacy about offering him anything, so he sent him a note telling him what he had done, and received in reply one of Mr. James Barton's most eloquent epistles, full of thanks, flattery and self-abnegation.

Dr. Cameron could be prevailed upon to accept nothing except a ring to wear in remembrance; and the earl took care to choose one himself, a single diamond of great value and brilliance.

Maggie added something on her own account, a little brooch containing her own and her twin sister's hair. It was set round with small brilliants of the first water, and was to be worn on state occasions in the shirt frill, which still seemed to the old man the very acme of gentlemanly attire, and with which he was wont solemnly to adorn himself when he went out to dinner.

"I wish we could have done something for him," the countess said to her husband the day after the funeral. "I am sure he is not so well off as he would like us to think; but he is so much the gentleman, poor dear old man, that it is impossible to say any more about it."

"I will contrive it somehow, never fear," said the earl; "I have been thinking it over and I think I see a way."

"What were you talking to him about so long just before he went out?"

"About our new daughter, Laura—our Maggie."

"Maggie! how horribly Scotch."

"Change her name if you like, you can have her re-christened."

"Now you're laughing at me, Harold. No, I have always heard of her as Maggie, and thought of her as Maggie, and Maggie she shall remain."

"Or Lady Margaret."

"Lady Margaret to the world, Maggie to us. How naturally she is settling down to her new sphere. We have reason to be very thankful, Laura."

"We have indeed; I shudder to think what she might have been, coming straight off the boards of a theatre. I am perfectly astonished at her, she is so lady-like, so simple and unassuming, and withal so graceful. There will be little for her to learn, and, what is better still, not much to unlearn. But what was the doctor saying to you just now?"

"He was telling me something that has perplexed me sadly; it seems our Maggie was going to dispose of herself at the altar if we had not stepped in to claim her. The young man has all the virtues of a saint, and all the beauties of an Apollo, if we may credit his old friend; but I must say I am annoyed. The idea of a suitor to Lady Margaret Dornton dating from Preston street, Limehouse. It's too absurd."

"Never mind where he lives if he's good and worthy of her, Harold; remember how you stooped to me in days gone by. I suppose this will be Willie?"

"Willie Burn, Dr. Cameron called him; but what do you know about him?"

"I overheard a whispered loving message to 'Willie' the day we brought her home—it came from her heart I am sure. We must not sacrifice her happiness, dear husband; you must see this young man, make inquiries about him. What is he, an actor?"

"No, that's one good thing about it; he was, what do you think, Laura? A stage carpenter; but he made some lucky discovery, invented something or other, I didn't quite understand what, and is rising into eminence and wealth by rapid strides. That is the doctor's story, and he seems to think that losing Maggie would crush all his energy and ambition at once and spoil a very hopeful and bright career. I should fancy the old gentleman had been crossed in love himself, sometime in the days of long ago, he pleaded so eloquently in his friend's cause."

"Perhaps so," said the countess; "but you will inquire about this young man, will you not?"

"Certainly, at once. I will do no injustice to my child; if he is really worthy of her and sufficiently a gentleman he shall have her. I could not give her to a vulgar, soulless fellow, like Barton, for instance."

"Depend upon it he is not that; he must have mind, or he could not have risen in the world unaided. May I tell Maggie anything of what you have told me?"

"Tell her nothing till I make inquiries, which I will do to-morrow. She will not be thinking of him so much now; her change of position will have driven him out of her mind a little."

"No, that it has not," said Lady Lorton, warmly, "You do not know us women. I am pretty sure his image is filling her mind to the exclusion of all her grandeur. I have surprised her in tears more than once, when she thought herself unseen, and I had my suspicions; but we have been in such a whirl of excitement for the last few days that I have not felt as if I could speak to her on what I know lies nearest her heart."

CHAPTER XXV.

The earl kept his promise, and the next morning, in the early hours of business, Willie was informed that "a gentleman wanted him."

He bade them request the stranger to walk in and rose from his desk to greet, as he supposed, a customer. His face turned very white as he saw Lord Lorton and he stammeringly requested him to be seated.

"You know me, I see, Mr. Burn," his lordship said, scanning with pleasure the frank, open countenance and manly bearing of his daughter's lover.

"Yes, my lord, I do," he replied, "and——"

"And you can guess what I came here about, I suppose, eh?"

"I think I can, your lordship." His voice trembled in spite of himself; he would have given all the world to have been perfectly calm and self possessed in the presence of Maggie's father, but he could not.

"I want to talk to you privately, Mr. Burn," Lord Lorton said. "Are you sure we shall not be overheard?"

"I will make sure," said Willie, rising and going to the door; then turning suddenly he faced his visitor. "I know what you will have to say to me, sir," he said. "I know it will be to put an end to the hope that has filled my heart for many a long year; but let me say one word to you first; let me tell you, my lord, that when I first met and loved Lady Margaret Dornton, I believed her to be of as humble birth as myself. The man she deemed her father promised her to me, and——"

"There, there, that will do, Mr. Burn. I know you speak truly; your old friend Dr. Cameron, seems to think your love began in your petticoat days almost. I want to hear your story from your own lips; your past career, your prospects, everything about yourself that the father of the girl you love should know."

Willie's eyes sparkled again with hope at the tone of the earl's voice; and, re-assured by his kind manner he told him a plain, unvarnished story of how he had got on, of his discovery, and of the brilliant prospect before him if nothing unforeseen occurred. His voice faltered a little as he concluded.

"My home was nearly ready, and I fondly hoped to have had a life of happiness with Maggie (I beg your pardon for calling her so, my lord), but it is not to be. Better things have turned out as they have done, since you found your own Lady Lorton an obscure manufacturer's wife."

"Mr. Burn," said the earl, holding out his hand, "you have spoken like an honest man, and I honor you for it. I do not wish to come to any hurried decision in this matter, nor do I say I will withhold my consent. I will think of it, make further inquiries, talk to the countess, and in a few days I will see you again. One promise I will exact from you, that you will not see or attempt to hold any communication with my child in the meantime."

"Willie's face flushed.

"You need not have asked me, my lord," he said; somewhat proudly. "I will not seek your daughter without her father's consent."

"I am sure you won't," said Lord Lorton, with a parting clasp of the hand. "Forgive my having asked it."

A week later, Lady Margaret stood at one of the drawing room windows in Eaton square, silent and alone. Tears were falling down her pale face, and dropping on a little locket she held in her hand. Suddenly her mother came behind her.

"My darling," she said, "what is it?"

Surprised it to confession, she laid her head on her mother's shoulder, and whispered:—

"I saw Willie to-day, mamma."

"Where?"

"When we were driving in the park. He looked so pale and ill, and——oh, mamma, if I might only see him just once, just to say good-bye to him."

"Maggie," said the countess, "you have been a good, trusting child. I told you a week ago to trust your father in everything. You did it without a murmur, and you shall have your reward; I came to fetch you."

"To fetch me, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; your father is waiting for you in the library. Come with me."

And putting her arm round her wondering child, she drew her from the room.

Maggie scarce comprehended what her father wanted with her, till her mother, opening the library door, said gaily:—

"There is the stray sheep, Harold; I found her in the drawing room, crying over a certain locket," and looking up, she saw her father, and by his side, with joy in every feature of his agitated face, Willie—her own Willie! It was no sad good-bye she was called to take then; she knew it in a moment; and sprang, blushing, to her father's outstretched arms.

"Not one word for *him*, Maggie?" said her father. "I've had a great deal of trouble to find him to-day, I can tell you. Mr. Burn," he continued, turning to Willie, "if at the end of twelve months you deserve my daughter as well as you do now, you shall have her; she has trusted her father as she promised, and you have acted as an honorable man should, take her, and her parent's blessing with her."

And kissing the forehead of the blushing girl, he put her hand in his, and the mother and father left the room with full hearts, while Maggie wept out her new found happiness in the arms that were to be, henceforth, her stay and shield through life.

EPILOGUE.

Five years more, and the pretty town of Mayfield is alive with music, and shouting, and joyous voices, and flags float from the windows, and the townsfolk turn out in their best, and business is suspended in the streets, for an election is afoot.

Not a contested one, however, to give rise to broken heads and bitter heart burnings, and long standing quarrels, and bribery, and corruption, and all uncharitableness. The candidate for the seat is the owner of Mayfield Hall, well known and esteemed amongst them, and he will be returned without opposition.

The hustings are up, however, and the polling booth, and he is hourly expected. Presently two open carriages drive into the town, and their occupants enter the principal hotel, which bears the arms of Lorton over the doorway. The earl and countess, and their daughter, Lady Agnes, a handsome young gentleman and a lovely lady with a charming boy of three years old form the party, and the crowd welcome them with frantic shouts. The ladies establish themselves at one of the windows, and the gentlemen join a party who are waiting for them and proceed to the hustings.

There is a roar of greeting from the densely packed crowd in front; and when it subsides the mayor of the town steps forward, and, uncovering his white head, begs to propose William Austin Burn, Esq., of Mayfield Hall, as a fit and proper person to represent them in parliament.

No need for much eloquence from him; they cut a delighted assent long before he has finished, and when another gentleman of high standing in the county presents himself to second the proposition, their demonstrations are louder than ever. A few words only and he retires; the son-in-law of the Earl of Lorton, Willie, the Willie of our tale, takes his place.

Oh, how they greet him. How they toss their hats and shout. He turns a pleased, proud face to the window, where sits his loving wife and her mother, and puts up his hands deprecatingly, but the omnipotent people must have their will and shout till human lungs can bear no more, and then they are silent perforce.

There is not much for Willie to say; what new promise can a candidate make to his supporters? But the little he had to speak was well and nobly spoken, and he retired more in favor than ever. There were the usual ceremonies, the thanks, the speechifying, and Willie Burn laid his head on his pillow that night, M. P. for the borough of Mayfield.

Willie was a rich man now; his business had in

creased in a fabulous manner and his wife's dowry had been ample.

He had deserved his bride and the earl kept his promise, and Maggie and Mayfield Hall became his on the same day.

There had been no grand wedding, but no old friends were forgotten; from that day Mrs. Grant found herself in possession of an annuity sufficient to preserve her and her afflicted daughter from want; it was a day of rejoicing at Mr. Wortley's theatre, every one therein being remembered somehow and there was a grand supper at night.

John Thomas was installed in the lodge at Mayfield, filling the place of an old servant, recently deceased; his health was breaking and he was unfit to resume his old life and he was content and happy in his new situation.

Many a quaint old story did he tell his master and mistress, when, as frequently happened, they would stop and chat with him; and when the little heir began to notice, what tricks he would play for his amusement.

Truly, his latter days were going to be days of rest and peace to the old stroller, whose hair was rapidly whitening now from past hardships and trouble.

The earl and countess were very kind to him and Lady Agnes the co-heiress with his beloved mistress, soon to be married, and move a step higher yet in life's ladder, would often pop in to have a talk with "old John," as he was beginning to be called, and the baby, the darling of her mother's heart, Miss Laura Margaret Dornton Burn, twelve months old, would stretch out her little arms to come to him when she saw his face at the gate. Certes, he had reason to be, as he said, "a very happy old man."

Mr. Adrian Wortley flourishes still, with his factotum, Mr. James Barton, now in partnership with him; they are always sure of a welcome at pretty Mayfield, where they go sometimes in great state and gorgeous attire. Their theatre is very prosperous and famous for sensation dramas of a domestic class. They are to bring out a piece next season, which, if report is to be believed, is to excel anything they have yet brought upon the boards. It is to be full of thrilling and romantic incidents and report says the title is to be—

"BLANCE AND FLORIBEL;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF TWO LIVES."

THE END

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Box 3,830 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

SUBSCRIBER, Huntington.—In certain eastern counties they can begin shooting quail on July 1st, but here not till September. The following is the law:—"§ 8. No person shall kill, or have in his or her possession, except alive, for the purpose of preserving the same alive through the winter, or expose for sale any woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of September, or kill any quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, between the first day of January and the twentieth day of October, or have the same in possession, or expose the same for sale between the first day of February and the twentieth day of October, or have in his possession any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, or expose the same for sale between the first day of February and the first day of July, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so killed or had in possession, or exposed for sale. Provided, however, that in the counties lying along the Hudson river and Susquehannah river and its branches, and in the counties lying south of the north line of the county of Greene and the county of Columbia, and in the counties bordering upon waters where the tide ebbs and flows, it shall be lawful to kill or possess, or expose for sale, any woodcock, or rail, or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, between the third day of July and the first day of January."

J. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Barney Aaron defeated Johnny Robinson, Bill Evans, Johnny Monaghan and Sam Collyer; was beaten by Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Collyer; fought a draw with Robinson; received forfeit from Jim Turner, and paid forfeit to Tom Smith. His last fight with Collyer took place at Acquia Creek, Va., June 13th, 1867. 2. Collyer is the present light weight champion, Aaron refusing to fight him a third time, and Sam regaining the title by beating Billy Kelly at Strickland, Pa., November 27th last. 3. Twenty cents per line, with a reduction of 20 per cent. if paid for three months in advance. 4. McCoole has appeared five times within the ropes, defeating Bill Blake, Tom Jennings, Bill Davis and Aaron Jones, and being beaten by Joe Coburn.

"BET," Boston.—We have carefully considered the various documents submitted to us, and we have come to this opinion, viz:—Mr. Gilmore acceded to the musicians' demand for an increase of wages, and there was nothing in the way of the carrying out of the concert, in so far as the musicians agreed to Mr. G's proposal; and it was not until after due announcement of the concert had been made, *founded on this agreement*, that the musicians demanded a still further increase. In this view of the matter, we do not consider that Mr. Connors read what he alleges he did; the concert did not take place, *not* in consequence of Mr. Gilmore refusing to pay the musicians their price, but because he would not submit to their attempted extortions. We think that Mr. Simpson wins the wager.

W. S. A., Lexington.—John Smith, a negro actor, singer and dancer, was the author of "Old Bob Ridley," and was the first to sing it in public, while he was traveling through North Carolina, with Stone and McCollum's Circus, in 1849. The second party that sang it was Joe Brown, jig dancer, who did it for the first time in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1852, while traveling with Foster's Minstrels. He was also the first person to do it in New York and first with a minstrel band, which was at the Melodeon, this city, opposite the Old Bowery Theatre, with Coleman's Minstrels, in the fall of 1852.

A CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, Toronto, C. W.—1. There are nine of the Ward brothers, Hank, Josh, Charley, Gil, Ellis, George, Jim, John and Ben. 2. Cannot answer that at present. 3. No four mile time on record. 4. In their four-oared six mile race with the St. John crew at Springfield last year, the Ward's time was 39:28, winning very easily; in the three mile six oared race with the Harvard crew at Worcester on the 22d ult., they made the distance in 17:40½. 5. Write.

JAKE HENRY, Elmira, N. Y.—1. The longest running jump on record is 29 feet 8 inches, made by John Howard, in England. Thos. King, battoute leaper, of Baltimore, Md., covered 31 feet 7½ inches, over nine horses, in San Francisco, Cal. 2. Not recorded. 3. McKinstray ran half a mile in 1:56½. 4. 100 yards, 9¼ seconds, by George Seward. 5. One mile, 4:17¼ by Richards and Lang, in a dead heat.

DE CASTA.—1. Dan Rice was born in this city in 1822. He has two daughters, Libby and Katie, both of whom appeared in New Orleans years ago. The former is the wife of Charley Reed, and the latter lives on the farm in Girard, Pa. 2. He will probably return to this country this fall. He is a married man.

C. H. L., Vineland, N. J.—Dexter's time in the first heat of his match with Ethan Allen and running mate, taken by reliable outside timers, but not official, was declared to be 2:16; in the second heat his time, taken independently and by the judges themselves, was announced as 2:16¾. Dexter went in harness.

S. WEST.—"Two men bet on a certain horse, to trot at a fixed time, the owner of the horse agreeing that he should trot at the time agreed upon. The money was put up and the bet closed. Afterwards, however, the owner of the horse refused to allow him to trot. Who wins the money?".....Neither—it is a draw, and each man gets his own stake back.

DOVER.—Brown defeated Ward in a match race at Portland, on Sept. 18th, 1866. On the 20th of the same month they met again in a single scull race at the Springfield regatta, Mekiel and Foster Doyle also competing. Brown did not row the race through, Ward winning and Mekiel being second.

QUERY, Bloomington, Ill.—1. It was a count. 2. Cannot tell what its population is now, as it has grown so since the last census was taken. 3. Cannot say precisely, but upwards of 300 feet we believe. 4. We do not believe in stunting the growth of canines by artificial means, so cannot answer.

GEORGE, Buffalo, N. Y.—1. At cribbage, when either party takes less than his number of points he incurs no penalty, but may not rectify his mistake. 2. Your opponent was mistaken in supposing that he might peg two holes in consequence of your not scoring less points than you were entitled to.

U. P. H., West Chester.—If A made the trump, or took it up and went alone, C could not go alone against him. In the event of the latter securing three tricks he merely euchres A, and scores two points.

CLIFFORD.—To "order up" is to assume the responsibility of the trump; to "assist" is to let your partner know that you have some good cards, but which is not a fair way of playing the game, in our opinion.

R. S. E., Westfield, N. Y.—1. We hold to the opinion that a player cannot go it alone when a partner offers to assist. 2. D had no right to declare to go alone before the others had declared their intention.

SONG AND DANCE, Watertown.—1. There is no champion song and dance man at present, although several claim that title. 2. R. B. Kent, whose address you will find in an advertisement elsewhere, can furnish you with the articles.

J. R., Hartford, Conn.—"A and B are playing euchre against C and D. A deals; C passes; B assists; A says that he does not want B's assistance. Can A play it alone in case D does not order A to take it up?"......Yes.

G. H., Freeport, Ill.—"At cribbage, A plays a six, B an ace, A a five, B a four, and A a tray, claiming a sequence of three, B then plays a deuce and claims a sequence of six. Is he not right?"......He is right.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—1. In the case of the death of a member, the club to which he belonged has a right to resolve not to play for thirty days. 2. Common courtesy should dictate your action in the premises.

BASE BALLIST, New Orleans.—"Will a club be expelled from the association for playing a member in their match game against another club, knowing that that member belongs to another club in the association?"......No.

M. E. C., Cleveland.—Thanks for the pains you have taken to send on those reports, but they were anticipated, as you may have since seen in last week's CLIPPER.

OLYMPIC, Philadelphia, Pa.—Thanks for items, etc. Will be pleased to hear from you should the affair you allude to transpire.

TOM LOCKWOOD, Shaumburg, Ill.—The best mile time ever made by Ethan Allen with running mate was 2:15, in his race with Dexter, on the Fashion Course, L. I., June 21st, 1867.

JULIUS, Hagerstown, Md.—1. The push shot is legitimate, and is played in matches for the championship. 2. It may be played in all games unless barred by mutual agreement.

OLYMPIC, New Haven.—1. In the game when the Irvingtons beat the Atlantics, the score stood 37 to 14. 2. The height of Aaron Jones is 5 feet 11 inches.

W. L. B., St. Louis.—1. In 1863 the Eagles defeated the Excelsiors by 6 to 5. 2. One hundred and fourteen to two by the Athletics, of Philadelphia, is the largest.

INDIAN QUEEN, Wilmington, Del.—C, the horse which won the first heat, is better than the horse which did not win a heat, and, therefore, C takes second prize.

KNIGHT, Youngstown, O.—1. Our opinion is that no player can go alone when a partner offers to assist. 2. The knave is the highest.

AN OLD READER, Newark, N. J.—1. The dealer forfeits the deal. 2. The cards must be bunched, and A deal over again.

L. H. B., Lock Haven.—The *American Agriculturalist* can answer your question, no doubt.

PITTSBURGH.—The Athletics defeated the champion Unions twice last season.

N. E. C., Philadelphia.—Matilda Heron's address is 146 East Thirty-fifth street, this city.

D. S., Louisville.—He is engaged at Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre, in this city, for the season.

CONSTANT READER, Xenia, O.—No person of that name figures in the pages of Fistiana. Somebody's been hoaxed.

J. K., Rockford.—Emily is at present in San Francisco, Cal. She has no agent in this city at present.

CLIPPER READER, Burlington, Iowa.—1. He is a "genuine Frenchman" of African descent. 2. The work is out of print.

W. E., Beaufort, N. C.—1. There is no such work in type. 2. Mr. Altreo Woodham, who advertises in another column.

J. W. F., Baltimore.—A letter sent to this office will reach him.

A. G. B., Dover, N. H.—Jem Ward did not follow painting as a business.

LABATTE.—The Live Oaks having furnished the ball for the first game, their opponents do the agreeable the second game.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Creighton would compare favorably, but the others would not be up to the standard.

MUTUAL.—Forker and Treacy are considered first-class players.

W. H. A., Ottawa City.—A net is not allowed behind the catcher.

DEACON E., Lynn, Mass.—George Seward's 9¼ seconds is the fastest recorded 100 yards time.

HALL, Haverhill, Mass.—There are several pitchers equally as swift.

JOHN STEWART, Lawrenceville, Penn.—1. Quoits weigh from two pounds to twelve. 2. 18 yards. 3. One inch. 4. Hodgson.

SHORT STOP, St. Louis.—You need not make a short stop in your items while the ball season lasts.

KENTUCKY.—Mr. Butler, No. 3 Peck Slip, can probably furnish you with the book you want.

CAPT. JINKS.—"The Guide," by M. J. Kelly, will answer your purpose.

D., THE POET.—1. Couldn't say. 2. McBride, Radcliffe and Stockman. 3. At any stationery stores.

J. F. H., Boston, Mass.—Not upon record.

"G."—Your items came too late to be of service.

F. M. D., Lynchburg.—They are one and the same.

C. R. W., Wheeling, W. Va.—Send to Appleton, this city.

GEO. G., St. Catharine, C. W.—Two dollars received.

TYRO, Stoneham, Mass.—1. Follow the base. 2. Yes.

P. R., Cleveland.—We have not time to make up such lists.

T. C. HOWARD, Bangor, Me.—Three dollars.

C. H. DUPREZ.—The amount is $7.80.

NOW AND THEN.

How well we can remember—and that without taxing the imagination—when New York was a simple, quiet and usually orderly city of unpretending residences and stores of modest deportment, devoted to purposes of trade, unconnected with display and innocent of thousand dollar window fronts or frescoed ceilings; when there were no art collections; when two or three theatres and a museum satisfied the cravings of the amusement loving public, and negro minstrels were limited as to number of admirers and never touched upon the domains of vaudeville or burlesque; when children were children, and not little men and women, and went to bed at nine; when there were no fashions and no Lords and Taylors and Alexander T. Stewarts to beguile the senses of our fair ones; when there were no race courses, nor pleasure yachts, nor even a cricket club, no suicides and no "drunks;" when every gentleman had wine upon his side-board and it was customary to pledge a lady's health before leaving the parlor. Finally, when there was hardly a publisher between the Battery and Bleecker street, when authors starved in garrets, and there were no weekly newspapers, with their many thousands of readers, like your favorite CLIPPER, to beguile the dull monotony of existence. Those were the good old times when policemen wore leathern helmets and kept good hours; a trip across the Atlantic was accomplished by packet in the round time of forty days, or so, and the man who should have proposed any shorter mode of communication than the regular mail (which was then very ir-regular), let alone of sending dispatches across the ocean in a day, would have been thought clean daft. The condition of the rest of the Union was worse, if anything, Boston being the centre of American refinement, whose *dictum* was looked upon as law by all whose fame and fortunes hung upon the critic's nod. Washington, the Mecca of pilgrims from all parts of the world, to which the eyes of an American sovereign turn as naturally as the needle to the pole, was at best a benighted village. Private collectors went abroad for their specimens of paintings and sculpture, as other citizens did for their horses and their fashions, and, as far as literature of her own, the new empire of the west as yet had hardly plumed her infant wings. The metaphorical prompter pipes his whistle, and, presto! the curtain rises upon the third act of the play. We have become wearied with the role of second fiddle and are disposed ourselves to take the van of rival nations, which, wonderful to relate, are beginning to look to us for their precedents. Boston is no longer entitled to monopolize the name of the Modern Athens. At least half a dozen cities contend for the distinction. Need we allude to the advance already made by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Portland, Hartford, Cincinnati, St. Louis, in matters of art and taste, to confirm our assertion? In literature as well as in art and sculpture our countrymen are now accorded the higher rank—an Irving, a Longfellow and a Bryant, a Powers, and a Greenough and a Crawford, having amply vindicated our claim. The exertions of another muse, Euterpe, struck the first faint prelude which swelled into an orchestral harmony guided by the inspiration of the world's first masters of song. Under the delicate manipulations of an Adams, our wood engraving took a start which has given it a position side by side with that of our British rivals. In the coarser arts we confessedly excel, and in the fields of science foreign academies have testified that we are able competitors. At the present rate of progression, if true to the nation's early promise, the United States of America will, ere long, take the lead in all that pertains to enterprise, progress and thrift, while in point of population her principal cities will surpass the capitals of other and older climes.

GOING A SWIMMING.—It is singular that so many persons who are comfortably fixed in the city, surrounded by all the comforts of life, *will* go to fashionable watering places, to be bitten by mosquitos and other abominations, and to partake of tank water to quench their thirst. A short time since some lively sports took a trip from this city to Long Branch, and being well known to the proprietor of the hotel at which they stopped, he, seeing that they were in for a little fun, gave them rooms on the upper floor. Some time during the night they started from their rooms, with nothing on but their shirts, on a tour of observation. Observing a ladder reaching to the roof they all ascended, and the first thing that caught their eyes was a huge tank filled with water and for supplying the guests with drinking water. Having had sufficient salt water baths, one of the party proposed to test the virtues of a fresh one; no sooner said than off goes shirts and in plunges several of the party, where they enjoyed a comfortable swim. Being observed by an Irishman attached to the house, all hands emerged from the tank and made a hasty retreat through the halls, much to the disgust of certain ladies who were attracted outside their rooms by the noise. The boys made things quite lively for a time; but whether they improved the quality of the water *we* can't say.

SPORT ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Late accounts from the far West inform us that a conductor on the Pacific railroad has had twelve *arrow* wounds, and has been *twice* scalped; yet situations on the road are in brisk demand. The unfortunate conductor must have had *a narrow* escape, indeed, while the two occasions when he was scalped may be called *hair breadth* escapes. One thing seems strange to us, and that is, how he could be *twice* scalped. We have always understood that when a man was scalped he lost his scalp for *good*, though 'tis *bad* to part with it. When an enterprising Indian takes the hair from your head, it is impossible to *re-cover* it, though you may *recover yourself*.

WANTED.—In one of our daily papers a few days since we saw this advertisement:—"A Good Ruler, who is competent and willing to put in about quarter of his time on forwarding, can hear of a permanent situation by addressing ——— ——— Scranton, Pa." As the time is not far distant when the nation will have a new head, we hope that whichever party succeeds we shall have a *Good Ruler*, who will be willing to put in the *major* part of his time in *forwarding* the best interests of the country at large; and as both parties promise to furnish us with what we want, we are sure to have a *Good Ruler*.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Among the trade advertisements in the *Herald* last week was the following:—"To Bakers.—Wanted, a hand on bread and cakes. Apply at ——— ———." Where is the use of going to the expense of advertising for a hand. Just let the advertiser put his bread and cakes in his window and leave a pane of glass loose, and he will soon have *hands* enough *on bread and cakes*.

ABOUT DORGS.—We are told that the dogs drowned at the pound, owing to their want of muzzlin', are made use of *post mortem*, for their skins reappear in the shape of *kid gloves*. It would appear from this that our authorities are *hand and glove* with dealers in gloves which are made of the skins that are *sold by the pound*. We have no wish to be *dog*matical, however.

DOWN IN OLD K—Y, KY.—The town clock at Lexington, Ky., celebrated the 4th of July by striking until it ran down. Some of *our* strikers are not only running down themselves but running down others. That clock, however, needs *reconstructing*, for it is certainly *disloyal* to be *running down the 4th*.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."—A young woman in Canada has been arrested for throwing her mother-in-law down a well. We guess that neither of them felt very *well* after it.

AN OLD "HAYMAKER."—An exchange says that a Mr. Soule, 90 years old, was haying in West Bechell, Mass., last week. Mr. *Soule* must be a very *hearty* man for his time of *life*.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—J. P. Alexander, of Illinois, is reported as being the owner of 75,000 *head of cattle*. If correct, then he must be *a-head of cattle* dealers generally.

A LONG BRANCH BELLE is credited with sporting forty different fans to match her dresses. We would like to *see the fans* this *fancy* belle agitates.

THERE is an in*tense* difference between a gentleman and a baker. The former produces good breeding and the latter good bread.

A HINT TO FISHERS.—We enjoin our piscatorial friends to bear in mind that with a "c" aught can be caught! Do you nibble, educated readers?

IS IT RIGHT to call a soldier an *exploded cartridge* because he has been *discharged*?

"BALL'S UP."

Not the skaters' ball at Central Park, dear reader, but the CLIPPER'S GOLD BALL for the Champions of our National game. The ball, of 18 carat gold, is now completed, and will soon be placed on exhibition, where he who runs may see it, if he thinks proper to look. Who is it for? asks an inquisitive friend. Really, we are unable to say. It is to be presented to the club proving themselves champions at the close of the season after playing with and defeating the various clubs that may enter for the prize. It may, like all good patriots, stick to the "Union;" or become a "Mutual" friend to the fraternity; it may roll into the bounding "Atlantic;" or fall into possession of "Athletic" men; it may help to strengthen the "Keystone" of our "National" Game; or reward the "Haymakers" for their toil; even the "Buckeyes," of "Cincinnati," may "see it;" while the heavy "Irving-ton" may not find it wanting to add to their weight. It is free for competition—no entrance money needed—and becomes the property of the champions, whoever they may prove to be. There is no "bounce" about this. It is a *base* ball of *pure* gold. And though all may show "base play" for it, it will be given to none but "fair play"-ers. Our medals, nine in number, are also completed, and will likewise be placed on exhibition at an early day. Of these medals the *Herald* says:—"It is a beautiful golden Maltese cross, with arms neatly chased. Two bats crossed over the centre of the badge form the rays between the arms of the cross. The centre piece is a miniature ball encircled by a bat bearing the words 'CLIPPER PRIZE' in blue enamel. The whole affair is showy, yet very neat." These medals we intend to present to various clubs or players at the close of the season, as rewards of merit.

AT LAST.—A number of persons having been drowned at Atlantic City, and the season being nearly at an end, the proprietors of the hotels there are talking of getting surf boats for the protection of their guests while bathing.

MILES O'REILLY.—In a brief notice in our last of the death of this brilliant writer, we inadvertently stated that he was appointed a Major *General* in the regular army. It should have been *Major*.

WHEN is a rejected lover like a corn? When he has been cut out.

A GOOD REACH.—Al., of the Philadelphia Athletics.

A WARM FRIEND.—Old Sol.

AN APPROPRIATE VEGETABLE for coachmen is the *cab-bage*.

Sporting Squibs.

— A Liverpool, Eng., gymnast hangs to a rope by his teeth at the height of forty feet, and beats a drum.

— Mr. A. J. Streeter recently drove a pair of horses from St. Paul, Minn., to Hartford, Conn., in seven weeks. The distance is about 1,500 miles.

— Three gamblers were recently lynched for cheating at Sioux City.

— The New York State Fair is to be held at Rochester on Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st and 2d, at which, among other prizes, one of $250 is to be given for the best stallion over four years old, and not less than 15 hands 3 inches high.

— At Saratoga races glove shops are reported as emptied of their gloves by sporting ladies, to pay their bets. We hope none of the fair creatures will "get the mitten" in consequence.

— The Montgomery Guard, of Boston, has challenged the New York Webster Guard for a second drill, for the champion flag, to take place *outside* of New York.

— In the simultaneous rifle match between the volunteers of Great Britain, Australia and Canada, the principal prize has been taken by Private Lynch, a member of a Sydney corps. He obtained 155 points, while Sergeant Martin, of the Manchester rifles, obtained 153, and Captain Fenton, also of Manchester, scored 151.

— Shad in large numbers were picked up dead recently on the Connecticut shoals at Cromwell, Ct., killed by hot weather.

— A pic-nic of fat men, weighing not less than 250lbs. each, is to take place this month at Utica, N. Y. What a congregation of heavy-weights!

— A large skating rink is to be built at Buffalo, on the "circus lot."

— A young man named Zephariah Hendric died suddenly in South Bend, Ind., a few days since, from the effects of a long continued bath after violent exercise.

— Probably in order to afford a little sportive recreation to their patrons, captains of steamers plying between New York and Staten Island and Long Branch now indulge in festive races.

— Jem Ward is said to have realized about fifteen hundred dollars from his recent exhibition in this city. This will be a good beginning towards setting the old gentleman up in the New World.

— The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Teck will be elected members of the English Jockey Club by acclamation, it is stated.

— The individual who was set on fire by a base ball match was put out at first base.

— A large sturgeon, weighing 80lbs., and 5½ feet in length, got ashore recently at Dundee Lake, N. J., and couldn't get afloat again.

— A black and tan dog in New Albany, Ind., weighs only 15 ounces, and sleeps in his owner's hat.

— Dr. Scraggs, of Champion, Ill., is credited with having caught a white black-bird from a flock of sable mates.

— A man named Lemmons was out turkey hunting in Howel County, Mo., recently, and hid himself in the bushes to call the birds up, when a fellow gunner, mistaking the call for that of a genuine turkey, fired upon and shot him, the wound proving fatal.

— Ira Wells, of North Tretford, Vt., who went hunting in Ascutney Mountain, Tuesday, was discovered on Friday with his arm caught in the cleft of a tree, and the whole lower part of his body devoured. A number of huge bear tracks about the spot explained his horrible fate.

— The "Humpty Dumpty Club," of Philadelphia, and the "Senators' Club" of the same place have gone on a ten days' fishing cruise down the Delaware to Cape May, Henlopen, &c.

— The Chicagoians encourage races between milk wagons and call them aquatic sports. They had better cheese it, for we cannot see the cream of the joke.

— Domestication of the Buffalo is being tried by the Montana farmers. We advise them not to try too many horns at one time.

— A solid silver horse-shoe has been sent to a firm in New York, we understand, by the inventor of a new style of shoeing in Colorado.

— The New York Schutzen Corps will hold their annual festival at Jones' Wood on Sept. 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

— A wail is being indulged in by the Pennsylvania press because of the wanton destruction of trout. The supply is steadily declining in the mountain streams, they say, and sportsmen scarcely think now of entering the Alleghanies for trout, but go rather to Northern New York. A proper game law is urgently called for.

— Two hundred canines have been captured in Gotham the past week and consigned to durance vile, or sasingers as the case may be.

— A lively fight has been going on in Fentress County, Tenn., between the families of Hatfield and Beatty on one side and Piles on the other. Five or six have been killed already.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BENJAMIN WEBSTER

This popular London manager was born at Bath, Eng., Sept. 3d, 1800; was educated for the navy, and a commission procured for him by the Duchess of York. The sudden close of hostilities, however, in 1815, changed his inclinings, and he chose in lieu of a sailor's life that of a musician. In this sphere he seems to have attained to some proficiency, but the growing taste for histrionics, which now possessed him, was evidently inimical to his attaining to fame as a musician. These predilections for the actor's life, entertained in despite of his family's wishes, led him at length to try his fortune on the boards, and, in so doing, so to offend his family that he could no longer look to them for the slightest assistance—a circumstance which entailed upon the struggling actor much privation. His indomitable will and untiring industry, however, bore him up through all his troubles. When business was so bad that he could not afford more than two pence a day for food, he contented himself with a pennyworth of bread and a pennyworth of milk, with an extra hard day's work to give the meal a relish. These particulars of his early career we gather from a speech, containing, in addition, many similar ones, made by himself recently, upon the occasion of a complimentary dinner being given him by a number of his brethren connected with literature and the drama. He would, during his troubles, play one instrument in the orchestra, now another; sometimes he undertook walking gentlemen's parts; sometimes utility, and achieved no inconsiderable success as harlequin and as a horn-pipe dancer. He soon obtained a good engagement at Warwick, when he threw music aside and devoted himself to the drama. From Warwick he went to London, and played in succession at several of the theatres, in parts, however, comparatively small. In 1815, while at Drury Lane, he played Pompey in "Measure for Measure," which was his stepping stone to fame, and from that day his struggles as an actor may be said to have ended. In 1829, he appeared at the Haymarket, under the management of Mr. Morris, in the farce of "Lodgings To Let." In 1837, he had made such progress that he bid for the lesseeship and management of the Haymarket Theatre, and Mr. Morris retiring from the management, Mr. Webster became lessee. For sixteen years he held this responsible position. At the end of his sixteen years' lesseeship—the theatre passing into Mr. Buckstone's hands—he took the Adelphi Theatre, and, five years after (in 1858), demolished the old house and erected upon its site the New Adelphi Theatre. At present he is manager of the Haymarket. As an actor Mr Webster is distinguished by his great versatility; being equally at home in the delineation of the idiosyncrasies of each of the several classes of humanity that the low comedian, the light comedian, ane the tragic actor, respectively, hold the mirror up to. He is the author of several popular dramas and lighter pieces.

LACROSSE.—The first twelves of the Caledonia and Dominion Clubs, of Montreal, C. E., met on the grounds of the latter on August 1st, when one of the most scientific games witnessed for the Dominion during the present season took place. The flags were pitched a little after four and after some brilliant play on both sides the first game was scored by the Dominion in 20 minutes, Galt cleverly sending the ball home. No time was cut to waste; both parties seemed eager for the play and a desperate struggle of an hour and ten minutes was terminated in favor of the Caledonias. The decisive ball in the game was put through by Miller. Each of the third and fourth games was as well played and as severely contested as the preceding ones had been; both, however, were won by the Caledonians in 35 and 33 minutes respectively.

ON TIME.—The Merchants Union Express Company hold their first summer night's festival at Lion Park on the evening of the 12th inst., for which occasion an order of dancing which we "will call" both neat and ingenious has been expressly printed. The "D Hs" will be limited, but all can be "billed thro'" for a dollar a head and no fears need be entertained of finding anything in a "M. U. X." We tender our acknowledgements for an invitation to be "on hand."

TWO HANDED BALL MATCH.—Bernard McQuade and Philip Casey have signed articles, by the stipulations of which they bind themselves to play the best four out of seven games of hand ball for the sum of $250 a side, half forfeit, at the New York Racket Club Court, 53 and 55 West Thirteenth street, on Wednesday, Sept. 23d, the match to commence between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M. Fifty dollars a side on behalf of the match are now deposited in the CLIPPER office, where the second, of $75 a side, has to be forthcoming on Monday 17th inst. and the third, of $125 a side, on Sept. 22d.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Saratoga Race Meeting.

FIRST DAY'S RACING—BANSHEE WINS THE TRAVERS STAKE AND STONEWALL JACKSON THE TWO MILE HEAT RACE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

FIRST DAY.

The annual meeting of the Saratoga Race Association commenced on Wednesday, the 5th inst., under auspices of the most brilliant and promising character. The purses and stakes to be run for were unusually rich and liberal; the visitors to this fashionable and favorite watering place were more numerous than in any preceding year, and the number of race horses arrived from all parts of the United States was without precedent. There were stables from Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland and New York, as well as from Canada, in training on the track for their various engagements at this meeting. Everything seemed to foreshadow a brilliant and successful meeting. The attendance was very large, the grand stand being crowded to its utmost capacity by the visitors to the Springs. The ladies' compartment of the extensive stand presented a magnificent spectacle, being filled with a perfect galaxy of youth, loveliness and fashion, whose gay and exquisitely tasteful summer toilettes combined to render the scene especially brilliant and beautiful. The weather was delightful, for a heavy shower of rain during the night had pleasantly cooled the atmosphere, and effectually laid the dust, rendering the drive to the course highly agreeable, while it had confessedly improved the going on the course. During the progress of the racing on this day, the sun was obscured by clouds, which veiled his burning rays and prevented them from pouring down on the heads of the vast assemblage. The racing commenced at 11.30 A. M. and was finished shortly after one o'clock, P. M., thus affording visitors ample leisure to return and dress for dinner. The pool selling was conducted, as in previous years, by the well known turf auctioneer, Dr. Underwood, and were of an unusually heavy character; the western turfmen backing the horses from their section with great spirit, while the eastern racing men were equally plucky in supporting the stables trained in the east and north.

THE TRAVERS STAKES

was the first race on the programme and was for three year olds exclusively, $50 entrance, play or pay, with $1,000 added by the Association; one mile and three quarters. Out of the thirty-four horses entered the following eight came to the post—Fanny Ludlow and Boaster, owned by Mr. F. Morris; Albuera and Sarah B., owned by Col. McDaniels; Bonnie Braes, owned by Mr. J. Eckerson; Banshee, owned by Mr. O'Fallon and trained by J. H. Davis; St. Paul, belonging to the Jerome Park stable; and Lost Cause, owned by Major Bacon. In one pool sold just before the start Banshee was the favorite, Morris' pair ranking next in estimation. Banshee sold for $405; Morris' entry for $220; Bonnie Braes for $225; McDaniels', $130; and Lost Cause and St. Paul, coupled, $45. The favorite had been "off" since her arrival, owing to a tedious and protracted journey by rail, and this somewhat damped the confidence of her party, although they believed her still able to beat the lot opposed to her in this race. Bonnie Braes had recently been suffering from the malady that mares are subject to at this season, and she looked tucked up and unable to move in her customary free style. Both of Mr. Morris' pair looked fit and fine, as also did Col. McDaniels' Albuera, as the filly by Jeff. Davis, out of Ninette, is named. Lost Cause was first off when the flag dropped, with St. Paul and Banshee in close attendance. As they entered the regular course near the half-mile pole (the start having been from the new three-quarter pole near the stand) Bonnie Braes was seen bearing Mr. Eckerson's colors in front, with Boaster, in Mr. Morris scarlet, second, St. Paul third, Ninette filly fourth, and Lost Cause last. As they passed the stand the first time Boaster was a neck in front of Bonnie Braes, Albuera third and Banshee fourth. At the quarter pole Banshee joined her horses and soon was alongside of Boaster, who was leading, and to the pair the race was evidently confined, for they ran head and head past the half-mile pole and along the third quarter to the turn into the homestretch. Coming up the straight, whip and spur were freely applied by the riders of both Boaster and Banshee, but the superior staying blood of the Lexingtons over that of imported Eclipse was clearly proved, for Boaster began to give way and Banshee won rather cleverly at the finish by half a length; Albuera being third; St. Paul fourth; Fanny Ludlow fifth; Sarah B. sixth; and Bonnie Braes last of all. Time 3:10¾. Summary:—

SARATOGA, Aug. 5.—The Travers Stakes, $50 entrance, p.p., $1,000 added, for three year olds, one and three-quarter miles.
John M. Clay entered b f Banshee, by Lexington, dam Balloon, by imp. Yorkshire.... 1
F. Morris entered ch c Boaster, by imp. Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue.... 2
Mr. McDaniels entered b f Sarah B., by Planet, dam Adelgasia, by Glencoe.... 3
F. Morris entered b f Fanny Ludlow, by imp. Eclipse, dam Mollie Jackson, by Vandal.... 4
Mr. McDaniels entered b f, by Jeff Davis, dam Nanette, by Revenue.... 5
Colonel P. C. Bush entered ch c, St. Paul, by imp. Lapidist, dam Rhoda, by imp. Glencoe.... 6
Colonel Bacon entered b f Lost Cause, by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze, by imp. Albion.... 7
J. S. Watson entered b f Bonnie Braes, by imp. Balrownie, dam Pasta, by Revenue.... 8
Time, 3:10¾.

THE TWO MILE HEAT RACE

was the next, and had three horses entered for it, viz.: Stonewall Jackson, Plantagenet, and General Yorke. The success of Banshee gave increased confidence to the followers of the Western Stable, and they pluckily backed her stable companion Plantagenet against Stonewall Jackson; first one and then the other having the call in the pools. The chances of General Yorke were almost entirely ignored by the betting men. In two pools sold just before the start, Stonewall in one brought $500 to Plantagenet's $475, and Yorke's $50; in the other, Stonewall brought $675, Plantagenet $725, and Yorke $55.

FIRST HEAT.—General Yorke made the running with Plantagenet at his quarters and the grey in waiting a couple of lengths behind the latter, and in this order they ran the first mile in 1:51¼. At the quarter pole on the second mile, Plantagenet and Yorke were head and head, and they ran thus to past the half mile pole, Stonewall fully three lengths behind them. But the grey now commenced to rapidly close up the gap, and passing Yorke, who had fallen back, he took sides with Plantagenet, and they turned into the stretch lapped together. At the distance Stonewall had Plantagenet safe, and quitting him, won the heat easily by two lengths; Plantagenet six lengths before Yorke. Time, 3:39¾.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now $100 to $20 on Stonewall, who waited, as in the previous heat, for a mile and three quarters, allowing the other two to race together, when he went up full of running, and cutting them both down, won easily by two lengths in 3:41¾, the first mile having been run in 1:48¾. A splendid struggle for second place, between Plantagenet and Yorke, resulted in a dead heat between them. Summary:—

SECOND RACE.—Purse $750, two mile heats, for all ages.
T. G. Moore's g h Stonewall Jackson, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam Edith, by Sovereign.... 1 1
J. H. Davis' ch h Plantagenet, 4 yrs, by Planet, dam Rosa Bonheur, by Glencoe.... 2 0
Jerome Park Stable's ch c Gen. Yorke, 4 yrs, by Planet, dam Albino, by Jeff Davis.... 3 0

Time.	1st Mile.	2d Mile.
First Heat	1:51¼	3:39¾
Second Heat	1:48¾	3:41¾

SECOND DAY.

HARRY BOOTH WINS THE HURDLE RACE, LANCASTER THE CUP, AND LIZZIE ROGERS THE DASH RACE.

The second day opened gloomy and threatening, the dull, heavy clouds portending rain and causing considerable fears to be entertained that a postponement would be inevitable. The Executive Committee of the Association held a meeting to consult on the propriety of such adjournment to the following day, when it was determined if no rain fell before half past ten o'clock, A. M. to proceed with the sport. To the great gratification of the visitors it cleared off about that time and a general move was made from the village to the course, which is located about a mile from the Springs. The double attraction of a hurdle race and the cup induced thousands to attend, and the largest concourse of people was present that has ever been seen on the Saratoga course. The magnificent grand stand was completely filled with a perfect galaxy of youth, fashion and beauty, arrayed in gay and gorgeous attire, and the presence of so much loveliness lent additional charm to the brilliant scene. The course was heavy and holding, for a good deal of rain had fallen during the night. Before the Cup race, however, it dried up considerably, but fast time was not anticipated under the circumstances.

THE HURDLE RACE

inaugurated the sport. It was for all ages, two miles, over eight hurdles, 3½ feet high, welter weights, $400 to the winner and $100 to the second horse if three or more started. There were five entries, viz.:—Lobelia, 5 yrs., a brown mare that had won two hurdles at the recent Chicago Meeting in very fast time, and an excellent leaper; Harry Booth, a well-bred horse, lately converted into a jumper, at which business he promises to distinguish himself; Eagle, the winner of the hurdle race at the last Jerome Park Meeting, and the horse which ran third to Norfolk for the first Paterson Derby; Tycoon, well known as a first-class hurdler; and Starlight, an importation from Canada, known as a splendid jumper, but not very fast. He was ridden by Lawler, his trainer, while Griffin was on Harry Booth, Cryer on Lobelia, Gaffney on Eagle and Roche on Tycoon. In the betting Lobelia was the favorite, selling for $270; Eagle for $250; Harry Booth, $80; and Tycoon and Starlight, coupled, $138. Starlight was the first over the first hurdle, Eagle second, Harry Booth third and Lobelia fourth, and they ran in this order to the second hurdle on the backstretch, near the quarter pole. This was cleared by Starlight and Booth side by side, the favorite bringing up the rear. At the third hurdle, near the half mile pole, Harry Booth was leading a length and a half before Starlight, with Eagle as far behind the latter and the favorite still in the extreme rear. In this order they took the fourth hurdle and went past the stand. The fifth hurdle was beautifully cleared by Harry Booth and Starlight, the former leading, but at the next Eagle had taken Starlight's place, with Tycoon third and Lobelia last, the rider of the latter evidently not desirous of improving his position. The seventh hurdle was taken in the same order, Starlight again closing on the leading horses. At the eighth and last hurdle Harry Booth hit it as he went over, and his rider was thrown on his neck, but he soon recovered himself, although not until Starlight, who was over second, had collared and passed him. A fine struggle between the pair ensued, but the superior speed of Harry Booth told, and he crossed the score a length before Eagle; Lobelia fourth and Tycoon last. Time, 4:14½. Summary:—

FIRST RACE.—Hurdle race, for all ages, two miles, over eight hurdles, three and a half feet high, welter weights, $400 to the winner, $100 to second horse, if three or more start.
Henry B. Todd entered b h Harry Booth, 5 yrs, by Lexington out of Blonde.... 1
John Lawler entered b h Starlight, 6 yrs, by Star Davis, dam Brown Kitty, by Birmingham.... 2
J. P. Ackerman entered ch h Eagle, aged, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign.... 3
W. H. Cryer entered br m Lobelia, 5 yrs, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Capitol.... 4
J. M. Brown entered ch h Tycoon, aged, by Omera, dam Nota Price.... 5
Time, 4:14½.

THE SARATOGA CUP,

the great race of the meeting, was the next event. The interest attached to it far surpassed that which attended the meetings of Kentucky, Rhynodine and Captain Moore, or of Kentucky and Beacon the subsequent year, or of Onward and Muggins last year. This was owing to the anticipated contest between the famous mare Fanny Cheatham and James A. Connolly, between whom thousands of dollars were wagered. At first Connolly had the call, and slight odds were laid that he beat the beautiful filly, but after Stonewall Jackson's easy victory in the two mile heat race the day before, the partisans of Capt. Moore's stable became so sanguine that they laid odds on her beating the son of Vandal and even money that she won the race. The value of the cup was $1,000, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, over two miles and a quarter. There were twenty entries, of which four came to the post—Fanny Cheatham, James A. Connolly, Lancaster and Morrissey. The three entries of the Annieswood Stable—Extra, Dickens and Kentucky—had all unfortunately broken down. Mr. Morris did not start one of his trio—Relentless, Onward or Fanny Ludlow—while McConnell & Harness' representative, General Duke, who was an anticipated starter, did not put in an appearance, as, in consequence of the heavy state of the course, it was not considered advisable to start him, having in view his numerous important engagements elsewhere. Mr. Sanford selected Lancaster to represent his interests, and although he was at one time undecided about starting him, in consequence of the heavy ground, he at last determined to do so and backed him heavily at the long odds that were current against him. The Fanny Cheatham party were immensely confident and backed her to win for many thousands of dollars at even against the field. Miller rode her, while Heyward was on Lancaster and Hennessey on Connolly. The following pool, sold just before the start, shows how the betting ranged:—Fanny Cheatham, $2,200; Connolly, $1,250; Lancaster, $775; and Morrissey, $105. They got away well together, and as they passed the stand (the start being from the three-quarter pole) Fanny was leading Morrissey a length, Connolly third and Lancaster in waiting. Before they had reached the quarter pole Connolly went in front, but the favorite was at his head as they ran along the back stretch, and was a length in front at the half mile pole, and a little more at the three-quarter pole. Amid great excitement and cheering they swept past the stand, head and head together, three lengths before Lancaster, who was as far before Morrissey, who was already out of the race. At the quarter pole the favorite was two lengths in front, but Connolly came again on the back stretch, and they ran locked past the half mile pole and along the third quarter, presenting a most exciting and beautiful spectacle. Coming up the homestretch the rider of Fanny kept her in the heavy ground next the rails and she began to labor and shorten in her stride, and Connolly gradually drew away from her and shouts were raised that "Connolly wins." But they were premature, for his rider, too intent on watching Fanny, did not see Hayward on Lancaster on his right, who had crept up inch by inch, and had nursed his horse with wonderful patience and judgment for a final effort, and who came on the last few yards with a terrific rush and won by magnificent jockeyship on the post by the shortest of heads, amid tumultuous cheering. Time, 4:14. Summary:—

SECOND RACE.—The Saratoga Cup, of $1,000, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, p. p.; two and a quarter miles; for all ages.
M. H. Sanford entered b h Lancaster, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet, by imp. Hedgeford.... 1
W. Pennock entered ch c James A. Connolly, 4 years old, by Vandal, dam by imp. Margrave.... 2
J. G. Moore entered b f Fanny Cheatham, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Laura, by Leviathan.... 3
D. McDaniel entered b c Morrissey, 4 years old, by Breckinridge, dam by imp. Bonnie Scotland.... 4
Time, 4:14.

THE THIRD RACE

was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $300, for which the entries were:—Gilroy (a full brother to Kentucky), from Mr. J. A. Clay's stable; Sleety and Jubal, from Dr. Weldon's; Uncle Vic colt, from Jacob Pincus'; Lizzie Rogers, from Col. McDaniel's, and Raquette, from the Jerome Park Stable. Gilroy, who was purchased along with his stable companion, Victory, who has never yet been beaten, by Mr. James Conless, of New Orleans, for $10,000, was made a tremendous favorite, the western men backing him heavily. In the last pool sold he brought $1,100, Lizzie Rogers $725 and the field $425. The start was a miserably bad one, for the gentleman who officiated in that capacity dropped the flag when the favorite and Uncle Vic colt were a dozen lengths behind the others. Jubal and Lizzie Rogers were off first, far in advance of the others, but on entering the regular track at the half mile pole Raquette and Sleety became second and third, the rider of Lizzie taking a pull at her. Going along the lower end Lizzie shot past the leaders and took a strong lead, which she maintained throughout, for although Gilroy, when fairly into the homestretch, went through his horses and made play for McDaniel's fleet filly, he was unable to reach her, and was beaten by four lengths in 1:20; Raquette was third and the rest unplaced.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $300, dash of three quarters of a mile, for all ages.
D. McDaniel entered ch f Lizzie Rogers, 3 yrs, by brother to Frank Allen, dam Jenny Ross, by Glencoe.... 1
John M. Clay entered b h Gilroy, 6 yrs, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe.... 2
The Jerome Park Stable entered gr c Racquette, 4 yrs, by imp Eclipse, dam Fidelity, by Glencoe.... 3
J. Eckerson entered ch c, 3 yrs, by Uncle Vic, dam Dolly Carter, by imp. Glencoe.... 4
J. Eckerson entered b f Sleety, 4 yrs, by Rogers, dam Angeline, by imp. Albion.... 5
G. W. Weldon entered b g Jubal, 4 yrs, by imp. Balrownie, dam Julia, by imp. Glencoe.... 6
Time, 1:20.

THIRD DAY'S RACING.

SUNDOWN WINS THE THREE YEAR OLD RACE, MCDANIELS' OAKLAND FILLY THE SARATOGA STAKES, AND RED DICK THE TWO AND A HALF MILES DASH.

The weather on Friday, the third day of the meeting, was very fine and pleasant; the air was cool owing to the sun being obscured by clouds. The attendance was very large, although scarcely equal to the enormous assemblage of the cup day. There were three races, and the favorites were badly beaten in all of them. The Saratoga Stakes, for two year olds, was won by a complete outsider, Col. McDaniels' bay filly, by Oakland, out of Leisure, by Red Eye, who only brought about $200 in a $1,500 pool, while Mr. Cameron's pair, upon whose winning the betting was $1,000 to $800, did not even gain a place.

THE FIRST RACE

was for three year olds for a purse of $500, dash of a mile and a half; the winner of the Derby, Belmont Stakes or Travers Stakes excluded. The horses entered were Sundown, Boaster, Vauxhall, Viley, Lizzie Rogers and Colossus filly. Vauxhall, belonging to the Southern Ohio stable of McConnell and Thompson, was made a hot favorite, being backed at odds against the field. In one of the last pools sold Vauxhall brought $1,000, Boaster $300, Sundown $240, Viley $150, Lizzie Rogers $105, and Colossus filly $35. After two false starts, the flag fell, Viley just showing in front, with Lizzie Rogers and Sundown next, the favorite fourth and Boaster last but one. Turning into the homestretch the favorite showed in advance, but as they swept past the stand Sundown led him a length, Viley lying third and Morris' colt fourth. At the quarter pole Vauxhall and Sundown were side by side, with Boaster next, and in this order they ran along the backstretch, until nearing the half mile pole, when Sundown drew away and maintained a leading position throughout, winning, after a fine race home with Boaster, by a length, Vauxhall third, Lizzie Rogers fourth and Viley last. Time, 2:45. Summary:—

SARATOGA, Friday, August 7.—Purse $500, for three year olds, dash of a mile and a half; winner of the Derby, Belmont Stakes or Travers Stakes excluded.
J. H. Davis' ch c Sundown....H. Smith 1
F. Morris' ch c Boaster....C. Layton 2
McConnell and Harness' b c Vauxhall....Hall 3
Bowie and Hall's ch f Viley.... 0
D. McDaniel's ch f Lizzie Rogers.... 0
J. Pennock's b f, by Colossus.... 0
Time, 2:45.

THE SARATOGA STAKES

for two year olds, $50 entrance, play or pay, $1,000 added, three quarters of a mile, was the next race and most important of the meeting. There were twenty-five entries, of which six came to the post. These were McDaniel's Oakland filly, out of Leisure; Mr. Sanford's The Nun (own sister to Norfolk); Mr. Morris' ch c Number Four, and his b f by Eclipse, dam by Slasher; and Mr. Cameron's two imported fillies Inveruglas and Invercauld. Mr. Cameron's pair had the call in the betting, for in one pool they sold for $1,000; McDaniel's, $215; The Nun for $200; and Morris' pair, $115. In one of the two false starts, Number Four broke away, and, overpowering his jockey, ran three quarters of a mile before he was stopped, when he was withdrawn, as his chance was extinguished. A most wretched start was at last effected, Mr. Cameron's pair and The Nun being almost left at the post, while McDaniel's filly was lengths away in front, with Morris four lengths behind. Entering the old course the Oakland filly still led, with Inveruglas second and Morris' filly third, but at the three-quarter pole Mr. Cameron's filly fell back beaten and Morris took second place. The race was now confined to the pair and a magnificent struggle between them was witnessed, both passing the score head and head together, and the judges, unable to separate them, decided it a dead heat. The Nun was third and Cameron's two fillies unplaced. Time, 1:19¾.

DECIDING HEAT.—Mr. Morris, not being willing to divide the stakes with Colonel McDaniels, the dead heat was promptly run off. At first Morris' filly was the favorite, at $100 to $60, but before they got off it became even betting. The Oakland filly took the lead and made the running throughout, and although Morris' filly looked momentarily dangerous on coming up the stretch, she died away to nothing and was beaten easily by three lengths, in 1:21¾.

THE SARATOGA STAKES, $50 entrance, p. p., with $1,000 added; three quarters of a mile.
D. McDaniels' b f by Oakland out of Leisure, by Red Eye....C. Miller. 0 1
F. Morris' b f by Eclipse, dam by Slasher....Layton. 0 2
M. H. Sanford's ch f The Nun....Driscoll. 3
R. W. Cameron's br f Inverulass.... 4
R. W. Cameron's br f Invercauld.... 5
Time, 1:19¾; deciding heat, 1:21¾.

THE THIRD RACE

was a sweepstakes, $50 entrance, $600 added, for all ages, to carry 100lbs, over two miles and a half. There were twelve entries for this, but Kentucky, Extra and Dickens, in the Annieswood Stable, having broken down, Onward, Julius and Delaware in the same predicament, and Lancaster declining to run after his severe race in the Cup, only three, Red Dick, Flora McIvor and Richmond, came to the post. At first $100 to $50 was bet on Dr. Weldon's pair, but the Secaucus Stable backed Red Dick so staunchly, that the odds soon turned and he became the favorite, for in the last pool sold he brought $800 to $680. Red Dick made the running from the start to the finish, and won cleverly by four lengths in 4:39¾, Richmond being second.

THIRD RACE.—Sweepstakes, $50 each, p. p., with $600 added; for all ages, carrying 100lb; two miles and a half.
D. McDaniel's b h Red Dick....W. Henry 1
J. Eckerson's g h Richmond....Hennessy 2
J. Eckerson's b f Flora McIvor....Brown 3
Time, 4:39¾.

FOURTH DAY'S RACING.

CLARA CLARITA WINS THE SELLING RACE—JAMES A. CONNOLLY THE THREE MILE RACE AND STONEWALL JACKSON THE MILE AND THREE-QUARTER DASH.

The prospects of racing on the morning of the fourth day, Saturday, were gloomy in the extreme, for heavy clouds filled the sky, and occasionally a slight shower sprinkled the earth, as if in warning of what might be expected. It was at one time during the forenoon anticipated that a postponement would take place, but the Executive Committee of the Association announced that if fair at noon the racing would commence. Fortunately the clerk of the weather was propitious, and the rain not only held off, but the sun broke out after the first race, and although he did not remain long, his temporary presence was cheering and enspiriting. The course was in capital order and the attendance immense, for there are many thousands of visitors just now at Saratoga, and the races are the fashion, especially among the fairer portion of the *beau monde*. The receipts of admission for the first three days were $22,500, an amount far greater than was ever before taken for the six days of any previous meeting, and this fact shows how successful the affair has been.

THE SELLING RACE

was the first event on the card, which contained three races. For this there were only two entries, Col. McDaniel's ch f Spotted Fawn, and the Jerome Park Stable's ch f Clara Clarita, both entered to be sold for $600 each. This race did not create any particular interest, as both were well known to be rank bad ones. The little betting there was $100 to $50 on Clara Clarita, who made the running from start to finish and won easily by two lengths in 2:46½.

Purse $300, one and a half miles, for all ages. Horses entered to be sold for $1,500 (the highest price), to carry their appropriate weights; those for $1,000 allowed 7lbs; those for $600, 14lbs; those for $300, 21lbs. The winner to be sold at auction, and the surplus to go to the association.
The Jerome Park Stable entered ch f Clara Clarita, 4 yrs, by imp. Lapidis, dam Madonna. To be sold at $600.... 1
D. McDaniel entered ch f Spotted Fawn, 3 yrs, by Deucalion, dam by Commodore. To be sold for $600.... 2
Time, 2:46½.

THE SECOND RACE

was a three mile dash for a purse of $1,000, for all ages, and the entries for which were the famous western three year old crack, Pat Malloy, belonging to the formidable St. Louis Stable, owned by Mr. O'Fallon and trained by Mr. J. H. Fisher, and the chestnut colt James A. Connolly, who ran second to Lancaster for the Saratoga Cup and to Local for the Westchester Cup. The betting was very heavy between these two horses, for the western turfmen stuck staunchly to Pat Malloy, who has never lost but one race during his long campaign this season, while the eastern racing men adhered with pluckiness to Connolly, and their heavy investments made him the favorite at slight odds, he bringing in pools $500 to Malloy's $450. The race was a splendid one, Pat Malloy, who had to carry 4lbs. overweight to secure a jockey, making the running for over two miles and a quarter, Connolly waiting at his quarters. The first mile was run in 1:48¾, both horses crossing the score head and head, when Malloy went in front and led until approaching the score on the second mile, when they closed, and again they passed the string locked together in 3:37. Coming up the stretch on the third mile the extra weight told on Malloy, and he began to slacken his speed. At the distance Connolly challenged him, had him safe in a few strides, and won a fast run race cleverly by two lengths, in 5:31½.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $1,000, dash of three miles, for all ages.
I. W. Pennock entered ch c J. A. Connolly, 4 yrs, by Vandal, dam by imp. Margrave.... 1
Jno. H. Davis entered b c Pat Malloy, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Gloriana, by Eclipse.... 2
Time—1st mile, 1:48¾; 2d, 3:37; 3d, 5:31½.

THE THIRD RACE

was a dash of a mile and three quarters for a purse of $500, and was run for by Stonewall Jackson, who had won the two mile heat race the first day; Sundown, who had won the three year old race the previous day, and Gilroy, an own brother to Kentucky. The betting was enormously heavy on this race, each horse being the favorite with a strong and numerous party. Stonewall, however, had the largest body of friends and they made him the favorite before the start. In the pools sold just before the race he brought $525 to Sundown $320 and Gilroy $320. The race lay entirely between Stonewall and Sundown, as Gilroy was never in it from the start. Sundown, who carried 4 lbs. overweight, like his stable companion, Pat Molloy, in the previous race, made the running, with Stonewall laying at his quarters for a mile, when the latter crept up to his saddle girths, laid there until half way up the stretch, defying every effort of Sundown to shake him off, and finally after a brilliant and very fast-run race, beat him to the score by half a length in 3:13. The last mile was run in 1:46.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $500, dash of one and three quarter miles, for all ages.
Thos. G. Moore entered gr g Stonewall Jackson, 5 years, by Lightning, dam Edith.... 1
Jno. H. Davis entered ch c Sundown, 3 years, by Uncle Vic, dam imp. Sunny South, by Irish Birdcatcher.... 2
J. Conlisk entered b h Gilroy, 6 years, by Lexington, dam Magnolia.... 3
Time, 3:13.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO N. Y. CLIPPER.

FIFTH DAY, MONDAY, AUG. 10TH.

FIRST RACE.—Sequel Stakes, $50 entrance, p. p., $750 added; two miles; for three year olds; winner of the Derby, Belmont Stakes or Travers Stakes 5lbs. extra, but penalties not to accumulate. Four horses ran. Summary:—
McConnell and Harness' ch c General Duke, by Lexington, dam Lilla, by imp. Yorkshire.... 1
J. W. Pennock's b f Colossus, dam Maid of Monmouth, by Traveler.... 2
D. McDaniel's b f Albuera, by Jeff Davis, dam Ninette.... 3
F. Morris' ch c Boaster, by imp. Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue.... 4
Time, 3:40¾.

SAME DAY.—Second Race.—Mile heats for beaten horses; all ages; purse $400. For this race three heats were run, and there were three entries, viz, Morrissey, Gilroy and Viley. In the first heat Morrissey was first, Gilroy second and Viley third. Time, 1:45. The second heat was won by Viley, Gilroy second and Morrissey distanced. Time, 1:46¾. The third heat and the race was won by Viley, Gilroy second. Time, 1:47¼.

SAME DAY.—Third Race.—Purse $500; three-quarter mile dash for two year olds; winner of Saratoga Stakes 5 lbs. extra. In this race six horses ran, Alta Vela being the winner and Bonnie Lass second. Time, 1:19½.

The season closes on Tuesday, Aug. 11, when three races are on the programme, a hurdle race, dash of four miles and dash of one mile and a half.

EXCITING TROT AT STATEN ISLAND

BETWEEN

MOUNTAIN BOY AND LADY THORN FOR $2,000.

A trot of a very interesting character occurred at the New-Dorp track, Staten Island, under the auspices of the Richmond County Agricultural Society, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 4th inst., the competing animals being none other than those famed flyers of the turf, Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy. The attendance was extremely large for this course, and it would doubtless have been considerably increased had it not been that the inauguration of the Saratoga meeting called the majority of our turf *connoisseurs* to that celebrated inland watering place. The track is but three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and this fact tended to enhance the interest felt in the contest, for although the mare has generally proven too much for the Boy in a mile race, it was believed that the latter could vanquish her at the distance named. The Boy was a strong favorite in the betting prior to the start, and shortly after four o'clock the horses were brought up for the

FIRST HEAT.—They received the word to a good start at the third attempt, Lady Thorn having the pole and getting away with a trifling lead, which she maintained until after passing into the back turn, when the Boy increased the pace and collared the mare, but ere the quarter pole was reached he broke badly and Thorn dashed by that point, nearly three lengths to the good, in 1:49½. Recovering, the Boy sped along at a faster gait than before, closing the gap by degrees, and passing the half-mile half a length behind the mare. Just after passing he lost his feet again, and Lady Thorne won the heat easily in 1:49½.

SECOND HEAT.—The result of the first heat caused the betting market to undergo a radical change, odds of two to one being now freely offered upon Lady Thorn. Mountain Boy secured the advantage slightly in the send off, and going along at a rattling pace went by the quarter pole nearly two lengths ahead, and, notwithstanding a break on the far turn, kept the lead, and finally won by a neck, in 1.49¼, the contest being very close along the home stretch, and causing the utmost excitement among the spectators. This occasioned another revolution in betting circles, and odds of 100 to 60 were now current upon the Boy again.

THIRD HEAT.—They got off nicely together, but Mountain Boy quickly took the lead, going by the quarter half a length ahead in 37½ seconds. The Boy behaved finely throughout the heat, holding his position, gradually widening the distance and eventually crossing the line a victor by a couple of lengths in 1:50½, the mare breaking upon the homestretch and running by the stand.

FOURTH HEAT.—This very much resembled the previous one. Mountain Boy greatly increased the speed, and, holding the lead all through, won by four lengths in 1:48¾. Summary:—

NEW DORP, S. I., August 4th.—Purse of $2,000; track heats; best three in five, in harness.
Sam McLaughlin's b h Mountain Boy.... 2 1 1 1
D. Pfifer's b m Lady Thorn.... 1 2 2 2

Time.	Quar.	Half mile.	Track.
First heat	0:36½	1:12½	1:49½
Second heat	0:35½	1:13	1:49¼
Third heat	0:37½	1:14	1:50½
Fourth heat	0:36	1:12	1:48¾

EXCITING RACE AT BUFFALO.

BILLY BOYCE DEFEATS ROLLA GOLD DUST AND LUCY.

THE FASTEST PACING TIME ON RECORD.

The managers of the Buffalo Driving Park held an extra day on Saturday, the 1st inst., offering the gate money for the winner of a race in which the competitors were allowed to go as they pleased. It commenced to rain on the evening previous, and the weather was not at all favorable on the day, showers falling at intervals until about two o'clock P. M., which had the effect of causing the attendance to be very meagre, the number present not being above six hundred. The track, notwithstanding the rain, was in fine condition, except in a few spots, where it had been rendered very heavy. The entries were Rolla Gold Dust, Lucy and Billy Boyce, the pacer, but Lucy was withdrawn shortly before the time announced for the race. The speculation ruled at the rate of two to one in favor of Boyce, in whose saddle appeared John Murphy, while Jim Rockey was mounted upon Rolla, who had the pole.

FIRST HEAT.—The first trial sent them away evenly. The pacer at once drew ahead, taking the inside around the first turn and opening a gap of fully eight lengths at the quarter, in 0.37. Up the backstretch the pacer increased his lead, but about half way to the half mile pole he left his feet and his rider was forced to pull him almost to a standstill, while the Kentucky horse trotted by. At the half, in 1:15¼, Rolla was two lengths ahead, but Bill Boyce began to close up and on the upper turn they were together. Coming into the homestretch the pacer made another bad break and Rolla won in 2:31¼.

SECOND HEAT.—They got off at once, the pacer taking the lead immediately. Neither horse made a skip during the heat. Billy Boyce led six lengths at the quarter, in 0:36, twice that distance at the half, in 1:10, and made the last half mile, going like a flash of lightning, in 1:05¼. The heat was paced in 2:15¼. Rolla Gold Dust trotted like clockwork all the way around.

THIRD HEAT.—They got off with Rolla Gold Dust slightly in the lead, but the pacer at once drew away from him and led a hopeless distance at the quarter, in 0:33½. The half-mile pole was passed in 1:06, Billy Boyce being far in advance, and the mile was made in 2:14½, a second faster than the former heat, and three and one-quarter seconds faster than the best previous pacing time, viz.:—2:17¼, by Pocahontas. The time of Rolla Gold Dust in this heat was 2:28.

FOURTH HEAT.—There was some betting at twenty to one on the result, it being thought that there was still a chance that the pacer might behave as he did in the first heat. He had no such intentions, however, traveling steadily to the quarter in 0:35, the half in 1:08½ and the race in 2:20¼. Summary:—

BUFFALO DRIVING PARK, August 1st, 1868.—For gate money, mile heats, best three in five, to go as they please.
R. S. Carr named b g Billy Boyce.... 2 1 1 1
L. L. Dorsey named b g Rolla Gold Dust.... 1 2 2 2
Budd Doble named b m Lucy.... dr.
Time, 2:31¼; 2:15¼; 2:14½; 2:20¼.

A SURPRISE at horse driving was done by Prof. Hamilton, at Greenfield, Mass., recently, who took the stallion, Panic, a powerful twelve year old that had never been in harness, and drove him in a buggy with and without a bridle. Panic is reported to have been as gentle as the most thoroughly broken horse, and was afterwards led to the stable without bits.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, Boston, Mass.—A trot took place on this track on the 3d inst., for $500, of which we here give the summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Monday, August 3.—Match $500; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.
S. Hayes named ch g White Stocking.... 1 1 1
J. J. Bowen named r s Lewiston Boy.... 2 2 2
Time, 2:36; 2:35; 2:41.

DETROIT HORSE ASSOCIATION.—The first annual meeting of the Detroit National Horse Association will be held on the Park Course, near that city, during the current month, commencing on the 25th and terminating on the 28th. Ten races are announced, for which premiums amounting in the aggregate to $4,700 are offered, three entries and two starters being required in each race, except the sixth, which is for $1,000, four to enter, three to start. The officers of this association are as follows:—President, Geo. Jerome; Vice Presidents, H. C. Kibber, H. N. Story; Treasurer, E. S. Leadbeater; Secretary, W. H. Williams; Board of Directors—W. A. Owen, C. M. Welch, Geo. Hendrie, A. H. Emery, S. McGregory, A. W. Tyrrell and A. Rolfe.

LEWES RACES.—The usual annual equine contest at this ancient borough of Sussex, Eng., commenced on August 7th, under the supervision, we doubt not, of Verrall, the auctioneer, who is quite an adept at "knockng things down." As the race track is within sight of the county jail, we presume that the light fingered gentry behaved themselves with decorum. The chief event of the day was the DeWarrenne Handicap of 10 sovs each, 1 forfeit, with 100 added, for all ages, about five furlongs and it was won by the Duke of Hamilton's 3 years old ch f, Leonie, by Newminster out of Gaspard's dam by Hampton; Mr. Saville's br g, Reindeer, aged, by Mountain Deer, out of Sultana, second; Mr. Gilby's 3 years old ch c, Haymaker, by Lexington, out of Village Maid, third. The betting before the race was 2 to 1 agst Leonie; 2 to 1 agst Reindeer, and 5 to 1 agst Haymaker. Twelve horses started.

THE SECOND and last day of this meeting, August 8th, proved auspicious and attracted a crowd as usual, the chief feature of the day being the Lewes Grand Handicap of 15 sovs. each, with 200 added; the second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes, distance two miles. Birdseeker, a chestnut colt, proved the winner, the brown filly Choral second, and the brown filly Ainsley third. Time 4 min. 11 sec. The betting previous to the race was as follows:—Five to one against Birdseeker, eight to one against Choral, and twelve to one against Ainsley.

BRIGHTON RACES.—The principal event of the turf meeting at this fashionable English watering place was decided on the 2d inst. The prize was a piece of plate valued at £400, and called "The Brighton Cup." It took place on the old course on the Downs, distance about two miles, and there were five starters. It was won by the Duke of Newcastle's bay colt Speculum, by Vidette, out of Doralice; Mr. H. Saville's black colt Blueskin, by Skirmisher, out of Doeskin, second; and Mr. G. Hodgman's brown colt Paul Jones, by Buccaneer, out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer, third. The betting at the start was two to one on Speculum, three to one against Blueskin, and four to one against Paul Jones.

ATHLETIC SPORT IN WASHINGTON.—Jack Sheffield has been sojourning in the city of Magnificent Distances for some days past. On the 4th inst. he gave an athletic entertainment at the Seventh Street Park, when, in addition to other attractions, he went through his famous half hour feat, consisting of walking half a mile, rolling a carriage wheel half a mile, walking backwards half a mile, running half a mile, picking up and bringing back singly twenty stones placed one yard apart, hopping fifty yards on one leg, leaping over ten hurdles, picking up and bringing back with his mouth fifteen eggs one yard apart, and throwing over his head twenty fifty-six pound weights, accomplishing it with half a minute to spare.

SHOOTING FOR A SILVER CUP.—Captain Travis, the celebrated trigger artist, recently offered an elegant silver cup as a prize for the most accomplished rifle shot, ten shots, string measure, and the contest took place at the Brunswick Billiard Rooms and Pistol Gallery, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the afternoon of the 4th inst. Several contestants entered, but the struggle was finally narrowed down to J. V. Kerr and Charles Haven, the former winning the trophy by making a string of 8¼ inches to that of 9½ inches made by his antagonist.

RALLY AROUND THE THISTLE.—Should the elements prove favorable, Myrtle Avenue Park, in the City of Churches, promises to present a gay and festive appearance on Thursday, 20th inst., for upon that day the Brooklyn Caledonian Club hold their annual pic-nic and games at said resort. Although of but recent organization this Club is in a thriving state and their approaching carnival will doubtless prove an enjoyable affair.

HO! FOR THE WOODS.—The Olympic Association, a social organization of the City of Brotherly Love, will hold their annual excursion at Riverside Grove, a beautiful spot on the banks of the Delaware, on Monday, 17th inst. The Olympics will please accept our acknowledgments for an invitation to participate.

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE CHAMPIONS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In last week's CLIPPER we gave reports of the games played by the Union Club, of Morrisania, up to Saturday, Aug. 1st. We now continue our special report of the operations.

THE CHAMPIONS IN DETROIT.

On Saturday evening, Aug. 1st, at nine o'clock the Unions were aboard the handsome lake-steamer Northwest, bound for Detroit. Everything seemed to be in a favorable condition for the voyage; the lake was not boisterous, while the moon shone brightly, gilding the rippling waves as they danced up and down in the course of the vessel. At six in the morning all were awake, and walking out to the bow of the boat we discovered that we were in the waters of the Detroit river, having on one side of us the land of "Her Majesty," while on the other side Uncle Sam reached out his claws, claiming that for his share. However that may be, Maister Ford was brought "hout" and forced to salute the royal dominions. At a little before eight o'clock the party reached Detroit, and were escorted to the Biddle House, and thence to breakfast. During the day the time was passed away as best it could be, some going to church, others receiving the visits of their Detroit friends.

The first impressions of Detroit are not very favorable. Being an old city, it yet is characterized in the business part by irregularly paved, narrow streets, not very well shaded, nor very neat. As you pass into the more recently made part of the town you will find better residences and more tastefully laid out places.

Monday morning, Aug. 3d, came, and with it came the reports that the Unions were going to find their match in the Detroit Club. Of course from this the boys determined to show the citizens of Detroit how miscalculated their impressions were. At noon, clouds began to rise in the horizon and none knew whether the game would come off or no. Nevertheless at half past two the omnibus transported "the boys" to the grounds, situated about a mile and a half from the hotel. These grounds were the most extensive that the club has yet met with on its tour, being the grounds on which the tournament was played this season. The seats are the handsomest that it has been our privilege to see; all those in the main stand are provided with backs, while the whole is covered with an extensive roof or top. The reserved seats are situated back of and to the left of the catcher's position, and are placed on the roof of the club house, while the reporter's stand is "lofty," being a broad platform built about half way up a large tree situated behind the catcher. Considerable delay was experienced in selecting an umpire, owing to the fact that there is but one club of note in Detroit. Finally, however, one was procured, and the game commenced with the Unions at the bat. The pitching of Lane was of the wildest character, resembling Peters' style, of the Mutuals. Goldie, Austin, Martin, Pabor and Wright secured their runs, and Birdsall and Shelley retired at first, Smith being caught out on the fly by Brown. The Detroit Club went to the bat and scored two for their share. The Unions maintained throughout the game the lead acquired in the first innings, the totals standing at the close 33 to 11. The Detroit Club had out their strongest nine and were prepared to do great things. We notice in this nine Burroughs, of the Eureka, Brown and Bergen, of the old Powhatan, and Clark, of the Typos, of Brooklyn. (This last we are not sure of). Some idea of the playing strength of the nine may be judged from the fact that in their game with the Athletics the score at the end of the sixth innings stood 13 to 12 in favor of the Detroit Club. A local paper says of the Unions—"Their strength is in the field. Their throwing to bases is almost perfection, and they work together in complete harmony." We wish here to condemn such babyish actions as were exhibited by Burroughs, who persisted in almost every play made by the Detroits in calling "How's that?" while he sought to supersede the pitcher's privilege, and was constantly asking judgment on balls pitched by Lane. We give the score below:—

DETROIT.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Brown, 2d b	3	2	0	4	Goldie, 1st b	2	3	3	0
Clark, 1st b	2	2	1	1	Austin, c f	3	3	2	0
Lane, p	6	0	0	0	Martin, 2d b	4	3	1	2
Burroughs, s s	2	2	1	2	Pabor, p	3	4	0	0
Collins, 3d b	3	1	1	1	Wright, s s	3	4	0	0
Dawson, c	3	1	1	1	Birdsall, c	4	3	0	3
Bergen, c f	1	2	1	1	Shelley, 3d b	3	4	0	2
Lathrop, r f	3	1	1	2	Smith, l f	1	6	0	1
Hinchman, l f	4	0	0	1	Bellan, r f	4	3	0	0
Totals	27	11	6	13	Totals	27	33	6	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Detroit	2	0	1	3	1	3	0	0	1—11
Union	5	1	4	3	2	2	8	2	6—33

Out on bases—Detroit—Brown, 1; Clark, 9; total, 10. Union—Goldie, 6; Martin, 2; Shelley, 1; total, 9. Number of bases—Union, 39; Detroit, 17. Foul bound catches—Dawson, 4; Birdsall, 6. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 4. Outs on foul balls—Detroit, 9 times; Union, 7 times. Umpire—Mr. Ely, of the Eureka club, of Newark, N. J. Scorers—Messrs. D. R. Pierce and R. M. Lush. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

THE UNIONS IN JACKSON.

After resting Monday night in Detroit, the Unions left at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, Aug. 4th, for Jackson, at which place they arrived at 11. Nothing of interest occurred from the time of their arrival until the game took place. At 2.30 the Unions were driven to the fields of the Centrals. These grounds are very good, with one glaring exception, and that is, there were no seats of any kind whatever for spectators. This is a fault which the Centrals should look out for, as people do not wish to stand for over three hours on a ball field to witness a match. At 3.20 the game commenced, with the Centrals at the bat, their first attempt giving them nothing, while the Unions scored five in the first innings, quickly adding twenty-two in the second. In the third innings the Centrals scored their first and last run, while the champions kept steadily at their work until the game was closed. A change of pitchers in the fifth and sixth innings kept the score down a little, but did not affect the prospects of the result. To give a detailed description of this game would afford no satisfaction to any one—therefore we simply generalize the game. The first baseman of the Centrals was the judge of the town, a large, tall specimen of a good-natured western law dealer; the catcher was very lively and active, while the centre fielder was all fun and frolic. On the Union side all did well at the bat with the exception of Smith, who was bothered with a sore hand. Wright led the score, although his batting was not as effective as Austin's, who took the lead in this branch. The umpiring of Mr. Gunnison was prompt, impartial and satisfactory. Below is the score of the Central City game:—

CENTRAL CITY.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Deland, c f	3	0	1	2	Goldie, 1st b	2	9	0	1
McGee, 1st b	3	0	1	1	Austin, c f	4	7	0	1
Ismon, 2d b	4	0	0	4	Martin, 2d b	3	8	0	1
Wood, l f	3	0	0	0	Pabor, p	4	7	0	0
Whiteman, c	3	0	0	1	Wright, s s	0	11	0	0
McCord, s s	3	0	0	0	Birdsall, c	7	2	2	2
Beebe, r f	2	0	1	1	Shelley, 3d b	2	6	2	2
Powell, 3d b	2	1	0	0	Smith, l f	5	5	0	0
Ball, p	3	0	0	0	Bellan, r f	5	5	0	0
Totals	27	1	3	10	Totals	27	65	4	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Central City	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Union	5	22	3	10	1	3	12	5	4—65

Home runs—Austin, 1; Wright, 1. Base play—Put out by McGee, 5; Ismon, 2; Ball, 2; Goldie, 8; Birdsall, 1. Foul bound catches—Whiteman, 6; Birdsall, 6. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 3; Whiteman, 2. Out on foul balls—Central City, 9 times; Union, 8 times. Umpire—Mr. Gunnison, of the Niagara Club, of Buffalo. Scorers—Messrs. J. B. Gardner and R. M. Lush. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

THE UNIONS IN CHICAGO.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 4th, the champions concluded to take a sleeping car from Jackson to Chicago, supposing that a game could be got up with one of the Chicago clubs, as no match had been arranged for Thursday. Consequently the whole party sought the railroad depot and engaged passage to Chicago, but when the train arrived there was but one sleeping car attached, and that was fully occupied. Besides there was hardly standing room for the people and no more cars to be had. A dreary ride from nine o'clock in the evening until half past six the next morning, on the common seats of a slow way train, was no inviting prospect, but it was endured, and the party arrived safe in Chicago but awfully "played out." The Revere House was sought, breakfast eaten and most of the boys retired to seek that rest which they had lost on the cars. There was no game on Wednesday and all were heartily glad of it. In the evening some of the players went by invitation of Mr. Fred. Erby, of the Excelsior Club, to the Crosby Opera House, to see "Undine," etc.

On Thursday afternoon the Unions were drawn to the grounds of the Atlantics, where they were to play. The Atlantics presented a strong team against the "Champions," having lately received an accession from the Excelsior club of two leading players, short stop and centre field. The game commenced with the Atlantics at the bat. By good batting they secured three runs, aided by the bad display of the Unions in the field. The Unions scored three runs in their first innings. The playing of the Union nine in the first part of the game was anything but what was expected of a champion nine. In the fourth innings the Unions ran up a score of twelve runs, the total score at the close of the fifth innings standing 23 to 9 for the Unions. From this point the Unions gradually drew away from their opponents by superior batting, long, beautiful and steady, marking their play. The play of the Atlantics was up to their usual standard. The umpiring was far too lenient for the pitcher, hence the game was too tedious to be enjoyed. Smith took the lead at the bat, closely followed by Goldie and Wright, Wright leading the score. The following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Burton, 3d b	3	1	1	2	Goldie, 1st b	2	7	0	0
Holmes, p	0	3	2	0	Austin, c f	4	3	1	1
Shannon, 1st b	5	0	0	0	Martin, 2d b	3	5	0	3
C. Scates, l f	2	2	1	2	Pabor, p	5	3	0	0
O'Neil, c	4	1	0	5	Wright, s s	1	7	0	2
Kinzie, 2d b	5	0	0	0	Birdsall, c	3	4	1	2
Kennedy, c f	4	1	0	0	Shelley, 3d b	4	4	0	0
McNally, s s	2	2	0	3	Smith, l f	1	6	1	0
E. Scates, r f	2	2	0	0	Bellan, r f	4	2	1	0
Totals	27	12	4	12	Totals	27	41	4	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	3	1	0	3	2	2	0	0	1—12
Union	3	6	2	12	0	4	2	4	8—41

Home runs—Birdsall, 1; Smith, 1. Base play—Put out by Goldie, 10; Martin, 1. Burton, 1; Shannon, 12. Bases on hits—Union, 67; Atlantic, 10. Foul bound catches—O'Neil, 2; Birdsall, 4. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 3. Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 6; Union, 7. Umpire—Mr. Mackey, of the Garden City Club, of Chicago. Scorers—Messrs. Kinzie and Lush. Time of game—Three hours and twenty-five minutes.

GAME IN MILWAUKEE.

The Union left Chicago on Thursday evening, and reached Milwaukee at 6 o'clock, A. M., on Friday morning, 7th, where they were escorted to the leading hotel of the city. After breakfast they were shown around the town in carriages. They played a match with the Cream City Club with the following results:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	CREAM CITY.	H.L.	R.
Goldie, 1st b	4	4	Wood	5	1
Austin, c f	3	5	McFadyn, s s	3	3
Martin, 2d b	5	3	Reddington, c	1	3
Pabor, p	0	8	Clark	4	0
Wright, s s	2	5	Larken, c f	4	1
Birdsall, c	3	5	Dodsworth, r f	3	3
Shelley, 3d b	3	4	Smith, p	0	3
Smith, l f	4	4	Wells	3	2
Bellan, r f	3	5	Norris	4	0
Total		43	Total		16

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	3	2	3	5	4	2	11	7	6—43
Cream City	2	2	0	0	2	2	3	3	2—16

Fly catches—Goldie, 1; Austin, 2; Martin, 1; Wright, 1; Birdsall, 3; Smith, 1—9. McFadyn, 2; Reddington, 2; Larken, 2; Smith, 1; Wells, 2—9. Outs on foul balls—Union, 8; Cream City, 8. Umpire—J. A. Tabor, of Endeavor Club, New York. Time of game—Two hours and [illegible]-five minutes.

IN MADISON, WIS.

Leaving Milwaukee at 9 o'clock Friday evening, the Unions reached Madison at two o'clock Saturday morning, and were received by a committee waiting for them. On the afternoon of that day they met the Capital City Club, defeating them as per score below:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	CAPITAL CITY.	H.L.	R.
Goldie, 1st b	2	11	Lewis, 2d b	3	1
Austin, c f	4	8	Fisher, p	4	0
Martin, 2d b	4	7	Thorp, c f	4	0
Pabor, p	4	7	Sharpe, c f	4	1
Wright, s s	3	8	J. Nichols, c	2	3
Birdsall, c	5	6	Bean, r f	2	0
Shelly, 3d b	2	9	Hopkins, 1st b	4	1
Smith, l f	4	9	James Nichols, l f	4	0
Bellan, r f	0	12	Chynoweth, s s	2	2
			Bunker, 3d b	2	2
Total		77	Total		12

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	10	4	8	24	4	2	8	12	5—77
Capital City	0	0	0	2	1	2	1	6	0—12

Home runs—Goldie, 2; Wright, 2; Birdsall, 2; Smith, 1; Bellan, 1; Shelly, 1. Fly catches—Goldie, 1; Austin, 1; Pabor, 1; Wright, 2; Smith, 1; Bellan, 4; total, Union, 10. Lewis, 1; Fisher, 3; Thorp, 3; Bean, 2; Hopkins, 1; Nichols, 1; total, Capital City, 11. Umpire—J. A. Tabor, of Endeavor Club. Time of game—Three hours and five minutes.

MORNING GLORIES.—Friday morning last, in Cincinnati, the Morning Glories and Four O'Clocks played the second game of their series, this time the former winning by a score of 25 to 19.

CLIPPER VS. OCCIDENTAL.—The former, of Monmouth, Ill., and the latter, of Quincy, met for the third time at Macomb on the 28th ult., much interest being evinced in the game from the fact that each had won one of the two previously played. In this, the deciding contest, the Clipper boys came off with streaming banners, scoring 32 to 21.

BASE BALL IN ST. LOUIS.

ATLANTIC vs. DIRIGO.

Three or four hundred persons assembled on the Veto grounds, St. Louis, on Saturday, August 1st, to witness a match between the Atlantic and Dirigo Base Ball Clubs of that city. The weather was delightful, cloudy, with just enough of dampness in the air to make ball playing what it ought to be, amusement and not hard work. The playing of both clubs was good, but the Atlantic, with the advantages of club practice and match playing the present season, their coolness as base players and nerve as runners, together with their style of handling the bat, were more than a match for their less seasoned antagonists. The Dirigo needs more practice. The Atlantic club was organized on the 9th of April, 1865. Their record for the past two years will compare favorably with that of any other club in the city. Of the nine matches played in 1867 they scored eight victories, being beaten once by the Baltic. They opened the season of 1868 by taking their revenge on the Baltic, beating them on the 21st of June by the large score of 34 to 11. Their next match was with the Etna, July 12th, which they won by 53 to 35. They played the Hope on the 19th of July, defeating them by 58 to 24. Then came their victory over the Active club on the 26th of July in a score of over three to one—57 to 17. Their game with the Dirigo on the 1st closed the record up to this time with five matches won the present season, and no defeat to sully their fame as ball players.

The Dirigo Club, we believe, was reorganized in the spring of 1868, and their first match was with the Atlantic on the 1st. Taken in connection with this fact their performance on that occasion was highly creditable. Five members of the first nine of the Dirigo were connected last year with the Olympic, which club was dissolved at the commencement of the present year, two of their players (Harry Carr and J. Birning) joining the Union, where they were assigned prominent positions, while Crunden, N. Hazzard, Harvey Delano, W. Hazzard and one other went into the Dirigo. The batting of the ex-members of the Olympic on the 1st was not up to their usual mark, and their fielding showed room for improvement, and in this connection we must pay a deserved compliment to the fielding of W. Hazzard. Fly balls stick to his hands, and he has a handy way of stopping grounders and throwing in balls that stamps him as a promising young player. Below is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	DIRIGO.	H.L.	R.
O'Keef, 2d b	4	4	Moffit, 2d b	1	5
McCarty, c f	3	5	Russell, r f	3	4
Herring, p	1	6	Smith, s s	3	4
Jul. Peterson, 1st b	4	2	W. Hazzard, l f	3	3
Bixby, l f	6	2	Greene, c	4	0
W. Peterson, r f	3	5	Cruden, p	4	2
Seaman, 3d b	1	6	N. Hazzard, 3d b	3	2
Berry, c	2	6	Delano, c f	5	1
Chenot, s s	3	2	Murphy, 1st b	3	4
Total		38	Total		23

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	3	3	6	5	4	2	6	2	7—38
Dirigo	3	0	1	0	7	3	2	0	9—25

Left on bases—Atlantic—Herring, 1; Jul. Peterson, 2; Seaman, 1; Chenot, 3. Dirigo—Smith, 2; Greene, 1; N. Hazzard, 1. Clean home runs—Atlantic—Herring, 1. Dirigo—Moffit, 1. Umpire—J. H. Smith, Jr., of the Union Club. Scorers—C. Miller, Jr., and C. O. Bishop.

KEYSTONE, JR. vs. RIVAL.

These N. Y. clubs played a game on Friday, August 7th, in which, after a contest of nine innings, the Rivals were out-rivaled, as the following score indicates:—

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.	RIVALS.	H.L.	R.
Higham, c	0	13	Laws, 1st b	5	0
Marks, 1st b	2	10	Conklin, 3d b	3	2
Clayton, p	3	8	Connely, c	2	3
Rourke, 2d b	1	10	Hendricks, 2d b	2	3
"Smith," 3d b	4	6	McGuire, r f	3	1
Reese, l f	2	8	Haysler, p	5	0
Burton, s s	5	6	Jeebury, c f	3	2
Hughes, c f	8	3	Coen, l f	2	2
McCarty, r f	2	9	Caro, s s	2	1
Total		72	Total		14

Home runs—Keystones—Higham, 7; Marks, 2; Rourke, 1; "Smith," 3; Reese, 2; Burton, 2; McCarter, 1. Total, 18. Rivals—Hendricks, 1. Fly catches—Keystones—Higham, 2; Marks, 3; Clayton, 3; Rourke, 2; "Smith," 2; McCarter, 1—13. Rivals—Conklin, 1; Hendricks, 1; Jeebury, 1. Total, 3. Umpire—Mr. Herlick, Pacific Club. Scorer—Mr. F. Powers.

The Keystones are anxious to hear from the Resolutes.

TOUR OF THE CINCINNATIS.

CINCINNATI vs. HICKORY—IN ZANESVILLE.

On Wednesday, Aug. 5th, the Cincinnati boys arrived in Zanesville, where the Hickories, of McConnelsville, O., also came. The latter club is the champion of Central Ohio, and play a strong game, particularly in batting. Last year they beat the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, for a silver prize ball, at the Cincinnati tournament. Allison did not play in this match, Grant going on as fielder, and Hatfield facing the pitching. It was the usual one-sided story, though the strong batting of the Hickories enabled them to run up a fair score. Brainard did the pitching:—

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	B.	F.	HICKORY.	H.L.	R.	B.	F.
How, s s	3	8	6	2	Patterson, r f	4	1	2	0
Wright, 2d b	4	6	4	2	Williams, c	6	0	0	0
Johnson, l f	5	5	5	0	Dye, p	2	3	1	1
Gould, 1st b	2	8	6	0	Murray, s s	2	2	3	0
Hatfield, c	2	8	7	0	McConnell, 1st	2	2	2	0
Grant, r f	2	6	6	0	Adair, 2d b	3	2	2	3
Brainard, p	5	4	4	0	Pyle, 3d b	2	3	2	2
Waterman, 3d b	2	7	8	0	Emerson, l f	3	2	1	2
King, c f	2	7	6	0	Brown, c f	3	1	2	0
Totals	27	59	52	4	Totals	27	16	15	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	3	10	19	6	11	5	2	0	3—59
Hickory	0	3	2	2	1	0	5	1	2—16

Home run—Hatfield, 1. General misplays—Hickory, 23; Cincinnati, 3. Umpire—Isaac C. Sullivan, of Dexter Club, of Zanesville, O. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

GREAT WESTERN vs. SPRINGFIELD.

On Thursday, August 6th, the Mutuals, of Springfield, played the Great Westerns, of Cincinnati, and to the surprise of everybody, were badly beaten. The Cincinnati club played its strongest nine of the season, having secured Oke Taylor, late of the Copecs, for catcher. He is a number one in that position. Holabird is a new and good player. The Mutuals played one or two substitutes:—

G'T WESTERN.	H.L.	R.	B.	F.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	B.	F.
Beggs, 2d b	1	7	2	1	Benns, 1st b	1	2	2	1
Baker, 3d b	3	6	4	0	Bishop, p	3	2	2	0
Taylor, c	1	8	7	0	Hamilton, c f	3	1	0	0
Kalish, s s	3	6	2	3	Nelson, s s	2	3	0	3
Black, p	3	6	4	1	L. Phillips, 2d b	4	1	1	1
Mussey, r f	4	6	2	2	Sprecher, c	4	0	0	2
Riemeyer, 1st b	4	5	3	3	J. Phillips, 3d b	2	2	2	2
Siebern, l f	3	5	3	1	Hayward, r f	4	0	0	0
Holabird, c f	2	6	2	1	Widdicombe, l f	1	2	0	4
Totals	24	55	29	12	Totals	24	13	7	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Great Western	5	4	33	2	7	0	0	4—55
Mutual	1	0	4	0	1	1	2	4—13

Passed balls—Taylor, 1; Sprecher, [illegible] Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—Chas. Sweezy, Buckeye Club.

PRIZE GAME.

LIVE OAK vs. ACTIVE, OF IND.

On Saturday, the 8th, the Live Oaks, of Cincinnati, and Actives, of Indianapolis, Ind., contended for a picture entitled "Young America," painted by Cridland, and valued (perhaps) at $500. The game was played on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The general play, and particularly the batting, of the Actives, was much the better, though at times the Live Oaks brushed up and showed good game. The outfielding of the Live Oaks was very fine, not a fly being muffed. Jones, in particular, made several beautiful running catches. Beckler took one red hot from the bat and passed it to first, making double play. The general infielding of the Live Oaks was hardly up to the mark. Deane and McVey alternated as pitcher and catcher. We give the score of the first eight innings, as the mail closed before the end of the game. The result, however, could not be changed:—

LIVE OAK.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Skiff, c	3	2	1	0	McVey, p	2	4	2	3
Bertie, s s	2	3	1	1	Blain, r f	4	4	0	0
Beckler, p	4	1	1	1	Deane, c	4	4	0	1
Owens, 2d b	4	1	0	0	Webster, 3d b	4	5	0	1
Wunder, r f	2	1	2	1	McDonald, c f	3	4	0	0
Lowe, 1st b	3	2	0	2	C. Yohn, s s	1	5	1	1
Jones, c f	3	2	0	4	Norwood, 2d b	1	5	1	0
Chapman, 3d b	1	4	0	1	A. Yohn, l f	2	4	1	0
Mack, l f	2	3	1	1	Spann, 1st b	3	3	1	0
Totals	24	19	6	11	Totals	24	38	6	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Live Oak	3	2	1	0	3	2	2	6—19
Active	6	2	3	13	4	0	1	9—38

Umpire—John Draper, Cincinnati Club.

TOUR OF THE OLYMPICS, OF WASHINGTON.

A match between the Olympics, of Washington, and the Geary, of Philadelphia, took place on the Athletics' grounds in the latter city on the 6th, but the Geary was unequal to the emergency and had to acknowledge defeat, as will be seen by the annexed score:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	GEARY.	H.L.	R.
Force, s s	4	3	Halbeck, s s	2	1
McLain, 3d b	3	4	Abel, c	4	1
Malone, 1st b	2	3	Myerie, p	3	3
Robinson, l f	3	3	Clinton, 2d b	4	2
Beach, c	5	1	Hopkins, r f	2	2
Dick, 2d b	1	4	Donohue, c f	4	0
Cope, r f	1	4	Heubel, l f	4	1
Woods, c f	2	3	Allison, 1st b	2	3
Leech, p	6	0	Opdyke, 3d b	2	2
Total		25	Total		15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	6	5	2	0	2	8	0	2	0—25
Geary	1	1	6	0	3	1	0	2	1—15

Fly catches—Force, 2; Beach, 3; Leech, 1, Robinson, 1; McLain, 1—8; Halbeck, 2; Abel, 2; Myerio, 3; Clinton, 2; Heubel, 3; Opdyke, 1; Donohue, 1—14. Foul bound catches—Olympic, 4; Geary, 7. Umpire—Mr. Radcliff, of the Athletic. Time of game—Three hours and a quarter.

CENTRAL AND ECKFORD, OF NEW YORK.

Following is a score of the match played on Friday, August 7th, at One Hundred and Eleventh street and Fourth avenue:—

CENTRAL.	H.L.	R.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.
Truex, c	1	6	Eustice, 1st b	4	0
Matthews, 2d b	3	5	Weekley, p	4	0
McDonald, s s	4	3	Connors, 3d b	3	1
Giles, r f	3	4	McEntyre, c	1	2
Stafford, p	1	1	McKeon, 2d b	4	0
Holsworth, 1st b	5	1	Kenevan, l f	2	1
Wordsworth, l f	4	3	Rielly, s s	3	0
Crawley, c f	2	5	Rodgers, r f	3	0
Bryan, 3d b	3	4	Hamber, c f	3	0
Total		32	Total		4

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Central	2	4	3	7	1	4	2	4	5—32
Eckford	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1—4

Umpire—C. E. Smith, Americus Club.

INDEPENDENT vs. OLYMPIC.

The Olympic Club of the Smoky City, visited Mansfield, O., on the 4th inst., and played a very interesting and exceedingly close game, terminating in the triumph of the Buckeyes by the score below:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	INDEPENDENT.	H.L.	R.
McClintock, 2d b	2	2	Rowland, p	2	4
McKibben, c f	5	2	Deitz, 3d b	3	3
McKnight, c	2	3	Hade, 1st b	2	3
Pratt, p	4	0	Cobean, s s	4	1
D. Loomis, l f	3	3	Clugston, l f	2	2
Ewer, 3d b	4	1	Clapp, c	3	2
Lamort, s s	3	3	Burns, 2d b	5	1
Sullivan, r f	3	2	Strong, c f	4	2
S. Loomis, 1st b	1	4	Webber, r f	2	3
Total		20	Total		21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	0	1	2	6	2	0	5	3	1—20
Independent	2	5	0	5	3	0	4	2	0—21

Umpire—J. D. Bell. Scorers—Chambers and Colby. Time—Three hours.

THE TOUR OF THE UNIONS, OF ST. LOUIS.—On the 15th inst., the Union Club, of St. Louis, start on a short playing tour. Their nine on the tour will be as follows:—Turner, pitcher; Birning, first base; Strong, second base; Duncan, short stop; Carr, third base; Easton, left field; Greenleaf, center field; Barclay, right field; Freeman, catcher. The following is their playing programme:—Louisville Club, at Louisville, August 17; Buckeye Club, Cincinnati, August 19; Cincinnati Club, of Cincinnati, August 20; Actives, of Indianapolis, August 21; Excelsiors, of Chicago, August 24; Forrest City Club, of Rockford, August 25. Bloomington, of Bloomington, August 27; Alert, of Carrolton, August 28. Negotiations for games are being made with the Garden City, of Chicago; Cream City, of Milwaukee; Madisons, of Madison, and the Olympics, of Louisville.

RUNNING THE BASES AT BUFFALO.—The Atlantic and Excelsior Juniors, of Buffalo, N. Y., played a return game on the 4th inst., the former winning after a good contest by a tally of 23 to 19. ......The Niagara Club have issued challenges to the Excelsiors, of Rochester, Forest City of Cleveland, Central City of Syracuse and the Detroit club......The Lightfoots got away with the Eries on the 4th inst. by a score of 56 to 13......The Eagles had to cry a go to the Atlantics, of Tonawanda, on the 4th inst., the score at the finish standing 78 to 40.

ECKFORD vs. IRVINGTON

The old Eckford Club, which a few years ago held the championship against all comers, is looming up again as a strong playing club. Up to the present time this has been the most successful season they have had for many a year. This has been more particularly the case since they have had Martin, the famous slow pitcher, in their nine. They have lost but two games this season, having been defeated by the Atlantics and Mutuals. On the 7th inst. they played the first game of their match with the once famous Irvington Club, of Irvington, N. J. The Jersey club has a good representative nine, which is only weak in one or two positions. A new catcher would be an addition to the playing strength of the nine, and a good third baseman a decided acquisition. As usual with nine clubs out of ten that face Martin, the Irvingtons found it difficult to hit him safely, most of the balls being popped up, and affording chances for the fielders. The score for the first three innings was one-sided enough to suit the strongest partisan of the favorite club; but in the fourth innings it became more even. Nelson, the short stop of the Eckfords, became piqued at something, and being of the "ugly" sort, allowed an easy chance to slip by that would have disposed of the Irvingtons for "nix." On the 8th innings, with the score 23 to 8 against them, the Irvingtons struck a little streak of batting, and made ten runs on good hits, the Eckfords in the meantime getting but 4, leaving the totals at the finish 27 to 18. The fielding of the Irvingtons was not equal to the display they made with the Mutuals a day or two before. They changed their men round continually in the latter part of the game, but the improvement was not noticeable. The Eckfords fielded sharply and batted heavily. The fly-catching of the out-fielders was the feature of the game—Lines getting eight, Eaton four, Patterson four and Eggler three. In the seventh innings Nelson, Wood and Allison made a double play, which retired M. Campbell and Sattles. The score follows:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	IRVINGTON.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	2	4	1	2	Mills, s s	2	4	0	1
Wood, 2d b	3	4	0	1	Lewis, 2d b	3	2	1	0
Eggler, c f	4	2	0	3	H. Campbell, p	4	2	0	0
Martin, p	4	1	1	0	Bailey, c f	2	2	2	0
Nelson, s s	4	2	0	0	Eaton, r f	3	2	0	4
Malone, r f	2	4	0	0	M. Cam'bell, 1st b	1	2	3	1
Hodes, c	2	4	0	3	Sattles, c	3	1	2	0
Patterson, l f	3	3	0	4	Lines, l f	4	1	1	8
Brown, 3d b	3	3	0	3	Buckley, 3d b	4	2	0	3
Totals	27	27	2	13	Totals	27	18	9	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	2	5	2	1	6	4	3	1	3—27
Irvington	1	0	1	4	0	1	1	4	6—18

Out on bases—Eckford, 7; Irvington, 6. Foul bound catches—Eckford, 6; Irvington, 3. Catches on strikes—Hodes, 2. Double play—Nelson, Wood and Allison. Out on foul balls—Eckford, 5; Irvington, 9. Umpire—Mr. Chapman, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Chapman. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. UNION, OF CAMDEN.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, played their return game with the Unions on the latter's ground at Camden, N. J., on the 3d inst. McBride was absent from the Athletic nine, but was to have pitched in the game between the Athletic and Keystones on the 10th inst. The following is the score of the Camden match:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	4	7	Fackler, c	4	3
Kleinfelder, r f	5	5	Horner, r f	4	5
Radcliff, c	1	9	Alcott, l f	3	5
Wilkins, s s	2	9	Farrington, c	3	2
Fisler, 1st b	1	8	Johnson, c f	5	1
Schaffer, c f	5	4	Setley, s s	3	2
Sensenderfer, p	6	5	Doyle, p	3	2
Cuthbert, l f	1	9	Bourquin, 3d b	4	1
Berry, 3d b	2	6	Sweeney, 2d b	3	2
Total		60	Total		23

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	7	3	8	14	0	2	9	8	9—60
Union	4	2	5	6	1	3	2	0	0—23

Fly catches—Athletic—Reach, 1; Radcliff, 3; Wilkins, 1, Schaffer, 5; Sensenderfer, 2; Cuthbert, 1; Berry, 2—total, 13. Union—Fackler, 1; Alcott, 2; Farrington, 1; Johnson, 3; Setley, 1; Doyle 1; Bourquin, 6; Sweeney, 1—total, 16. Home runs—Fisler, 2. Umpire—Mr. Harry Graffen, of the Camden. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

FIRST GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

ATLANTIC vs. MUTUAL.

The first grand match of the championship series will come off on the 17th inst., between the Atlantics and Mutuals. Since the return of the Atlantics from their western tour they have shown so much improvement in batting and fielding that the result of the encounter seems a foregone conclusion. Still the Mutuals are doing everthing in their power to put themselves in the proper condition for the grand trial of skill. They have played two games a week lately, and last week they pulled three engagements. The uncertainty in regard to the players that will constitute their nine on the all important occasion in question has caused a feeling of distrust among their friends which is hard to overcome. Rumors are flying round every day as to who will play in the nine and the truth appears hard to arrive at. A week or two ago Radcliffe, the well known catcher of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, was reported to have joined them; but Radcliffe is still a member of the Athletics, and likely to remain with that club. Another story was that two new players were to make their appearance in the nine, who, it was said, would astonish people. This turns out to be the creation of some sensation reporter. The latest rumor was to the effect that Swandel was to play first base, and Bearman was to be dropped. Jewell, formerly of the Excelsiors, who joined the club over a month ago, was to play centre field in place of Swandel; but Jewell, who is really a good player, and would have added strength to the nine, got tired of waiting and joined the Star Club. The principal objection to Bearman appears to be in his batting. He plays his base as well as ever, but his batting is not considered as good as it was last season, and for this reason the directors consider themselves justified in superseding him. He will probably play in the position for the next thirty days, when his place will be filled by Mills, formerly first baseman of the Eurekas, of Newark, but lately of the Irvingtons. Mills is an excellent general player and good batter, and he will be a great acquisition to the nine.

The Atlantics will probably play the same nine on the 17th they took west with them. Whether Pratt or McDonald will play is not known. The latter is certainly the best batter and just as reliable in the field; but Pratt may be wanted for a change pitcher, and in that case he would be invaluable. The speculation on the game is not very brisk at present, although the odds are $100 to $60; but when the day approaches the excitement will increase and then betting on the result will take a sudden turn and men will stake their bottom dollar on their favorite club.

THE UNION CLUB, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—Though composed of excellent material this club has been very unfortunate during the present season, a fact which, it is stated, is attributable to bad management; the Board of Directors having by their action crippled its usefulness. On the 28th ult. they were visited by the Nationals and were defeated, in a home and home match, defeated the Washingtonians by a tally of 38 to 26. On the 30th ult. they met the Jeffersons for the second time, and again got waxed to the tune of 43 to 17. They retrieved their fortunes in a measure by a match with the Enterprise Club, of Baltimore, on the 1st inst., when, with seven of their regular nine and two "subs," they beat the Baltimoreans by a score of 21 to 13, the nine innings occupying but one hour and forty minutes.

THE FRONTIERS, of Black Rock, and the Mystics, of Rochester, are to play in Buffalo on the 18th inst. for the Junior championship of Western New York.

SUSPENDED.—The *American Chronicle*, a paper devoted almost exclusively to base ball interests, and published in this city, has ceased to exist. It was ably edited by Mr. H. Chadwick, but as he had no propietory interest in the concern, he could not exercise any control over its business affairs, and the thing came to an end in the 2d year of its age.

TOUR OF THE AUBURN CLUB.—This well known western New York Club started on a week's playing tour on the 8th inst. On the 10th they met the Detroit Club, at Buffalo; on the 11th they play the Niagaras, of Buffalo; 12th, Excelsior, of Rochester; 13th, Central City, of Syracuse; 14th and 15th, Nationals and Knickerbockers, of Albany. The Auburn Club is one of the most promising organizations in the western part of the State, and we hope they will have a pleasant and successful trip.

CINCINNATI TOUR.—By telegraph we learn that on Thursday the Cincinnatis beat the Baltics, of Wheeling, 66 to 8; and on Friday the Mears, of Steubenville, 60 to 20. We shall have full reports of the rest of their games in our next issue.

ELECTION.—The office of secretary becoming vacant by the resignation of H. G. Smith, the members of the Union Club, of St. Louis, Mo., held a meeting recently, when J. E. Thorndike was elected by acclamation to fill the vacancy. All communications should hereafter be addressed him, at southeast corner Second and Locust streets, St. Louis, Mo.

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

There is now another hitch in the championship matters. In observance of the rules governing the championship contests Joseph Dion should have played McDevitt (supposing, as that player himself does, McDevitt to be the champion), not later than the 8th inst. Dion expressed his readiness to play, as the appended note shows:—

MONTREAL, July 25th.

FRIEND MORRIS.—Your favor of the 27th of June came duly to hand, and you must excuse my seeming neglect, but as you know the trouble and anxiety one has in opening a new room, you can readily see through my not answering yours sooner. * * * I shall be in Chicago to play the match, and cannot think the Chicago boys will do anything to prevent my having a fair game and play. Shall call and see you, of course, on my arrival in your city. You will please make my regards to one and all of my friends in Chicago, and believe me ever Yours, JOSEPH DION.

Nevertheless, there has been no contest. McDevitt solicited a postponement until September; and, seemingly as if to accommodate the Chicago player, Dion telegraphed on the 5th inst. to Melvin Foster, asking if, in case the latter should be declared champion, he would consent to play him (Dion) in September. Foster, although not fully appreciating the purport of the telegram, answered in the affirmative. Thus the matter stands as between McDevitt, Dion and Foster, each having a claim to the cue—McDevitt because the cue is in his hands, Foster because he claims that he was not beaten by McDevitt, and Dion because his money has never been covered. With respect to the latter matter, Mr. Dion has received the following formal notification from the stakeholders, Messrs. Phelan and Collender:—

NEW YORK, August 5th, 1868.

JOSEPH DION, ESQ.—SIR.—As the duly authorized stakeholders in all matches for the billiard championship of America, we consider it incumbent upon us to acquaint you of the fact that the $250 forfeit deposited by you with us in December, 1867, at the time your present challenge to the champion was issued, and which amount should have been covered in April last by the holder of the cue, has never been covered. In the event of your claiming forfeit of cue, you will not, therefore, demand of us other moneys than those you, yourself, placed in our hands. Respectfully,

PHELAN & COLLENDER.

Under the circumstances, perhaps the best thing that can be done is for McDevitt, Dion and Foster to enter into a sweepstakes and thus settle this vexed question as to the championship. Such a disposition of the matter would, no doubt, be satisfactory to the billiard public. What say the players?

DION IN PRACTICE.—Although the prospect of his having an opponent to meet is far from encouraging, the representative of the Canadas is still practising regularly in anticipation of his battling for the championship. Since the game reported in our last, and which Cyrille won by four points in 1,000, at the odds of 400, the brothers have played two games of equal length. The first of these was closer than the one already reported. Cyrille made running, and with his odds of 400, left the score at 583 to 5 on the third hand, when Joe put up his first treble figures of 106, Cyrille's 21 leaving 604 to 111. On the eighth hand Cyrille improved the shining hour with a break of 210—Joe 166, Cyrille, 862; Cyrille almost 700 a head. Play lagged for the next five innings, in which Joe gained 70 points. Game being called—Cyrille 947, Joe 263. Betting, a horse to a hen on the jolly left hander. Joe, however, disappointed the knowing ones, running 524 in grand style, improving his position to 787, or 160 behind. Cyrille followed with 20, which Joe trumped with a 94, Cyrille, 9, Joe 15, Cyrille 90, Joe 33; score—Cyrille 996, Joe 929. On the nineteenth hand Cyrille made a 3, then missed with only one to go. Joe put up 45, and, Cyrille missing, ran out on a break of 26, winning by one point, with an average of 50. The score was:—

Joseph Dion—5, 0, 0, 106, 3, 6, 0, 46, 0, 3, 7, 6, 30, 0, 24, 524, 94, 15, 33, 45, 26. Total, 1,000. Average, 50.

Cyrille Dion—30, 60, 84, 21, 9, 1, 58, 210, 64, 9, 1, 0, 7, 4, 0, 20, 9, 90, 3, 0, 400. Total, 999. Average, 50.

The second game, played on the 5th inst., was also won by Joseph, his majority being 30, and his average, 40. Cyrille made the best run, 250. Below is the score:—

Joseph Dion—13, 79, 10, 0, 6, 3, 207, 6, 3, 221, 1, 6, 28, 3, 0, 64, 8, 34, 8, 9, 9, 5, 147, 13, 115. Total, 1,000. Average, 40.

Cyrille Dion—2, 250, 2, 86, 0, 2, 16, 0, 4, 2, 3, 3, 2, 0, 9, 9, 89, 41, 13, 3, 31, 1, 3, 22, 400. Total, 970. Average, 23.

PLAYING IN BALTIMORE.—R. T. Ryall, formerly of Philadelphia, is now in the Monumental City, and contemplates, as we learn, remaining there. On the 3d inst., in conjunction with Joseph Keyhan, he gave an exhibition at the Howard House rooms. The opening game was 300 points, caroms, push shot barred. The score at the close of the game stood as follows:—Ryall, 300; Keyhan, 280. The playing on both sides was very good and was witnessed by about five hundred gentlemen. Keyhan and Ryall played a French carom, or three-ball game, afterwards, consisting of 25 points, which was won by Keyhan by 7 points. Ryall closed the evening's entertainment by exhibiting numerous fancy shots. In the Monumental City there are many good amateur players; also many fine billiard saloons. At the Howard House there are 5 of Phelan & Collender's superb tables, of which Mr. Keyhan is the superintendent; Van Reuth's Carroll Hall contains 9 tables; Lynch's National Saloon, 9 tables; Geekie's, 4 tables; Maltby House, 6 tables; Gilmore House, 2 tables; Eutaw House, 2 tables; Hall & Smith's, 9 tables; Rennert's, 5 tables; Concordia Club, 2 tables; St. John, 2 tables. On the 5th Keyhan and Ryall played at the St. John Club, before an audience comprising the *elite* of Baltimore's billiardists. The game consisted of 1,000 points, caroms, push shot barred, and Keyhan, averaging 20, won by over 300.

THE DEERY AND FOSTER MATCH.—No ball having as yet been procured for the contest at the three-ball game between John Deery and Melvin Foster, it is uncertain at what date it will be played. Both men are practising daily and there is a fair prospect that the stake, now $500, will be increased to $1,000.

THE RING.

THE McCOOLE AND COBURN CONTROVERSY.

PROSPECT OF A SETTLEMENT.

The call in our last issue for a meeting between Coburn and McCoole, or their representatives, at this office on Thursday next, 13th inst., brought the following communication from Mike on the morning of the 10th, to which we call attention:—

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—In the CLIPPER of the 8th inst., you require me or my representative to appear at your office on the 13th inst. I am anxious to meet Mr. Coburn personally and settle arrangements for a meeting in the ring; and, as my business will not permit me to leave in time to appear at your office agreeable to your appointment, you will please state to Mr. Coburn that I will meet him at the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Thursday, Aug. 13th. If Mr. Coburn agrees to this, telegraph to me by Tuesday, 11th inst. Yours respectfully, MIKE MCCOOLE.

In order to hasten a settlement the above letter was shown to Coburn as soon as possible after its reception and elicited the following emphatic rejoinder, which speaks of facts not hitherto ventilated:—

NEW YORK, August 10, 1868.

MR. QUEEN—*Dear Sir.*—I have read the letter of Mr. McCoole dated August 7, in which he wants me to go to the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 13th inst., the day appointed by you for us to meet at your office. This I will not do, as Mr. McCoole can come to New York as well as to stop at Pittsburgh. I went to Chicago to sign articles and it is no more than right that he should come here. I want this matter settled on the 13th at your office. Had McCoole been as anxious to fight as he pretends to be he would have accepted the opportunity I gave him in the jail yard at Lawrenceburg; but in the presence of some of his friends he turned his back and walked away, after I had told him to put up his hands. Now to prove that I desire to do just as I have professed, I am willing to take three or four friends, and let him do the same, and fight the next day or at a week's notice. It is over a month since we were released and not a word was heard from him until he was obliged to reply to the article which appeared in the CLIPPER two weeks ago. McCoole evidently does not care to come here for fear some discreditable revelations would be made upon meeting Col. Wood. I shall be at your office on the day appointed by you, and if McCoole, or a representative for him, does not meet me there, I shall claim the money, because he was instrumental in having me arrested, which I can prove.

Yours, respectfully, JOSEPH COBURN.

According to McCoole's request, as soon as we had learned Coburn's intentions we telegraphed to St. Louis the substance of Joe's card, and although it is barely possible that he may not be able to get here in season, he will doubtless be on hand at the earliest possible moment. We trust that we shall not have occasion to insert any more cards from either man, but that in our next we shall be able to state that some conclusion has at last been arrived at, either to fight or not to fight.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

But one more issue of the CLIPPER will appear ere the arrival of the fixture for the decision of the Collyer and Edwards match for the honors of the light weight championship and two thousand dollars in paper, Monday, August 24th, and public interest in the engagement is manifestly upon the increase, while others who contemplate attending are beginning to make arrangements for the trip it involves to the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. The Baltimorean, owing to his experience in the ring and his well-known qualities as a "thoroughbred," is a strong favorite in the pecuniary speculation upon the affair, but as yet little betting has taken place, and the friends of the New Yorker do not care to risk anything until they see for themselves how he performs within the ropes, when if he proves himself as good a bit of stuff without the gloves as he is with them they will stake their bottom dollar upon him. Reports from the training quarters of the men represent each as in strict, careful training, and looking well, and that both will be in the best attainable condition upon the day there is no cause to doubt. Sam wears an air of quiet confidence which shows that he entertains no fears as to the issue of the approaching battle, while Billy, though equally confident, does not seem to regard the matter with quite so much complacency, being naturally influenced by that nervousness always inseparable from the novice making his *debut* in the circle, and especially when he has opposed to him a man possessing so much greater knowledge of ring tactics gained by practical experience.

On Thursday, August 6th, a pic-nic was given to Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris by their friends, at a grove near Trenton, N. J. There were several sets-to by amateurs, among whom were A. K. Perry, Johnny Cunningham, Fred Caminade, John Connor, Dave Perry, Aaron Hockyard and William Speeler. Billy Edwards and Gus. Murray then set-to, after which Billy swung the clubs. The affair terminated in a very satisfactory manner by a wind up between Edwards and Dooney. S. Vansickle, Jr., of Trenton, acted as M.C. on the occasion. Since Edwards and Harris have been located at Morrisville they have gained numerous friends by their gentlemanly deportment. They both wish to return their thanks to the above named gentlemen, and also to John A. Wearts and Chas. Webber for the kindness shown them during their sojourn there. They calculate to leave their present quarters and proceed southward on Saturday, 15th inst. Collyer will probably remain at Canton, a few miles from Baltimore, until within a few hours of the time appointed for the start to the battle-ground.

CAME BUT UNSATISFACTORY MILL.

Joe McDonald and Jem O'Brien fought at 9st 2lb, at a place called "The Hough," seven miles from Glasgow, Scotland, on July 21st, for £15 a side. A start was made at 2.30, and having arrived at the battle field, the ring was immediately pitched, and the men lost no time in making their toilet. At 5:37 the men shook hands, and stood up for the fight. M'Donald was in so heavier, and about a couple of inches taller than his opponent, being anything but fit.

Round 1. After sparring some time a few exchanges took place, Mac on the left side of the head, O'Brien on the body; they closed and fought at half arm range until they both went down, Joe under.

2. This was similar to the preceding, with the exception that M'Donald threw his opponent.

3. After some slight sparring Joe planted a right-hander on the left side of O'Brien's nut, which toppled him over. First knock down awarded to Joe.

4 and 5. Nothing worth mentioning took place in the fourth, but in the succeeding one O'Brien "copped" a hot 'un on the left lamp, drawing the ruby-pretty freely. They closed, and Joe was thrown, O'Brien on the top of him. First blood for M'Donald.

6 to 9.—O'Brien generally led off at the head with the left, and followed up with the right on the body, but in most cases was ridiculously short; McDonald also short at the dial, but O'Brien threw Joe in the sixth; in the seventh the latter cross-buttocked his opponent.

10 to 12.—Until this last round neither seemed to have the least advantage, when they sparred 30 minutes, causing the spectators to shout to their respective men to go in and win; at last they closed, and a scrambling bout was finished by both being down, Jem under.

13.—O'Brien, who was bleeding from the left eye, planted a couple of right-handers on the ribs, Joe returning on the "tater trap;" they then closed and wrestled for the fall, both being down, Jem under.

14.—After sparring for wind, some slight exchanges took place, until they closed and fought to the ropes, both being down.

15.—O'Brien got on the body very heavily with the right, Joe planting on the left ogle, and after a very hard struggle O'Brien threw Joe heavily.

16.—For the first time O'Brien attempted to force the fighting by leading off with the left on the head and the right on the body, but was short. Getting desperate, Jem rushed after him, closed, and both were down, Mac under.

17 to 21, and last. In the seventeenth O'Brien slipped down accidentally, but instantly got on his pins to continue the fight; his seconds, however, carried him to his corner. In the twenty-first, which brought the fight to a termination at 7.30, O'Brien rushed at his man and fought him to the ropes, where it was alleged he "gouged" and committed other foul practices, and McDonald's second appealed to the referee, and a decision was given to the effect that O'Brien had lost, in consequence of foul play. A fearful scene now ensued, the referee being attacked by a large section of the spectators, and a jar was broken over his head, he also receiving a severe cut on the right eye. The seconds of both men did all in their power to stop the row, and they ultimately succeeded in so doing, after which the party returned to town. As to who would have been the victor it is difficult to say, as both were full of fighting at the time the alleged fouling occurred.

BATTLE BETWEEN BARNEY MULLEN AND DAN DILLON.

THE FORMER THE WINNER.

Our readers will recollect the match which culminated so unsatisfactorily near Washington, D. C., on September 26th last, between Barney Mullen and Dan Dillon, of Philadelphia, the referee deciding in favor of Mullen, because, as he said, Dillon failed to appear upon the ground at the time designated in the articles. This statement was disputed by the other party, and the decision gave rise to much talk and a deal of correspondence, although the one thousand dollars forfeit was handed to Mullen, agreeable to the referee's *fiat*. The affair engendered a feeling of bitter animosity between the principals, which has never been suffered to die out, and recently a second agreement was entered into to fight off handed, just to decide who was really the better man of the two. Everything in connection with the matter was kept very quiet, and when the men adjourned to a spot about two miles west of the Girard Avenue Bridge on the afternoon of Saturday, 8th inst., not more than a score of persons were present. Mullen had for his seconds, Tom Delaney and Arthur Mullen, while Dillon was waited upon by Wm. Staggart and Pat Daley, with Mr. Dalton as time-keeper and referee. The fight lasted forty minutes, during which 44 rounds were fought, and was a very one sided affair, every round ending in about the same manner. In the first, after some slight sparring, Dillon led off with his left, which was short, when Mullen launched out a terrific left hander, catching him on the nose and sending him to grass. In the next round Dillon acted very cautious, but Mullen succeeded in planting a heavy blow on his frontispiece, splitting both lips, and again sending him to mother earth. The fight continued on in this manner until the end of the 44th round, when Dillon's seconds threw up the sponge, he being punished in a terrible manner, his face swollen to an enormous size, and his body showing the marks of the terrible blows he had received, while Mullen, on the contrary, showed little or no marks at all, and appeared as fresh and lively as at the commencement. So says a correspondent.

ARRIVAL OF JOE WORMALD.—The number of British pugilistic luminaries now sojourning in this country has been augmented since our last by the arrival of Joe Wormald, ex-champion of England, who arrived in the metropolis on Tuesday, 4th inst., and is at present stopping at Bob Smith's, House of Commons. Wormald was born at Millwall, Poplar, London, of Irish parents, April 10th, 1841, and is consequently now twenty-seven years of age; he stands 5 feet 11¼ inches in his stocking feet, and, in condition, weighs 172 pounds. He has appeared thrice within the ropes, making a draw with Wolfe after fighting 113 rounds in 345 minutes, May 26th, 1863; beat George Iles, £25 a side, 24 rounds, 2 hours 8 minutes, June 15th, 1864; beat Andrew Marsden (who beat and was beaten by O'Baldwin), £200 a side and the belt, 18 rounds, 37 minutes, Jan. 4th, 1865; forfeited £120 to Mace, owing to illness, Sept. 16th, 1865; received £200 forfeit from O'Baldwin. It has been stated that his purpose in coming to this country is mainly to get on a match with O'Baldwin, and such may be the case, but if so, he keeps his intentions strictly to himself, and probably will do so until he becomes better acquainted with our people and can strike out upon some path with more confidence. He is civil, quiet and gentlemanly in deportment, and has adopted the right course to secure friends. He will, if a suitable hall can be obtained, be the recipient of a sparring and variety testimonial in this city at an early day, and thereafter make a tour of the States.

TEDDY MCAULIFFE is at present taking an observation of matters and things to be seen in the Hub.

LITTLE MILL NEAR BALTIMORE.—Frank Brice and Sam Frailly a couple of youthful denizens of the Monumental City, have been at loggerheads for some time past and their animosity climaxed in the making of a match for twenty-five dollars a side at a west end saloon on the night of the 31st ult., whereby they agreed to adjust their difficulties by an appeal to muscle early on the following morning. The requisite preparations were at once made and shortly after dawn next day the ring was erected on the banks of Curtis' creek, and at 9 o'clock the principals appeared within the ropes, Frailly having for esquires his brother Tom and Charley Creamer, who fought Agvote, and Brice being waited upon by Harry Newton and Frank Heron. Neither man had ever before taken part as a principal in a boxing match, though each has gained some local reputation by their skillful handling of the mits. Frailly is eighteen years of age, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighed in the neighborhood of 150 lbs. Brice is about the same age, 5 feet 4½ inches in height, and weighed a couple of pounds more than his opponent. They got to work speedily and hammered away after a manner which showed that both were in dewnright earnest for the space of forty minutes, during which fifteen rounds were disputed, when some one raised an alarm by calling out that the "state constables are coming," which caused an immediate cessation of hostilities and a general skedaddle. The ring was torn down instanter, and everybody made a rush for the boats, jumped aboard and pushed out into the stream. After an hour's journey they disembarked again at a favorable spot on the banks of the Patapsco, and about noon the lads resumed operations, and after pulling off four additional rounds, occupying twenty minutes, Frailly was declared the victor. They fought in all nineteen rounds in one hour. Both men were severely punished, principally about the head. Ed. Lucas officiated as referee and Charley Newton held the stakes.

BOXING NIGHT IN BROOKLYN.—The benefit tendered Patsy Sheppard at T. Martin's Emmet Hall, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, 5th inst., netted the *beneficiaire* a handsome sum, the boys mustering in much stronger force than could reasonably be expected during the sultry season, which we are pleased to be able to chronicle, as Patsy had been rather unfortunate in prior exhibitions given in this vicinity, and besides deserving he needed the success which attended it. The sparring, too, was very good, and those who took the affair in went home well satisfied with the equivalent returned for their greenbacks. Uncle Tovee was M. C., having deferred his visit to Saratoga expressly to take charge, and had very little difficulty in pairing the boxers, who appeared in the following order:—John Hussey and young Sharpley, Geo. Caddle and Gardner, an Unknown and Mick Madden, Young Stenson and Patsy Lalley, Hanley and Muloney, Hardy and Connor, young Omaha and Gallagher, John Conroy and Dan Kerrigan, and the wind-up between Sheppard and Mike Noonan, which was both scientific and warm, though Patsy knew too much and was too quick on his pedals and with his digits for the Brooklyn lad. During the evening Pete Gaynor rattled off a clog dance in a manner which elicited much applause and an *encore*, and he was followed by young Riley, also in a terpsichorean display. After "Uncle William" had offered up thanks on behalf of Sheppard to sparrers and spectators generally, and to Noonan, W. Clancy and Paddy Keenan in particular, the "congregation" was dismissed.

EIGHTH WARDERS ON THE MUCKLE.—A few evenings since Bill Conner, a hewer of meat and sawer of bones in the Spring Street Market, and Jim McIntyre, both former members of the famous "Short Boys," who in years agone were wont to "make Rome howl" in that section of the metropolis, had an altercation in a "dispensatory of exhilarating beverages," which waxed warmer and warmer, until they finally came to blows, and a turn-up of a slashing character took place. They were finally separated by mutual friends, but they were far from satisfied, and before they separated they entered into an agreement to do battle according to the recognized rules for a century. The 7th inst. was the date fixed upon for settling matters, and early upon that morning the principals and a chosen number of select friends proceeded to a spot on the beach, in the neighborhood of Sheep's Head Bay, where a ring was formed, and shortly after four o'clock the men entered and began operations. Up to the 11th round Conner had all the best of it, but now Mac rallied and went ahead like a race horse until the conclusion of the 23d round, when Conner gave up, and Mac was hailed the winner, after fighting 57 minutes. Tom Collins was referee.

MILLING IN BRITAIN.—On the morning of the 27th ult Barney Mullody and "Yellow" met near Sutton Colefield, Eng., and fought for a purse. Mullody stood well over his opponent, and was in very fine form, thanks to the training of Young Matchett. Yellow, on the other hand, was very fleshy, and in no form whatever. He was the first, however, to assume offensive operations, and "opened the ball" on Barney's ribs, but received, in retiring, on the mouth. They did a bit of fencing, when Barney got on the right eye, which brought them to a close, both being down, Yellow under. From this point Barney steadily but surely took a lead, the condition of Yellow telling much against him, he being badly punished about the face, and having both eyes nearly closed; and after fighting sixteen rounds, occupying 1 hour 17 min., Yellow received a consideration to give in......On the same day about 200 of the Leeds fancy wended their way to a field near Waterloo Colliery, some six miles from Leeds, in the expectation of seeing a good fight for a small stake between Fred. Rodley and Abraham Dawson, the former of Hunslet and the latter of Holbeck. They were to be in the ring at 4 A. M., but they did not get to work until fifteen minutes past 5, when they fought for thirty minutes, after going through twenty-one rounds. Rodley proved the winner, punishing his opponent severely in the face, he (Rodley) receiving his share on the body. Rodley showed by far the better science, in addition to which he was in much better condition.

SEDDONS AND KELLY.—The communication referred to in our last issue from Tommy Kelly, of Philadelphia, expressive of his desire to accommodate George Seddons, if the latter wished to "try him on," has brought the appended rejoinder from Seddons' backer, which is countersigned by George himself, and from which it will be seen that there is not likely to be much difficulty in the match being arranged, providing both men are willing:—

BOSTON, August 8th, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Sir.*—I noticed in your issue of this date a response to Seddons' letter from Kelly, and do hereby state that the communication to which Kelly refers was authorized by Seddons, and as Kelly expresses his willingness to come to Boston in order to make a match, all he has to do is to lose no time, but visit this city and assist in making arrangements by calling at my house, No. 337 North street, where I am prepared to back Seddons to fight Kelly for no less than five hundred dollars a side, and as much more as Kelly sees fit. Yours truly, JAMES KEENAN.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The twelfth instalment of £10 a side, in the match for the belt and £200 a side between Joe Goss and Harry Allen, was posted on the 24th ult., and a similar ceremony had to be gone through on Friday, 7th inst., after which it will be the duty of the competitors and their backers to make all snug for the day of battle. Allen is reported as taking every care of himself, and has selected for his final quarters a snug spot in Cheshire, where he is now located under the care of Bill Lang, the celebrated ped. There has been little or no speculation upon the affair, the friends of Allen standing out for odds, which Joe's partisans are not yet disposed to give. Goss, who is training at the Old Boat Inn, Wolverhampton, the day, and cannot think of postponing the day of meeting on any account; but to make things agreeable, and run in an easy groove, would not object to fight four or five days earlier than the appointed one. Joe has now issued his colors, a very neat twilled silk handkerchief, with a very pretty border, mauve and black, and a boquet of roses and rosebuds in the centre.

FIGHT FOR A TENNER.—Young Grew and Young Townsend (both of Walsall), Eng., met on July 20, at a well known spot a few miles from London, to fight for £5 a side. They commenced fighting at seven o'clock in the morning, but neither possessed much science, give and take being the order of the day until they had fought eleven rounds in thirty minutes, when Grew gave his opponent a round-hander which sent Townsend to grass, and as he was unable to respond to the call of "time," Grew was proclaimed the winner, after one of the gamest fights ever witnessed.

BOXING MATCH BETWEEN FIREMEN.—A brace of Philadelphia fire laddies, adherents respectively of the Columbia and Washington Hose, and named Jockel and Hopkins, had a "condemned difficulty" recently, and to settle it agreed to test their muscular power, endurance and pluck. Accordingly they adjourned, with a few friends, to a spot on the Buck Road, where a circle was formed and they went at it in the most approved style. After battling twenty rounds in one hour and twenty minutes, their friends interfered and it was decided a draw. Hopkins was knocked off his pedals ten times. It is said they are to try it on again in a couple of weeks.

NED O'BALDWIN, since the disbandment of Howe's trans-Atlantic Circus, has been going it alone, and at last advices was sojourning at Montreal, C. E., where he was to display his ponderosity and skill at the Theatre Royal on Friday, the 7th inst.

ABE HICKEN TO THE C. I. M.—Charley Collins, more familiarly known by the title of the "Cast Iron Man," has been making the city of Quakers his abiding place for some time past, and since his advent has, it appears, expressed himself anxious to get on a match with any man of his weight. Hearing this Abe Hicken went around among his friends and, it is said, succeeded in making up a purse of $500, for which Collins agreed to try conclusions with him in the same ring in which Collyer and Edwards fight on the 24th inst., and the men are now in training, Hicken at his own house and Collins at Harry Monaghan's, Walnut street. Should this match go on it will have the effect of considerably augmenting the crowd who will hie away to "Ole Wirginny" on the day named.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.—The wrestling match entered into between Homer Lane, of this city, and Lee Thompson, who hails from beyond the Alleghanies, for $2,000 and the championship of America, and which is to take place at the Trotting Park, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 20th inst., has given rise to not a little excitement among the friends of the parties and the sporting public generally, and it is probable that the attendance to witness it will be quite large, as many who purpose being on hand at the Collyer-Kelly fight will make their arrangements so as to enable them to take this in, likewise, as it is directly on the route to the starting point. D. C. Sullivan has been chosen umpire for Lane, and J. H. Stephens will fill the same position for Thompson, while Harry Hill will officiate as referee.

DEATH OF A SPORTING MAN.—Sam Curry, formerly proprietor of the "Old House at Home," corner of Spring and Greenwich streets, one of the principal sporting resorts of the metropolis, died on Thursday, 30th ult. His death was unexpected to the majority of those who had been his friends and companions in life, and who now hear of his death with extreme sorrow. He was a sporting man of considerable prominence, and his well known face and peculiar voice were seldom missed at any of the important events which have occurred in this vicinity for many years past. He leaves a wife and two children, who are well provided for. He was buried from his residence on Sunday, 2d inst., the funeral being attended by a large number of sporting men and others.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.—Marcellus Baker, of Bangor, Me., who appears to be somewhat of a monomaniac on boxing matters, lately paid a visit to Ellsworth and gave a sparring exhibition, during which he put on the mittens with J. D. Rhodes, a clever artist, formerly of Buffalo, but who for a couple of years past has been located in Ellsworth. Last winter, at an exhibition given at the same place, Baker invited Rhodes to "step forward," knowing that the latter was out of town; but upon this occasion he came to the scratch, and boosted Marcellus from Jerusalem to Jericho in a manner which distilled the cochineal profusely and settled the recipient in short order. Baker was compelled to acknowledge the corn, and went "go for" him again.

THE GLOVES IN FILLY.—Johnny Drumgoole, who fought Jack Stockey, Joe Graham, Hen Duffey, English Johnny, "Paddy the Bull Frog" and others, was matched with Barney Aaron and had a turn-up with him while the latter was in training for his mill with Sheppard which didn't come off, has been tendered a benefit by his Philadelphia friends and the affair will take place at Kensington Volks Garden on Thursday, August 20th. In addition to boxing by good artists there will be an olio of singing, dancing, club swinging, &c., by well-known professionals, all of which will combine to form an attractive progamme. Since his sojourn in Philadelphia, "Drum" has made his headquarters at Dick Daley's, Juniper street, below Race, to whom he returns thanks for courtesy extended.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—"Pop" Tuckley and Bill Cleaver, a notice of whose departure for the shores of Albion upon a trip combining pleasure and business appeared several weeks since, are now on their way home and will arrive on board the City of Boston, due at this port on Sunday next, the 16th inst.

PRESENTATION TO COLLYER.—A number of the friends of Sam Collyer, in Baltimore, Md., presented him on the 8th inst., with a handsome out-rigger shell-boat, as an evidence of their admiration of him as a boxer and their esteem for him as a man.

JOHNNY KEATING RETIRES.—A correspondent informs us that Johnny Keating has entirely recovered the use of his arm injured in his fight with Holliwood. He is now filling a lucrative position as superintendent in a tobacco factory in the Queen city, and has resolved to sever his connection with the ring altogether.

RECOVERING.—Harris Holcomb has been ill for some time with chills and fever, but under the treatment of Mrs. Coburn, at whose residence, the "Harlem Hotel," he has been stopping for a few days, he is rapidly convalescing.

☞ WE HAVE LETTERS for Mike McCoole, Billy Edwards, Sam Collyer, William Clarke (2) Dick Holliwood and Johnny Dewyer.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TWENTY-ONE MILES AGAINST TIME.

DAVISON FAILS IN HIS ATTEMPT.

On Monday, July 20th, the Brompton grounds, London, Eng., had a fair attendance at the commencement of the proceedings, considerably increased at eight o'clock, to witness the attempt of George Davison, of Hoxton, to accomplish the feat of walking twenty-one miles in three hours. When it is at once stated that he failed, as others have done, it in no way detracts from his great merits as a pedestrian (as a walker he is unequaled at the present day), but his performance is second to none, more especially when the adverse circumstances under which he labored are taken into consideration. It is now more than ten years ago (February 20, 1858) that Charles Westhall succeeded in this wonderful feat, and had 59 seconds to spare, that performance being done on the turnpike road, near Newmarket, "touch and turn" each mile. Since that time W. Spooner has tried and failed; J. Miles, of Brixton, was defeated by eight or ten seconds only; Topley is said to have done it, but he went the last five miles in the dark of a 26th of December evening. It is believed, therefore, that Westhall's performance still stands unequalled. George Davison is of the proper build for a ped of the first class—wiry, standing 5ft. 9½in., twenty-three years of age and weighed just 10st. His style of progression is unmistakably fair "heel and toe," and no doubt he is the best man we have seen for years. It is not necessary to give his performances, but he has never previously been beaten. It has been his ambition to accomplish this feat, and he had, by dint of severe training, brought himself into perfect condition. Joe Edwards, the pedestrian, in racing gear, went with the man, but Davison had also the good offices and ripened experience of Dick Lewis, who was unremitting in his attentions. The stake was £100, the backer of Time (Thomas Swalthy) being umpire for the "unerring one," the backer of Davison (W. Price) being his umpire; H. Woodstock, official timekeeper and referee. On account of the intense heat, it was not until the last moment, to allow of the match being concluded before dark, that Davison appeared at the mark, and precisely at a quarter to six o'clock commenced the race. He dashed off in fine style, accomplishing the first quarter in 1 min. 47 sec., and rattled on to the finish of the first mile, done in 8 min. 21½ sec.; the offers to take 5 to 4 against the man being not accepted. The next four miles were each accomplished either a few seconds under or over eight minutes, the seven miles occupying 56 min. 24 sec., Davison ahead 3 min. 36 sec. At ten miles and a half (half the distance), performed in 1 hour 25 min. 16 sec. (4min 44 sec. in front of the scythe-bearer), his friends were jubilant and the betting even. For twelve miles he had the broiling sun upon him—in even increased intensity, for three-parts of the course (a quarter of a mile—eighty-four laps to complete the distance), so Dick Lewis had to be unremitting in his attention, but without avail. It was suffocatingly hot even to the spectators; and the weather now began to tell its tale on Davison. In the thirteenth mile he began to fall off from 10 to 19 seconds in every quarter of a mile of the speed he had been previously going. At fourteen miles, however, he was still well within his time—1 hour 56 min. 15 sec. (3 min. 45 sec. in advance)—and his friends were still hopeful that he would pull through, as the evening had set in. Davison answered the cheers of the public and his friends, and struggled most gamely; but he could not shake off the effects of the baking sun. At the end of the fifteenth mile he became short in his stride; ever and anon, however, answering the ringing cheers from the crowd most pluckily. He struggled on until within 150 yards of the completion of the sixteenth mile, when nature gave way, and he fell. Many thought it was by sunstroke, but happily it was not, and his excellent condition soon allowed of his removal. With more favorable weather it is on the cards that Davison will yet be able to accomplish this great feat. The following is the time:—

Miles.	H. M. S.	Miles.	H. M. S.
1	0 08 21½	9	1 12 56
2	0 16 27	10	1 21 02
3	0 24 17	11	1 29 31
4	0 32 16	12	1 38 11
5	0 40 13	13	1 47 13
6	0 48 17	14	1 56 15
7	0 56 24	15	2 05 25
8	1 04 58	16*	2 14 20

* From the time of the sixteenth mile should be deducted 150 yards not completed.

A FIFTY MILE MATCH.

As will be seen by the appended articles, John Oddy, the fleet footed youth from beyond the seas, has been matched against John Haydock, who recently walked against Jimmy Shaw, at Congress Hall:—

NEW YORK, August 10th, 1868.

Articles of agreement entered into this day, August 10th, 1868, between John Oddy, of London, England, and John Haydock, of New York. The said John Oddy hereby agrees to walk the said John Haydock, the distance of 50 miles, heel and toe, for the sum of five hundred dollars a side; the race to come off at Finlay's half mile track, Bloomingdale Road, on Monday, August 31st; both men to start at 8 o'clock, precisely, on the date mentioned herein, and only one attendant allowed each man whilst walking. The first deposit of one hundred dollars a side is now staked with Mr. Clarkson, at 15 West Houston street; the second deposit of two hundred dollars a side to be made good at John Gerkin's, the Atlantic Hotel, Chatham square, on Saturday, August 15th; the last and final deposit of two hundred dollars a side to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder, Mr. Clarkson, on August 24th, making good the whole amount, five hundred dollars. Umpires and referee to be chosen at the final deposit; in case of the umpires disagreeing, the decision of the referee to be abiding. Either man failing to comply with those rules, to forfeit all claims to the amount deposited. In pursuance of these articles we hereby attach our signatures.

Witnesses, { EDWARD DEAN, JOHN GOULDING. } JOHN HAYDOCK, JOHN ODDY.

WALKING MATCH BROKEN OFF.—Arrangements were recently entered into between James Miles, of California, and Napoleon Young, "the Ohio pedestrian," whereby they agreed to attempt the feat of walking one hundred miles at the Oakland Park, near Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 6th inst. The match ended in smoke, however, as will be seen by the following rather amusing reference, which we clip from the *Dispatch* of that city:—

"Young is a wild looking man, about the middle age, of average stature and very wiry. He usually appears in a long linen duster and wide brimmed straw hat, and in general appearance resembles the poet, orator, statesman and walkist, J. N. Free. Mr. Young came to our city some weeks ago and has since been expending his energies on vacant lots and unfrequented thoroughfares, for the gratuitous edification of the youth of the vicinity. His great ambition lay in the consummation of a match with some professional, and Miles being at hand preliminaries were arranged. Thinking it befitted him to appear in his best trim yesterday, Mr. Young sallied forth from his boarding house, at an early hour, in all the glory of flaming red pantaloons, highly variegated boots and white flannel shirt adorned with gaudy lacing. An indescribable rosiness, which o'erspread his features and might be traceable to morning bibulations, together with the disposition of his rank hair and his flashy costume, gave him an appearance which the father of Pocahontas might have envied. Crowds followed him to the rendezvous appointed. There, however, a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, [illegible] sun. Mr. Young is evidently a man who loves pedestrianism for its own sake, and is actuated chiefly by a principal similar to that which holds that virtue is its own reward. He is a fast walker, and his love for the exercise has almost assumed the character of a mania."

A PROMISING YOUNG PED.—Goulding's pupil, fifteen years of age, walked a mile in 8 minutes 45 seconds, at Jack's benefit on the 8th inst. He is to attempt the feat of walking three miles in thirty minutes at Finlay's track on the 17th inst., and in a few days thereafter will try his powers in an effort to cover 6½ miles in one hour, which, should he be successful in doing, will prove him to be possessed of much more than ordinary ability as a pedalist. He is to be the recipient of a benefit at 92 Chatham street on the night of Saturday, 15th inst.

GOULDING'S BENEFIT.—On Saturday evening, 8th inst., a complimentary benefit was tendered Jack Goulding at Congress Hall, 92 Chatham street, and we are pleased to state that the affair was a success, financially and otherwise. The programme opened with a mile walk for a silver cup, for which James [illegible]ey, Ed. Lapkins, John Stark, Chas. Green, Jim Carey's Unknown, Jim Dean, O'Brien, Jim Barrows and Goulding's Novice entered, the first named taking the prize by covering the distance in 8:07. After this came boxing by Patsy Kelly and Dan [illegible]son, Carroll and Gillen, Omealia and Frank Edwards, St[illegible]'s Novice and Hayes, and several others, and another exhibition of pedal locomotion by the *beneficiaire* and others wound up the sport.

SEVEN AND ONE HALF MILES IN THE HOUR.—John Oddy is matched to walk seven miles and a half, fair heel and toe in one hour, at Finlay's Track, on Monday next, August 17th, said to be for the sum of $500, the backer of time betting $300 to $200. Bob Smith, of the House of Commons, has received $150, we are told, and the remainder of $150, on behalf of the backer of time, and $100 on the part of Oddy is to be made good to Mr. Smith by Saturday night, August 15th, Oddy to toe the mark by four o'clock on the above date. Jack Goulding will look after Oddy.

FOOT RACE AT MONTREAL, C. E.—The race between Anthony Moffatt and Sergeant James, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, came off on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 1st, at 4.30, on Guilbault's Garden track. The attendance was middling, and the track, despite the rain, was in good condition. Both men stripped well. James had the call in the betting at 10 to 7, 3 to 2, and finally were very readily taken up. Capt. Money, R. C. R., acted as referee. The race was 120 yards for $200. On getting away James took a short lead, Moffatt getting on even terms at fifty yards. At 80 yards both men put on a spurt, but the sergeant coming a little the sooner won by a couple of feet in 11 seconds.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS CHALLENGE.—Jack Goulding informs us that he has an Unknown whom he will match against Wm. Young, W. H. Strickland, or Wm. Adsetts to run from 100 yards up to ¼ of a mile for any amount that may be mutually agreed upon. Will he be answered?

PEDESTRIANISM ACROSS THE BORDER.—A number of foot races took place at Caconna, Canada, on July 31st. The winner's names are appended:—¼ mile, J. Brisbois; 200 yards, W. B. Driscoll; 100 yards, J. Thomas; 1½ miles, J. Thomas; 150 yards, sack race, J. Elliott; sack race, over hurdles, J. Elliott; 150 yards open to guests of Jean's Hotel, J. Blyth; boys' race, 100 yards, J. Hodson; 200 yards, hurdle race, J. Blyth.

QUOITING.

QUOITING MATCH.

According to announcement, the great quoiting match for the championship of the northwest and a purse of $1,000, between the Chicago and Braidwood Quoiting Clubs, came off on Tuesday, Aug. 4th, on the grounds of the Excelsior Base Ball Club, Chicago. The weather was all that could be desired, and the best of feeling was manifested by those participating. After the most exciting game ever witnessed in the northwest, Braidwood was declared the winner by twenty points. The following is the score:—

BRAIDWOOD CLUB.	Shorts.	CHICAGO CLUB.	Shorts.
James Resido	....	Ferguson	....
James Braidwood	18	Thompson	31
Thomas Barraman	....	Cortis	....
Samuel Weir	31	Rigby	11
Thomas Young	....	Hutton	....
James Strothers	25	Poole	31
David Denison	....	Moore	....
William Denison	29	Nye	31
Cumming Bennie	....	Stoll	....
Robert Kelston	31	Peake	24
John Walker	....	Kelly	....
Peter Barr	31	Kelsey	17
Total	165	Total	145

Referees—E. H. Clark, John Kilpatrick.

On the day following, the first grand handicap match played in the western country, came off at the quoiting grounds of Mr. R. Poole. A silver cup, presented by Mr. Poole, was the prize contested for. Twenty-six players participated in the contest. After a brilliant display of science the trophy was won by Mr. James Reaside, of Braidwood, he having fairly beaten all his opponents.

On the conclusion of the game, Mr. Alexander Cook, of the Oakland Club, in a few appropriate remarks, presented the cup on behalf of Mr. Poole. Mr. Reaside responded. It bore the following inscription:—

CHAMPION CUP.
PRESENTED BY
R. POOLE
TO THE
Successful Competitor
IN THE HANDICAP QUOITING CONTEST
Open to all comers,
Played at Chicago, August 5th, 1868. Won by JAMES REASIDE, Braidwood.

The return match will be played at Braidwood in the course of two or three weeks.

A NEW CRICKET CLUB was recently formed in Chelsea, Mass., under the name of the "Stella Cricket Club." At the first meeting, held Aug. 3d, the following officers were elected:—President, George Durham; Vice President, J. Pease; Recording Secretary, F. Peck; Treasurer, E. Field; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick Carleton.

OXFORD VS. CAMBRIDGE.—The cricket elevens of these two seats of learning in England have played thirty-four matches, each having won sixteen, and two having been drawn. Cambridge won this year by 168 runs.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Tis twelve, and my pen refuses
  Any later hours to keep;
I throw myself on my weary couch,
  And compose myself to sleep.
The streets are as silent as the grave,
  Save the sound of the watchman's feet,
As he walks, with a slow and measured tread,
  To and fro upon his beat.

O solemn hour! Another day!
  How fast they come and go!
Of a sudden strange sounds come up to me
  From the moonlit streets below.
Intent I listen, and am amazed
  To find, at last, they are
The tuning of a violin
  And the twang of a light guitar!

I spring from my couch in anger,
  And look from my window out—
I see a youth in a Marseilles vest
  And a linen roundabout;
And behind him a row of troubadors,
  Some six or seven, stand;
And each, to my consternation,
  Has something in his hand!

And the lovesick youth in the roundabout
  Straddles his legs apart,
And places his hand on his abdomen,
  Where he carries, no doubt, his heart.
And now they strike up a prelude,
  And he comes a floundering in,
And sounds as of weeping and wailing
  And gnashing of teeth begin.

"Come where my love lies dreaming!
  Tootle e tootle too!
Come where my love lies dreaming!"
  Now this will never do!
"I won't," I shriek from my window;
  "I won't, for it wouldn't be right
To take such a mean advantage
  Of a female in the night!"

All abashed and disconcerted,
  The serenaders quail;
They take a council together,
  And at length another wail,
Like the squeak of a penny trumpet,
  Comes out on the midnight air,
And the voice of that young but desperate youth
  Breathes out the following prayer:

"My love, I pray thee, a token—
  A token"—thus sings he,
"My love, I pray thee, a token,
  However slight, give me!"
"O, that's what you sigh for, is it?"
  And I fling them an ancient boot;
And it lights on the top of the *caput*
  Of the person with the flute.

And the chair on which your humble
  Contributor usually sits
Has broken the gay and light guitar
  Into a thousand bits;
And he with the weeping violin,
  With an agonizing shout,
Has dropped his bow on the sidewalk
  And climbed up a water spout!

"I send thee, my love, a token,
  A token, my love," sing I,
"And the token I send thee, my darling,
  Is this bottle of ink, to try!"
And the Marseilles vest so jaunty,
  And lately so snowy white,
Appears to me, at this distance,
  To be black as the blackest night.

The last of the midnight minstrels
  Has around the corner turned;
It really looks to me as though
  The meeting had adjourned.
I give them my parting blessing,
  At the height of my voice I yell—
"Farewell, and oh! if forever,
  Then forever fare thee well!"

J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 17.—Palmo's Opera House.

Ferdinand Palmo, the sexagenarian, now living in almost abject penury, together with a wife who has been his trustworthy companion and adviser during years of prosperity and of affliction, a man whose name is thoroughly identified with the establishment of the Italian Opera in America, was originally a pastry cook and confectioner on Broadway near Howard street. Well, when I was a boy, do I remember the pastry marvels which, at each Christmas, Palmo was wont to display for the edification of the multitude at large. For instance, there was a colossal bridal cake, some dozen feet in diameter, which rested upon a treble sized four post bedstead, as an only available support for such a cake of such prodigious dimensions, composed of the daintiest materials, covered with icy waves, whence rose in sugar sculpture Venus, Diana, Jupiter and the entire Olympian hosts, the whole crowned with a fountain of imitation waters, moving by occult machinery. This was a novelty which perfectly astounded the burgess of our town, old, young and middle aged. But when it came to be announced that there were disposed in the bowels of this pastry marvel some half dozen wedding rings made out of "lucky old guineas," the days intervening between its final dissolution and dispersion among anxious patrons moved onward on wings of the heaviest lead. Finally, the great day of immolation arrived, and had Palmo a dozen cakes of like monstrous dimensions they would have ill-sufficed to meet the wants of a devouring multitude.

This cake was the foundation of Palmo's wealth and greatness, for his store became the resort of all fashionable dames and their favorite urchins, who there demolished pastries by the score and washed them down with foaming glasses of carbonated honey, a delicious beverage formerly in quenching, which, commingled with effervescent mixtures, formed a foaming summer drink one tankard of which was worth a score of glasses of the soda water which has usurped its modest stead. Palmo had an attractive neighbor on the corner of Canal street and Broadway in the shape of a menagerie, a very fine and select collection of beasts, among whom stood prominent an immense black lion from Central Africa, the only one of his size and species I ever recollect seeing in this or any other country, for while the red lion, frequently with a black mane, is by no means a rarity, a thoroughly black monster in form and size can alone convey an adequate idea of the gigantic proportions and of the savage demeanour of the monarch of the wilderness. As a matter of course thousands visited this rare show during its ephemeral existence, for next to a circus it must be admitted that our people were partial to wild beast shows, of which we had many, particularly during the winter seasons, when traveling caravans made it a particular point to tarry for a while in our midst.

An attempt was once made to render a menagerie a permanent establishment, and for that purpose the Zoological Institute was erected in the Bowery, opposite the theatre, upon a scale of magnificence and general utility far exceeding that of any other establishment of its peculiar character ever before erected. The collection of beasts was large, rare and valuable, the dens were arranged with an eye to cleanliness and security, while the original Van Amburgh daily performed his daring feat of entering the dens, not only of the lions, but of those of the Bengal tiger and other more intractable animals. For a brief period the Zoological Institute flourished, but as the novelty wore off the patronage of the public ceased, and an institution, thirty years in advance of its age, was compelled to close its doors in obedience to a sheriff's writ.

Almost upon the same spot in the Bowery there had been, years before, an exhibition of a traveling caravan, one of those strolling collections of animals, exhibited in their traveling carts. Early one morning the tiger broke from his cage and after demolishing a couple of bears and other exposed beasts, made for the head keeper. The man was paralyzed with fear, and would doubtless have lost his life had not the elephant, with singular sagacity, seized him with his trunk, placed him on his back, and beat off the enraged assailant with his ponderous tusks. The baffled tiger made his way to the Bowery, to the astonishment and horror of the shopkeepers, who were opening their stores for business. Instantaneously doors and windows were closed and barricaded, while the few pedestrians on the street dived down cellar steps and sought other places of refuge. However, the news of the animal's escape spread abroad, and as a tiger hunt is a novelty in New York, hundreds of valiant volunteers were speedily on his trail with fire arms of every description; dogs were pressed into service; bull dogs, terriers, curs and mongrels, and every butcher boy of the district deserted his daily avocations to have a crack at the tiger. At first there was some trouble in defining the position of the animal until a terrific growl, followed by a precipitate retreat of a majority of the canine auxiliaries with their tails between their legs, announced his presence in the neighborhood of the Hay Scales. Another growl and a number of the biped volunteers thought proper to retire to a long range, to the great disgust of the more determined hunters, who were for advancing and assailing the enemy with a bold front. Annoyed by the dogs, who had thrown themselves upon the beast with a reckless desperation, the tiger advanced manfully into the open square, howling defiance to his canine pests. No sooner was the majestic form of the animal visible from all points than a general fusilade was opened upon him from house tops and other places of presumptive safety, which speedily terminated in an indiscriminate massacre of the tiger and a score of dogs, who with undaunted courage had fastened upon the beast with tenacity of desperation. In this wise terminated the only tiger hunt known to our citizens and in which they personally participated.

Palmo, aided by the menagerie, carried on an excellent business, and being both industrious and saving, he speedily accumulated the nucleus of a competency. But Palmo was ambitious and aspired to some public position more consonant to his dignity than a *chef de cuisine* or pastry cook, lucrative as both these callings could be made. Palmo aspired to improve our local taste, and taking compassion upon the frequenters of the bleak, dreary and repulsive drinking saloons, whose dingy adornments and sanded floors breathed a spirit of penury the reverse of comfort to their guests, resolved to introduce to our municipal notice a full blown *cafe*, such as adorned the Parisian capital. It is true that before that time we had a couple of *cafe* restaurants conducted upon the French system, but they were situated in obscure streets and patronized by groups of Napoleonic exiles, who moodily discussed the probabilities of the New Empire following the revolution of July. But Americans had in no wise become familiarized with the quiet and unobtrusive system of French indulgence, and few, save those who had traveled abroad, ever thought proper to drop into the *Cafe Francaise* in Warren street, a thoroughly foreign snuggery, or to visit for a moment the *Cafe de Paris*, its more ostentatious rival, a few blocks above. The truth is, the *cafe* system, designed for conversation, in no wise suited the general popular taste; the old merchants stuck to old Reynold's beer shop or the "widow's" coffee-house—somewhat of the same order; the floating population varied their visits from the "Finish" at Anthony street to the hundred and one drinking saloons sprinkled plenteously along the main thoroughfares, while the fast man chronically confined his visitations to John Martin's Broadway House, the Carlton bar, or the more popular saloon at Washington Hall.

Palmo's *cafe* burst upon us in a blaze of unexpected splendor, for it was a good, although reduced, imitation of one of the most attractive houses of its description on the Boulevards of Paris. Its walls were finished in fresco and gold, while the ceiling reproduced mythological groups and Pompeian figures, executed in a style of art to New Yorkers novel and wonderful. Venuses, Dianas, Cupids and the bright particular females of the Olympian host smiled from the ornate vault, while mirrors and gilded columns, marble topped tables and Parisian upholstery added to the splendor of the place. It was a display the like of which we never saw before, and consequently the "Cafe de l'Independence des Etats Unis," by which long title Palmo designated his saloon at the corner of Reade street and Broadway, was patronized by the mushroom aristocracy of the town, who loudly boasted that that was the way they did things in Paris. Better than cookery and confectionery the new enterprise of Palmo flourished, especially as he introduced his niece, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed, luxurious daughter of Italy, combining in one person an infinity of charms, to operate as cashier and receive the money from the nervous fingers of fops and dandies who wasted many precious hours in a vain endeavor to extract a smile from the statue-like features of the Italian beauty.

But the ambition of little Palmo was perpetually on the advance, so he began to conceive what the Reade street *cafe*, brilliant as it was, should be outvied by a newer and more extravagant demonstration. In accordance with this idea he opened the *Cafe des Milles Collones*, modeled after the celebrated coffee house of the same name, which had been the admiration of strangers in Paris. This new institution was located upon Broadway, above the hospital, next door to the little cigar and tobacco store of John Anderson, wherein was wont to flourish that prettiest of pretty tobacco venders, Mary C. Rogers, presumed to have been the victim of a murderous outrage near the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. Whether Miss Rogers was a martyr to violence or not was a vexed question, warmly debated by the credulous and skeptical of our population, yet the notoriety consequent upon the mystery bestowed upon John Anderson's petty shop, of which the pretty cigar girl had been the luminous ornament, gave the tobacconist a start in the world, which he improved, like Peter Gilsey, the Dane, until at the present time John Anderson, whilom proprietor of a divan, 20 by 25, in a modest wooden shanty, flourishes a millionaire and politician, with a mansion in the Fifth avenue, and a couple of sons-in-law upon the Supreme Court bench.

Well, Palmo opened his *Cafe des Mille Collones*, which he had ornamented even in a more elaborate style than its predecessor, and of much more extensive dimensions. Palmo had now clambered to the top of the ladder of his fame. From a humble cook in white apron and glazed linen cap he had become proprietor of the most extravagant and elaborate coffee house on the continent—a coffee house frequented by the most fastidious patrons, the most distinguished leaders of fashion, in a word, by the *elite* of New York society. But the demon of ambition had seized upon Palmo, and he would never die happy unless he blazed before us the proprietor of an Italian Opera House. This one idea had been the day dream of Palmo during his hours of toil; it haunted him from the first hour upon which prosperity dawned upon him. If he stewed *ragouts sautees*, the notes of Rossini warbled upon his ear; did he fry an omelette, either with fine herbs or without, the melodies of Mozart and of Rossini cheered him to a re-encouragement of his self imposed mission. The hour of his destiny had arrived at last, the spell could no longer be withstood, so Palmo, disposing of his *cafe*, of his cook shop and of every available property convertible into ready money, commenced his grand undertaking, contrary to the advice of his friends and to the signal wonderment of the populace at large.

Palmo fixed his location upon the lots of ground now occupied in Chambers street by the United States Courts, the building tenanted by the government being but a re-arrangement of the old Opera House. The selection of this site was the first error in judgment, which was very quickly perceived when too late, for the fashionables, upon whom the Italian Opera depended for support, were rapidly moving up town, and this inconvenient locality was in no wise calculated to draw the attention of the casual sight-seers hanging around the hotels. The house was well constructed; small, ingenously contrived for acoustic purposes; in fact, it was as convenient and comfortable as any theatre, although not capable of accommodating a very large audience. Palmo was in his glory; his day dream was realized as Palmo's Opera House threw its doors open to the public. The first season was a tolerably lucrative one, and Palmo counted his friends by legions, every one of whom was anxious and willing to give him advice as to the management of his enterprise. But Palmo was as stubborn as he was ambitious, so he thanked his new friends and went on the even tenor of his way, seeking talent wherever he could find it, and that, too, without much regard to expense. Indeed, it must be owned that Palmo introduced among us some of the finest artists which have appeared upon the lyric stage—Pico, Borghese, Castellan, and others of celebrity, the rivalry of whose friends and admirers created a passing *furore* which aided the operatic treasury for the moment. Despite all the attractive *prima donnas* and the endeavors of the *impressario*, charged as Palmo's proxy in the management, the opera commenced, financially, to droop, then to quiver, and finally to come to a dead stand still. It was not with the great singers that Palmo found his final difficulty, for these cormorants gauged their digestion according to the receipts of the house; for, knowing their presence to be the attraction without which the house must close, they simply extorted from the management every available cent in his till, leaving the more obscure members of the troupe unprovided for.

It is the feather which breaks the camel's back. Poor Palmo had petted his imported senoras until he had brought them into a state of co-operation with his final spasmodic endeavor to resuscitate his fortune, now reduced to the technical ownership of the property, firmly attached to the soil by heavy mortgages, vainly imagining that the poor dependants of the house would, like him, wait until some signal dispensation of Providence should restore the fallen hopes of the operatic drama. Palmo was disappointed, for he had never read the parable of the bellows blower as an appendage to the organ. His decisive night came, with the Borghese in all the stateliness of her beauty and the irresistible attractiveness of her smile; a good audience was in attendance, and everything prophesied a favorable turn to Palmo's fortunes. The opera selected was one of Borghese's master *roles*; the overture was played with a delicacy and accuracy which fairly astonished the house, for never did orchestra so far excel itself; then came the opening choruses, which were executed with a similar degree of excellence; Palmo and his admirers were delighted; the hitch in his day dream was apparently shaken out and a revived future dawned before him. Then Borghese, the magnificent, stalked with queenlike tread to the centre of the footlights, and opened her arched mouth to give a solo which was the feature of the piece. To her astonishment, no symphony, no delicate melody accompanied her movements or heralded her approach. In perplexity, she gazed upon the leader of the orchestra, indignantly she stamped her majestic foot to arouse him to his sense of duty, but that dignitary remained in his chair, his violin firmly tucked beneath his arm. Borghese raved in vituperative Italian; the audience hissed at the obdurate orchestrans, for all imitated their leader and discarded their usual implements of toil; finally, Palmo came on the stage and excitedly demanded the cause of the musicians' strike. "No pay," curtly answered a Teuton, quietly taking his cornet to pieces. "Pay you to-morrow," shouted Palmo, in a state of frenzy. "To-night's the time," suggested the cornet player, as he snapped the lock of his instrument case. A bright idea struck Palmo, so whispering to Borghese to amuse the audience with a bit of pantomime for a moment, he rushed around to the box office there to draw from the receipts of the night sufficient to appease the rebellious orchestra. To his horror he found the entire treasury, bills, specie and coppers in the hands of a deputy sheriff. Poor Palmo fainted, while the magnificent Borghese, breathing vengeance against the musicians, attempted to execute a grand aria without their aid. The effort was a success; but amid the thunders of applause greeting this amazonian defiance, the orchestra tranquilly disappeared with their instruments under their arms, big fiddles, little fiddles, horns and drums leaving the queen-like Borghese and the remainder of her associates to raise music from some other quarter than from the deserted orchestra.

This grand strike of the fiddlers terminated Palmo's career as an opera director, and overloaded with debts and incumbrances the ex-cook was rejoiced to get some one to stand even nominally in his position. Poor Palmo! the [illegible] reduced himself again to his original condition his fair weather friends had deserted him, and he was left to work out his existence by the sweat of his brow. Had Palmo proved fortunate he would have been ranked among the obscure great whom fortune, as if in derision of industry, of intelligence and of ability, has chosen to be a foot-ball to be kicked into the very elysium of golden happiness. But Palmo, whilom cook, failed, and every one turned upon him for his presumption in attempting to direct public taste, and so poor Palmo has gradually descended the ladder of life until the last thing I heard of him was that, grey-haired and stricken with disease, he still labors at his original calling.

After Palmo collapsed his theatre stood at the mercy of sheriff's officers, landlords, substitutes and every species of legal officials charged with creditors' rights. It was rented for almost every kind of theatrical exhibition, and after the affairs of Palmo's estate became slightly out of chaos it was occupied by various companies, some of them of considerable merit.

It was at this house that Mr. George Vandenhoff and his sister attempted to revive the classic tragedy "Antigone," with a *fac simile* of a Greek theatre and stage and Mendelssohn's music. Old Vandenhoff had been a very popular actor with the pittites of the National; his daughter was an uncommonly clever girl, universally admired, but as for George he was tolerated as a mere stick. It was expected that with Miss Vandenhoff in "Antigone," and Mendelssohn's sublime music, the piece would prove not only a success but a standard revival. A very large and critical audience assembled and listened intently to the play, but soon grew weary at the monotony of the dialogue, and the absence of change in scenery, notwithstanding the stray gems of the great musical composer, tried their patience. The piece would assuredly have proved a failure, when a wag in the pit brought matters to a serious consummation. A messenger, dressed as a soldier, with shield upon his arm, mounted upon the stage, and kneeling before the king delivered messages of about five words in length. After performing this caper some dozen times, he finaly mounted the stage and delivered this awful piece of intelligence:—"My lord, Antigone is dying." The messenger's shield had been decorated with alternate rings of black and white, after the manner of a target. There he was kneeling, with this weapon, occupying the centre object of the stage, when an inveterate chewer, evidently a practiced hand, flung a quid of Mrs. Miller's fine cut plumb on the centre of the target—a shot clean in the bull's eye—such a display of sharp shooting as William Tell might envy. This piece of waggery brought down the house and the absurdity of the entire piece burst upon the audience, who hailed the descent of the curtain with unrestrained mirth and laughter.

An extraordinary performance came off at Palmo's during its irregular season, presenting a scene never rivaled on the American boards. There was in our town a beautiful Aspasia, who was more generally known as the "Lady in Black." Belle West, as the lady was then styled, was a woman of singular beauty and of fascinating powers, yet, strange to say, she could neither read nor write. She had originally been a dress-maker, clandestinely married to a young engineer, whose wealthy family discarded him on account of the uneven match. Her husband perishing in the steamer Home, Belle Walworth made her appearance as the friend of the son of a deceased butcher, who had left a handsome estate. Two years sufficed for the waste of the butcher's wealth, when Belle discarded her lover to make place for a wealthy Jew broker, one of the pillars of the Exchange. Poor Solomon paid dearly for his whistle, when, after settling upon her an ornamented cottage and liveried turn-out, he was surprised to find that, with a new lover, she had bolted to New Orleans. A few years after she reappeared as the "Lady in Black," and, being stage struck, made her first and last appearance on any stage. She appeared as Pauline, and Chanfrau, the veritable "Mose," operated as Claude Melnotte. The news of the singular entertainment, although Miss West had modestly announced herself as Mary Waldron, spread abroad, and long before the curtain arose the house was packed with representatives from the fast men and the *demi-monde* of the city. It was a great festival with the ladies of dubious character, and they came in droves good temperedly to witness the *debut* of their more notorious sister, while throngs of the "fancy" crowded every aisle and avenue by which a sight of the stage could be obtained.

As an actress the lady in black made a dead failure, for, afflicted with stage fright in the very first scene, she forgot her part, and was finally compelled to read the words as best she could, amid the volunteer promptings from all parts of the house. Some of her ancient acquaintances remembered that the *debutante* could sing, so amid thunders of applause Belle West gave us "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose;" again, another acquaintance recollected that our heroine danced, and Belle was compelled to execute a grand *pas seul* as preliminary to her occupancy of that palace by the shores of Como. Finally, the *debutante* contrived to stumble through the reading of her part, and quitted the stage amid the howls and jeers of her unsympathetic companions, who rejoiced that the idol had fallen. Subsequently Palmo's Opera House passed into the hands of W. E. Burton, the comedian, who, by dint of industry and his own personal popularity, managed to make it a live and profitable property. In connection with John Brougham, who dramatized some of Dickens' romances, Burton introduced a light school of acting, which, without being an imitation of the Old Olympic, sufficed to draw large houses to a theatre which under ordinary circumstances would be regarded as a drug in the market. "The Serious Family" and the "Toodles," specialties in Burton's hands, turned the tide of his managerial career, and the current having once set in, it took a length of time to undermine the popularity accident had bestowed upon him. This was the secret of the success of Burton's Theatre.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled some years ago so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence—"You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation—"No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

AN exchange tells a story of a disconsolate widower, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Well, I've lost gloves—I've lost umbrellas; yes, even cows and horses; but I never—no, never—had anything to cut me like this."

☞ Holloway's Ointment is the best pain reliever in the world; in cases of severe and dangerous Burns and Scalds, apply it freely and at once the sufferer will be relieved and easy in a few moments.

HOW ALGY WON THE BET.

CHAPTER III.

"SHUFFLE THE CARDS."

When Algy got back to his chambers after his expedition to the Hampstead road, he took out a letter from the litter of unfinished MSS., pen and ink sketches, unpaid bills, and other documents scattered broadcast over his writing table, and sat down to answer it. The letter was from Mrs. Jortin, a most particular friend of Algy's, and it begged him to take pity on her and come down to their place in Hampshire for as long as he could spare the time. Algy had deferred replying to this invitation, thinking it would rest, probably, with Miss Chumley whether he should be able to accept it; but now he thought it would be the very thing for him. So he wrote off a note to Mrs. Jortin, in which he said "that nothing could give him greater pleasure than going to them for a short holiday; that he had been desperately busy lately, and should rejoice in a little change," &c. Not a word did he say about Rome and Matilda Brown.

Two days later saw him bowling down to the Waterloo station, having, as he expressed it, "got over the Chumley business beautifully," which meant that he had not quite broken his heart about the 'Parthenon' actress. He might pick up the money in Hampshire; as likely there as anywhere. Never say die!

The Jortins, with whom he was going to stay, were county people and swells in their way, so Algy had got himself up accordingly. Nobody could tell, he thought, who he might meet while there. The Miss Jortins had very little money, but there might be some one else who it would be worth while "going in for." The deuce of it was there only being three weeks left to him.

Now no one understood better than Algy the great art of getting himself up so as to be "effective" without showing that any "effect" was meant. He knew exactly what colors suited him, what sort of coats and hats were most in his "style." He never committed that great mistake most men fall into, of wearing anything ultra in the way of hats and coats because everybody else did, but managed to keep sufficiently near the prevailing fashion without allowing it to ruin his appearance. When he wished to produce an impression he went in for "effects" in a deliberately professional manner. His "get up," as he jumped out of the Hansom at Waterloo, was artistic in the highest degree. This particular time he affected the "swell," without any of the languid airs and graces of that animal; it was the swell carefully toned down and unaffected, with a dash of the man of genius in its composition. He was particularly happy in his boots, his gloves, and, above all, his umbrella; an umbrella, when carried with discretion, is always effective. Algy walked down the platform apparently noticing nothing, but in reality taking everything in that he considered "worth his while."

Miss Tatum, the only daughter and heiress of Septimus Tatum, the eminent soapboiler and M.P., standing with her maid at the door of the ladies' waiting-room, was mortified that the "extremely interesting-looking man" passed by without noticing her in the least, though she had plenty of time to observe his "melancholy" eyes, his small feet and the elaborate rug he carried carelessly over his left arm. Our friend Algy, however, had seen Miss Tatum some ten minutes ago. He saw her from his cab get out of a brougham and pair outside the station, and happened to hear her tell the maid to take two tickets for Basingstoke; then, as he was paying his cabman, he heard some one on the platform say, "D'ye know who that is?—that's old Tatum's daughter, that is." Now Algy, of course, knew "Old Tatum" by reputation; who could have so much money and remain unknown? He also knew that the old gentleman had only one child, a daughter, who would have all his wealth. This young lady, then, with the blue bonnet and flaxen chignon would be Miss Florence Tatum.

"Good forehead and eyes, pretty mouth, bad nose; great pity; goodish figure, what there is of it," said Algy to himself, "totting up the points" of blue bonnet rapidly. Then, "what a heap of money, too; all from soap. Rather low and common—soap; if it had only been Australian wool, now, or even tea; but there's something about soapboiling that goes against the grain. However, he's an M.P., and that ought to carry off the soap; there's a sense of ponderosity and respectability about the House of Commons which covers a multitude of sins."

Basingstoke! He distinctly heard her say Basingstoke. *He* was going to Basingstoke; that was where Bradshaw showed that he must change trains and take the little branch line that went to New Compton, where Mrs. Jortin's carriage was to meet him.

So Algy sauntered up to the book stall and laid out quite a little fortune in *Punch*, *Illustrated London News* and all the periodicals that were embellished with pretty pictures. He sauntered about there till the bell rang, and Miss Tatum, sending off her maid with divers parcels to a second class carriage, got into a first class by herself.

Just as the train was about to start and people were rushing to and fro in the usual frantic state of people at a railway station, Miss Tatum saw the "interesting-looking man," more unexcited than ever, lounge quietly up to her carriage and—yes—actually open the door! He looked in for a moment as if uncertain whether he should honor it with his presence, then got slowly in and sat down opposite her.

Miss Tatum thought she had never before seen such—such—she couldn't find another word that better expressed what she meant—such an "interesting-looking man." His large, dark eyes seemed to gaze, right away, beyond everything, into—into *the past*, and his smile (did he ever smile?) would be wonderfully sweet; how could it be otherwise with such a mouth?

"Did she prefer the window up or down?"

"Oh, down, please." She knew that she was right about the mouth; and if there was one thing she liked to see in a man it was a *bien gante* hand.

"Did she care to look at *Punch?*—perhaps, though, she had seen it."

"No, she hadn't seen *Punch*. Oh, thanks."

"Very dull, I'm afraid; very poor now. Want to see that picture?—allow me to cut it for you."

"Oh, thanks, *thanks*."

"Rather pretty, though, that high light on the girl's head, is it not, Du Maurier? but perhaps you don't admire Du Maurier?"

"Yes, I think it's pretty."

Then a pause, during which Miss Tatum looks carefully at Mr. Tenniel's cartoon, thinking that the "melancholy" eyes are regarding her the while. When at length Miss Tatum looks up, feeling very conscious, she is dreadfully mortified to find that the "melancholy eyes" are gazing far away out at the distant horizon, and that his thoughts apparently have followed them. So she crumpled up unhappy *Punch*, making as much noise doing so as was possible in a limp sheet of paper. It was enough, however, to wake up Mr. Bates; and, pulling himself together, he began a conversation which Miss Tatum found so agreeable that "she was quite astonished [illegible] been reached so soon." Basingstoke it was, though, and she had to change her train, to do which she was obliged to mount a precipitous wooden bridge over the station, which she "would never have done if it had not been for Mr. Bates' assistance;" then "she was so much obliged to him for taking *such* trouble" in getting all her luggage and parcels, including Trotter, the maid, who of course was perfectly helpless, into the other train. For Algy had ascertained that his fellow passenger was going on to the same place as himself.

The small station of New Compton was reached, and Algy found his carriage duly waiting, but, strange to say, there was nothing come to meet Miss Tatum.

"What *shall* I do?" said blue bonnet; "six miles to our house, and not even a fly to be had! No, there never *is* a fly here. How could papa have made such a mistake? Oh, *thank* you—Tatum—Mr. Tatum, of Lyme House."

Here Algy went off to interrogate the porter, "If Mr. Tatum's carriage had not come, or if he had heard anything of it?" Nothing known of it whatever.

"Would Miss Tatum do him the honor of accepting the carriage sent for him? The Jortins' house was but a shortish walk, and he should be *so* delighted if Miss Tatum would make use of it."

"Oh, he was most kind; but—but she really didn't like——"

"Porter, take Miss Tatum's luggage to that carriage. Pray do not refuse me this."

Then Miss Tatum found herself driving off in the brougham before she knew how to express her thanks in what she considered a suitable manner, and saw a vision of Mr. Bates standing with his hat in his hand, recovering his perpendicular after an elaborate bow.

With his crisp toast and delicate omelette waiting on the breakfast table the following morning, Mr. Bates found a solitary letter, with particularly business-like writing; it was not from one of his creditors, for, as he said, "the many reminders he received from them caused him to know their caligraphy to a T."

It was from Miss Tatum's papa. The eminent soapboiler began by expressing "his thanks to Mr. Bates for his thoughtful kindness in looking after his daughter;" then went on to "regret that an attack of his old enemy, the gout, prevented his calling upon Mr. Bates to thank him in person, but trusted that he would excuse that ceremony, and come over and dine with them the next day; would be very glad to see him, and dinner on table at seven, sharp."

So Algy went over to Lyme House and made himself very agreeable to the soapboiler, as also to the soapboiler's fair daughter, when he was not looking that way. After the interval of a few days Algy called, and was again pressed to come and dine, which he did. In short, Algy made himself so much liked at Lyme House that, when the time (he had made his own time, by-the-by) arrived for him to leave Mrs. Jortin's and return to town, Mr. Tatum begged that he would make Lyme House his place of abode for another week or so. This was one for Algy and two for himself; for the worthy soapboiler was that week going to have his house full of guests, and purposed giving a series of entertainments—private theatricals, balls and dinners—and he knew that Algy was a useful man at that sort of thing. Our friend saw the position at a glance, and that there would be a capital chance for his distinguishing himself. So he took over his household gods to Lyme House, and was installed as master of the approaching ceremonies.

"He was invaluable," Miss Tatum to'd her papa; "she didn't know *what* they should have done without him." It was, "Oh, Mr. Bates, how shall we do this?" &c., and, "Oh, Mr. Bates, *will* you look here and tell me what you think?" &c. He not only was the manager-in-general, the principal actor, the organizer of the amateur orchestra and the scene painter in the theatricals, but he actually wrote the piece they performed—"quite impromptu, you know," Miss Tatum said and believed, though it was only an old two-act comedietta Bates had by him vamped up for the occasion. Then he got up that Irish jig in the ball, which, but for it, would have been a dismal failure, and was the life and soul of the "big dinners." Little Miss Tatum used to listen to him rattle about art and literature, superficial politics and cynical banter on social topics, quite lost in admiration at such talent; "how clever Mr. Bates is; and knows everything, you know!"

At length the day drew near when all this was to end; there was to be a dance the next evening, the last of the hospitable soapboiler's entertainments, and the day after that Algy was to return to London.

"To-morrow," said Algy to himself, the night before this last dance, hanging over his candle, extinguisher in hand, "to-morrow I shall know my fate, Bates or Winslow."

CHAPTER IV.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

"A capital band and the very best of Mr. Godfrey's valses." Miss Tatum was in high dancing order and went into the ball room that evening with the full intention of enjoying herself thoroughly. "A good dance, with good music, and nice partners," was her utmost ambition in the way of enjoyment. Yet why should Mr. Bates find himself unconsciously indulging in a satirical grin as he said this to himself? Miss T. was not different to other young ladies in her ideas of enjoyment.

Mr. Bates that evening was silent and abstracted; he was by turns tender and abrupt in his demeanor towards Miss Tatum. When asked by her, timidly, "if anything had gone wrong; was there enough cucumber in the beck cup—papa wanted *particularly* to know what he thought of it?" he only gazed fixedly at nothing in particular and sighed absently. He took Miss Tatum down to supper, but drank the governor's sparkling Moselle in gloomy abstraction; then he proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda before returning to the ball room. Miss Tatum was nothing loth, so they went out.

A lovely night and a most romantic moon peeping from behind drifting masses of clouds, sometimes silvering the garden into almost the brightness of day, then leaving all dark and sombre. Algy, with his partner's little hand resting lightly on his arm, stood looking out on this scene. There was a silence for some minutes; the scene was impressive, and the silence rendered it more so.

This was Algy's receipt. "Take a young lady who has been whirled round a well-lighted ball room some scores of times to Strauss and Gungl's music by the same young gentleman; add to this some really genuine champagne and supplementary claret cup; serve it up in a moonlit verandah, hanging to the same young man's arm, and it will be found cooked to a proper degree of susceptibility."

"It is very lovely," he said, looking up into the sky, and turning his face so that the moonlight fell across it with good effect; he had often studied this with the lime-light on the stage, and knew that it caused his eyes to come out well.

"Beautiful!" from miss, in almost a whisper; and as her gaze was turned heavenwards she could not help also noticing Algy's fine profile blanched into a delicate marble, and his large eyes looking wonderfully large just then.

"This time to-morrow I shall see it shining on the Thames from my dog kennel in town."

"*To-morrow?*—do you leave us to-morrow?"

He was watching her narrowly, and saw a shade pass over her face; it was disappointment.

"Yes," he said, "I must go back to the mill; it would not do for a poor, miserable devil like myself to have too long a spell of happiness; it unfits one for the workaday world again. I—I already feel"—— just enough of a sigh to be heard by Miss Tatum's attentive ears. "Yes, I must go back to the grindstone." You would think he was a galley-slave at least from the way he put his case. "I shall think," he went on, with the very quintessence of saddened melancholy in his voice, "I shall think, to-morrow, when I see yonder light, of this place, of this hour, naturally"—here his voice slightly trembled—"and of something—I mean some one who—some one else."

No answer, but he thought the hand that rested on his arm was heavier than it had been; so he went on. "There are some days, Miss Tatum, which we think of at times as forming oases in our life's desert. My visit at this house has been one to me. There are hours, too, hours when tears rise in the heart and gather to the eyes almost involuntarily, and feeling is stronger than speech—its very intensity depriving us of giving expression to w at—to what the heart would fain utter. Have—have I your permission to call this hour mine?—may I think of it, in after days, as I shall think of it, oh, how often—may I then think of it as *mine?*"

"You may, Mr. Bates," in a tremulous whisper.

"Thank you;" and it was natural that he should take her hand in his to give due force to his words; natural enough, too, that he should hold it there beyond the time necessary to give it a gentle squee—shake, we mean.

There was another impressive silence, in which the moon played an important part, or, as Algy would have expressed it in theatrical parlance, "did the leading business." Somehow or other, too, Miss Tatum's hand was again held in his. Then, suddenly, "Miss Tatum! Florence! for this once——" and at the passion that rang in his deep voice she felt her face burning and an odd choking sensation in her throat.

"I cannot bear this longer. I know how weak it is; but I cannot, *cannot* help myself. Florence, do you not see that I *love* you? Forgive me my weakness; pardon it as springing—as springing from the strength of my love. I did not mean to have told you this. How could the struggling, unsuccessful author, the penniless, disappointed artist who has seen the dream of his ambitious youth fade and die away under the blighting influence of—of dastard enemies, leaving him almost without a hope; how could such a man ask you to share his lot? Ay, even though he saw in you the realization of his ideal, though since he has known you his thoughts have known none else; even then he could not tell you this. The very pride which has been the chief obstacle to his success in life prevented him. This foolish weakness, which made him forget his purpose for the moment, your noble nature will forgive, I know. Good-bye, Miss Tatum—I had rather not face the people inside just now. Will you think of me sometimes in after years, when—when you are happy, and I—— Will you think of me then as one who staked his all on a vain hope which his sense of honor bade him give up, though it was to drive him forth again into the world a soulless vagabond? Good-bye. Ah! your glove, your glove, Miss Tatum! Good-bye, *forever*. I could not stop in England, for then I might see you, and it—it—wouldn't do, you know."

Pressing the hand that lay passive in his, he turned to go. Was it a sob he heard then, and his own name following on it in a little choking whisper? At all events, Algy thought it was, so he went back and stood looking down on her. She lifted her face and he saw tears glistening on her eyelashes; then he thought it was a "safe thing."

"How could you, how could you be so cruel? What do you take me for?"

A pause, during which he regarded her gravely. Then she looked up at him shyly. He held out his hand and her little one came fluttering out to meet it. It was enough for Algy.

"Florence!" and he was drawing her towards him gently, while Miss Tatum's resistence thereat was not more than he was able to overcome.

* * * * * *

Of course there was a regular row with the soapboiler papa. Over and above the fact of Algy's not having any money, Mr. Tatum had the greatest contempt for literary men, whom he stigmatized as a sort of people living by their wits, which, in his eyes, was a sin against respectability; for, as he argued, "how could a man be worth anything who got his money in such a preposterous way? Cleverness—talent! Oh, I daresay; what do they bring him in? You're a little simpleton, child, to be taken in by such a fellow."

Then the little simpleton flushed and stamped her little foot as she did brave battle for her lover. "He was noble and honorable in everything. Though he loved her so, he was going away without even telling her of it, because he knew he was so poor. He *was*, papa." And "she would never, *never* marry any one if not him;" and "papa was very, very cruel," and "she lul—lul—loved Algy so dearly," and "he was so good and noble," and "she knew dear papa wouldn't break Flossy's heart;" and the flaxen ringlets were flung over papa's shirt front, and the little lady laid down her head upon the crackling cambric as she went in for a "good cry."

So ultimately papa was obliged to give in and Miss Tatum had her own way. Then, when on the next day Mr. Bates came out of the soapboiler's "study," after seeing the handsome sum the old gentleman intended to settle upon his daughter at once, and the still handsomer sum that would eventually come to her, he told himself that "this was a better thing than the 'Chumley business;'" then he gave a sigh to the memory of Miss Chumley. "Poor Rose; wonder how she'll get on with old Levy! Ah, well, it's all for the best. Really most providential that I didn't get to the Hampstead road so early that morning as I had intended. In that event she might have been the future Mrs. Bates and I should have missed Florence. Poor Rose!"

The very morning after Algy's visit to Mr. Tatum's sanctum, Dick Winslow received the following note:—

"LYME HOUSE, HANTS, Oct. 7th.

"DEAR DICK.—I am going to marry Miss Tatum on the 18th instant. Miss T., the future Mrs. B., has a settlement to the tune of a thou' per ann. You will see that I have done the bet within time. Don't trouble yourself about the ten fifties till convenient.

Thine always, ALGY BATES.

Bull Fighting at Havre.

That the "progressive" Emperor of the French, it would seem, encourages—at all events, indirectly—the enlightened and humane Spanish sport of bull fighting is indicated by the following account from a correspondent of a London journal. This writer, dating from Havre, July 19th, says:—

"[illegible] were assembled in the Spanish Circus, near the International Maritime Exhibition, to witness the *Combat des Taureaux*. Nothing more need be said to show the interest which the inhabitants of the Department of the Seine Inferieure take in this, to them, new species of excitement. From the surrounding country, from Trouville, Honfleur, Harfleur, from Rouen and Paris great numbers of persons arrived here to enjoy the sport.

"The performance, however, hardly corresponded with the promise, for some of the animals which appeared to-day most assuredly made their *debut* in Havre before, and butted at and trampled on the red mantle instead of the real man.

"I confess I was greatly disappointed when a dingily-dressed caballero, mounted on a horse bearing a striking resemblance to the pictured representation of Rosinante, entered the arena from the right of the circus. He moved slowly towards the box of the Spanish consul, and I imagined for a moment that he mistook the fair occupants for windmills, but he merely appeared to pay an act of deference to the representatives of Spain. The whole company or *cuadrilla*, consisting of eight persons, next appeared, dressed in bright colored cloaks, and, after due obeisance before the same box, they flung their mantles away and stood forth in their professional costume. The principal member of the troop—Gonzalo Mora—was dressed in chocolate-colored silk breeches, thickly striped with silver, a jacket of the same, still more richly ornamented with silver embroidery, a red sash, flesh-colored stockings, a pair of light shoes or rather pumps, a black cap, and, what was most singular of all, a kind of chignon. The dress of the others varied in color, but all of them wore the same kind of cap, and the chignon seemed to be indispensable. The picadors were on horseback. They wore silver embroidered jackets, thick leather pantaloons; and their feet were protected by short iron stirrups, not unlike those worn by the knights of old.

"Six bulls, each one more furious than the other, were baited for the gratification of the Havrais and the visitors to their town. The 'first sword,' Gonzalo Mora, of Madrid, displayed wonderful dexterity and audacity. He fought, as it were, the animals hand to horn. In the Madrid Circus he would be armed with a sword, and the bull would be killed, but the cruelty of the exhibition is so mitigated here, that it is made a condition that neither beast nor man, so far as it is possible, shall be destroyed. We say 'as far as possible,' for no one could guarantee absolute impunity to life in the close encounters which take place between toro and torero. With a red cloth in one hand and a little lance in the other, representing a sword, this expert came front to front with the most furious animals, exciting them to the combat by every means in his power. The bull raises the dust of the arena, he bends his tail into a ring, his eyes dart fire, he bends his head and rushes at his antagonist, but the practised toreador slips now to one side, now to the other, and after oft-repeated struggles he plants his lance in the point where the sword, if he had been allowed to possess one, would have entered. At moments it seemed all but impossible for him to escape being crushed against the boarding of the enclosure, but his dexterity always brought him out of danger."

"TO BE FAT IN SUMMER."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It is a fact that is indisputable that all fat men must experience a vast amount of suffering in hot weather. The bare idea of an individual weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds and being compelled to navigate that amount of solid flesh about with the thermometer at 104 in the shade, is to one of medium avoirdupois simply appalling. How do I *know* this. By observation. For instance, I have a corpulent intimate friend to whom I am deeply attached, and I therefore presume on this intimacy to closely watch him and his actions in this horrible heat. I watch him in the morning, the evening and at night, and it sometimes seems as if he was some troubled monster with whom all nature was at variance, and, in accordance with this enmity devoted every moment to torture and annoy him, while he, in his impotence to battle against it, tosses, puffs, perspires and glares at nothing. I met him at the breakfast table this morning—he came down at a slow, dragging pace, as if he had Mount Vesuvius in a portable state fastened to his coat tails and was drawing it after him; the very air seemed doubly oppressive; when he entered all in the room began fanning themselves in the most energetic manner, at the same time casting furtive glances at the fat man, who held a fan in one hand and a large handkerchief in the other, with which latter article he constantly wiped the huge drops of perspiration from his forehead only for these drops to start forth afresh, as if to say, "no rest for you, fatty—here we are again." With a hot sigh he seated himself at the table, and, after throwing an envious glance at the apparently cool waiter, who was thin, the fat man languidly fanned himself. Unfortunately, he sat near the door leading to the culinary department, from whence the numerous dishes were passed and re-passed to the table. Scarce was he seated when the door was opened wider than usual and a dense, steamy atmosphere surrounded him bearing with it the odor of that which was being prepared within. After it closed and the air became once more purified the fat man was discovered like some leviathan body looming through a fog, a hot fog; he seemed to have grown larger; in fact, he looked inflated with the hot air he had just inhaled and bore the appearance of an enormous bladder inviting some heavier body to sit on him and he would forthwith explode and put an end to his misery. Technically speaking, his "meal was cooked;" he arose from the table with a stagger, which culminated in his falling down and rolling on his back, where he would have remained like some huge turtle, helpless, if he had not been rescued by the steward and a small colony of waiters, who led him upstairs to the verandah, placed him in a chair where he sat speechless and still heating; but alas there was no rest for him, for at this juncture a small cloud of flies began to hover o'er his head; he threw a vacant gaze at this fresh addition for his sole annoyance and inwardly wished himself a spider. As it penetrating his thoughts the little pests began to worry him; "and why me, more than any-one else," he mentally asked; "because you are fat," a large blue-bottle viciously seemed to buzz, and immediately stung him in the ear. If he had not been fat he would probably have jumped three feet high, but as it was, he merely raised his hand slowly to the afflicted organ, rolled his eyes heavily, blew out his cheeks and became red hot. I'm glad I ain't fat.

A MISTAKE.—A young fop, dining at a fashionable hotel, was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food that was near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman," was the reply.

IMPATIENT.—"Ma! they say marriages are made in heaven; do you think they are?" "Why, my dear, it is a very general opinion." "Well, perhaps they are; but they seem a long time coming down—to some of us."

GEORG OF THE VALLEY;

or,

The Wild Man of Vienna.

First in antiquity, but only first in the list of second class hotels in Murray's Handbook, stands that of the Wild Man, one of the most venerable houses in the Austrian Capital, for we find it mentioned in history during the siege of Vienna by Mathias Corvinus in the year 1485.

To this house and to the name it has adopted is attached a singular tradition, unmistakably German in its details, which we obtained from an authentic source, our informant being no other than the present owner of the establishment, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative.

In the year 1444, when Ladislaus, king of Hungary, fell at the unfortunate battle of Varna, overcome by the countless army of Amurat, which entirely routed the Christian forces, there was, among the few who escaped the carnage of that dreadful day, a lancer, named Georg of the Valley. This young fellow was of prepossessing exterior and by no means wanting in courage, but it would seem he knew how to make use of his feet as well as of his hands, for he contrived, after the encounter which proved fatal to so many of his countrymen, to escape unobserved, and to gain the neighboring forest, so as, at least for the time, to place his life in safety. So far so well, but even there his position was a very equivocal one; he could not continue in these wild and deserted haunts without certainty of starvation, and he could not venture beyond without risk of discovery and capture. A stranger to the locality, ignorant of the language, how was he to set about finding his way out of the intricacies of this wilderness, and what chance had he of reaching his home even if he met with a fellow being who was not an enemy?

No wonder that our hero was preoccupied with these embarrassing reflections, and no wonder that faint, weary and helpless, almost within sight of the gory field, strewn with the lifeless bodies of his comrades, he should fall a prey to all the fatal suggestions of despair.

Georg sat down beneath a tree, resting his chin in his hands, and, staring into vacancy, was giving way to the gloomiest thoughts, when a sound fell upon his ear which told him of the approach of human footsteps. His first impulse was to welcome any incident that could bring a change in his miserable prospects; his second, to apprehend some ambush and to mistrust all strangers; he accordingly rose, and stealing cautiously round, concealed himself behind the trunk of the tree which sheltered him, so as to observe the new comer from behind as soon as he should have passed; but he was counting without his host, for, as if he had guessed his intention, the stranger, instead of pursuing the path, turned abruptly off and passed by the very spot whither the unfortunate refugee had retreated. Further dissimulation, he now felt, would be worse than useless, so putting a bold face on the circumstance, Georg looked up and saluted the new-comer, albeit not much reassured by his aspect.

He might be about fifty years of age, and the dress he wore was *bizarre*, to say the least of it; it consisted of a tightly fitting black velvet suit, over which was thrown a dark claret-colored cloak large enough to envelope his whole person, while a broad-brimmed, pointed black felt hat shaded his features. He returned the young man's bow with a smile which was meant to be friendly, but scarcely masked the sinister expression of his deep-set eyes.

"You don't seem to be in a very pleasant position, Mr. Soldier," said he. "He who fights and runs away—you know the rest I daresay; but you see it isn't enough to run away, the question is—what are you to do next?"

"True enough, sir stranger," replied Georg, "and that is just what I am considering."

"No doubt you are; and pray what conclusion has your wisdomship come to?"

Georg looked up, first because he had no answer to give, and secondly because he was mystified by the tone and language of his new acquaintance.

"One would think," he said, at length, "that you had some expedient to offer, by your asking so many questions."

"Well done, well done! evasive but shrewd," said he of the cloak, "and you're not far wrong either, for I could offer you more than one expedient; that is, if you like to hear them."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said Georg, with a sigh; "but perhaps you will explain, that I may know whether you are not making game of a poor devil."

"You've hit it again, my dear fellow," said the stranger; "for, as you say, you are a poor, miserable devil, while on the other hand *I* am a rich, powerful devil, for to tell you the truth I am *the* Devil himself. Now, don't start in that foolish way, when you can see—for I'm sure you are a very sensible young man—that I have come to you in a friendly spirit and that you have nothing to be afraid of."

Your speech is fair enough, but what are your intentions?" said Georg, who was determined to do nothing rashly.

"They depend entirely on yourself. I am ready, if you say the word, not only to ensure your safety, but to start you with luck and money enough to enable you to have a jolly time of it as long as you are for this world."

Georg felt sorely tempted, and almost forgot his apprehensions in the contemplation of this brilliant prospective; he hesitated; and the Devil, anxious to follow up his advantage, hastened to conclude the matter.

"Then it's a bargain?" he said, extending his open hand.

But the action recalled the young man to his senses; he mechanically withdrew his own.

"There are *two* parties to a bargain," he replied, "and as yet we have only talked of the terms on *one* side; please to go on and tell me what is expected on the *other*."

"Oh, dear me," answered Lucifer, with a shrug of indifference, "a mere nothing; just put your signature to this little bit of parchment and you will never hear of me again till you have exhausted all the enjoyments I mean to bestow on you."

"I thought as much," said Georg, contemptuously, and in a tone of bitter disappointment; "then you may just go back to whence you came, for no signature of mine will you ever get, I can tell you," and he turned and went away in a rage.

"Now, now, you hot-headed fellow," said the Devil, who had no mind to let his victim escape; "do wait a bit and don't give me the trouble of running after you this hot day; listen to reason and see how much more generous I am with you than you deserve. I will make you another proposal rather than leave you in the wretchedness in which I found you. I will undertake to befriend you as before suggested on the simple condition that for the next three years you will neither wash, nor shave, nor comb, nor cut your hair, nor your nails, nor make any alteration in your dress. How does *that* suit you?"

"That is another matter," said Georg, still somewhat reluctant to enter into any compact, however plausible; "I don't say I will refuse——"

"DONE!" said the Devil; and he had scarcely uttered the word, when to Georg's astonishment he found himself at Vienna. Arrived there, he had on the skin of a bear, within which was a pocket where he found a purse filled with gold pieces, and a note to the effect that as long as he continued to observe the prescribed conditions it would never be empty, however extravagantly he might spend.

It was not long before Georg began to be alarmed at his rash bargain; in vain he tried to reassure himself with the reflection that his penance would be at an end in three years. Three years, under such circumstances, began to assume the proportions of ten, for he soon became so frightful an object that he was shunned by all decent people, while the very street boys would pelt him with mud, and then run away screaming "the wild man is after us," and ultimately he was known by no other name. He now perceived the object Lucifer had in view. "He thought," said he to himself, "to degrade me until I lost all self-respect, and that then I should give myself up to vice and so become his prey; but I will give him the slip then, and see if I cannot get some good even out of this malicious plot."

Acting upon this wise resolution, Georg hunted about the streets of Vienna till he found a modest, unpretending dwelling adjoining a much frequented inn, which could serve him as a retreat till the term of his probation should be ended. Here he established himself, and under the plea that he was gifted with extraordinary powers of divination, he drew the simple country folk around him far and near, and soon obtained the reputation of being a wise man or magician; an idea that received considerable support from his extraordinary appearance. Georg gave excellent advice to his clients, and as he assumed a paternal tone and charged nothing for consultations, he was regarded as the oracle of the country round.

At the end of the first half of the third year, "Master Urian," for so the Devil called himself, appeared unexpectedly and announced to him the visit of a certain Hans Ponsheimer, who had heard of his fame and was coming from an adjoining town named Lugeck to consult him on the state of his affairs.

"Now," said the Devil, "I must begin by observing, Master Georg, that you have been going on lately in a way that does not suit my book at all, and if you are determined to slip through my fingers I must contrive to make my profit some other way; you will be so good, therefore, as to attend to my directions and to follow them implicitly.

Georg nodded his acquiescence.

"What I require of you then," continued the other, "is this:—when this burgher makes his appearance you will listen to his story, and when he has come to an end, you will tell him that, implicated as he is, you can rescue him from his difficulties. He will ask you how, and you will then say that you cannot tell him anything about it until he has promised you one of his three daughters—who, I can tell you, are all very beautiful—in marriage. They are, however, haughty and self-conscious, and knowing nothing of their father's ruin, for he is on the eve of bankruptcy, they expect to match with princes; so you may guess the airs they will give themselves when they receive the advances of one so repulsive as yourself."

A few days after this interview the predicted visit took place; Hans Ponsheimer arrived at the inn, and without giving himself time to rest or eat, went straight to the wise man's domicile. All passed as foretold, except that on Georg's making known his conditions Hans laughed him to scorn and asked him what he took him for, to suppose that *his* daughters would ever consent to marry such an object as him.

"My dear sir," answered Georg, coolly; "I only take you for what you are, a ruined man, whose credit to-morrow morning will not be worth that," and he snapped his fingers.

"What!" said the merchant, "ruined! Hans Ponsheimer without credit? When you cease to be a bear and become a man, I will believe that and not before."

"More extraordinary things than either have happened before now," said Georg, quietly. "Are you not expecting in a few days to be called upon for a large sum?" he continued.

The merchant stared: "I am, sir," said he; "but how came you to know this?"

"That is my secret," replied Georg.

"Still I do not see how that proves my ruin; I have a much larger amount coming in before that is due, so that my risk is amply covered."

"Oh, my good sir, that is just where the shoe pinches; you *think* you will receive that sum—you are relying upon it; but not one penny of it will you ever touch, take my word for it; so if you have your credit at heart, you must look out for some other means of liquidating your debt."

The merchant bounded from his seat still incredulous.

"It is not, it cannot be true; vile miscreant, you menace me for the sake of forcing me to comply with your designs; but this shall not be." He was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted messenger from Lugeck, who desired to say a word to him in private without loss of time.

"Your servant may speak before me, Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "or if you prefer it I will be his spokesman; he is come to announce to you the failure of the house we were just speaking of."

The courier stood speechless by, and Ponscheimer, aghast, now turned a deprecating eye on the singular being whose sincerity he had so rudely called in question.

"Hans Ponsheimer," said he, "we will say no more of your rough treatment, more especially out of regard for the close relationship in which we shall soon stand to each other;" the merchant shuddered involuntarily; but this time he restrained all expression of his disgust. "I am willing to release you from all your embarrassments, provided I have your word that one of your daughters shall be my wife."

"I consent," said Hans, and he heaved a deep sigh; "you have my word, the word of Ponsheimer, till this day as good as his bond."

"Then," replied Georg, "I am willing to enter into partnership with you, and I deposit as capital the amount of the debt you have to pay." And he counted out the notes with a readiness and a deliberation which took every one by surprise. Hans, fully sensible of the obligation he had received, and relieved of an enormous weight, stretched out his hand to shake that of his shaggy benefactor; but when he saw the long claws at the ends of his fingers, the thought of the rash promise he had made on behalf of his dainty daughters overcame him and he trembled in every limb. However, it was impossible to retract, and Ponsheimer was obliged to withdraw, promising his future son-in-law that his bride should be ready in a few days, only requesting a reasonable time to prepare her for the change that was to take place in her lot.

Hans went home broken-hearted and wondering how he should ever venture to break the matter to his daughters, who, on his approach, came out to welcome him back. They were completely mystified at his downcast looks, and at last coaxed him to tell them the cause of his trouble. Hans related his story briefly but honestly; he disguised nothing, and painted the Wild Man in all his hideousness; then waited anxiously to see how they took the information. The two elder made very short work of it; they declared that nothing should ever induce them to accede to so revolting a condition, and fell upon their father with the harshest reproach. The unhappy man sat before them in an attitude of mute despondency. As he raised his eyes they fell upon the face of his youngest child, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. She was his Cordelia, and unable to witness her father's distress, she rose, and, throwing her arms round his neck "Father, dear," she said, "I will marry the Wild Man; my life is yours, I will not forsake you."

Ponsheimer was overcome by this touching proof of his child's generosity and affection. "Trudchen," he exclaimed, "you have always been the joy of my life and you are my consolation in this trial; heaven, I am convinced, will reward you for this sacrifice."

But Gertrude closed her father's lips with a kiss and begged he would have no fears for her, as no happiness the world could give could exceed the satisfaction of feeling she had done her duty.

But the merchant was not at ease with himself, and was still deliberating on the dilemma in which he was placed, when a great commotion was heard in the street, occasioned by a gorgeous pageant which was defiling through the town, to the surprise of all its inhabitants; the cortege had threaded the street in which was Ponsheimer's house, and when he looked out of the window he saw a magnificent coach drawn by six richly harnessed horses and attended by servants in handsome liveries, approaching his house. As soon as it drew up, an elegant cavalier alighted and entered the door. Hans advanced to the stairs, but what was his surprise to find himself in the embrace of a handsome youth, who, in the voice of the Wild Man, called him his future father, and begged to see his destined bride.

Gertrude's astonishment and joy may be imagined, but it did not exceed that of her father's; while, as for her heartless and unfilial sisters, no words could describe their rage and despair.

Unable to endure the sight of a happiness which had been within their reach and which they themselves had refused, they reproached their father for deceiving them and their sister for taking advantage of them. Lucifer stood by and smiled; his prey awaited him, for that very day one of them hung herself, while the body of the other was found in the river next morning.

Georg of the Valley lived happily with his gentle and beautiful wife and his respectable father-in-law. Their names are to be found in a title deed dated 1450, in which the house they occupied at Lugeck is designated under the name of The Black Bear.

On the spot where stood the inn of which Georg inhabited a portion in the days of his disguise, now stands the imposing hotel, The Wild Man, in the middle of the Kurnthnergasse.

SUSPECTED SHAKESPEAREAN DOCUMENTS

From the London Athenæum.

It is with very deep pain that we have to draw attention to the fact that an important series of Shakespeare documents has fallen under suspicion. It is a sad thing to have our new facts about the poet's life, our new illustrations of the poet's work, torn from our grasp; but we have no choice in the matter, for the interests of truth are paramount; and it has become our instant duty to put all future writers on their guard against that free and confident use of certain papers which those papers have heretofore commanded.

The documents which have fallen under suspicion are those relating to Shakespeare's plays, and to the plays of certain of Shakespeare's cotemporaries, contained in the volume entitled "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, from the original office books of the Masters and Yeomen," with an introduction and notes, by Peter Cunningham. The volume was printed in 1842, for the Shakespeare Society, of which Lord Normanby was then President. The editor professed to give a full account of where and how he fell in with the papers of which it consisted:—

"When," he says, "by the kindness of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, I was appointed to a situation in the Audit Office, Somerset House, one of my first inquiries, unconnected with my official duties, was, what *old papers* there were in the place. * * With the hope of finding entries which might throw light on our early literature I sought permission to examine the Books of Enrollment and Declared Accounts. This I obtained by the great kindness of the chairman of the office, Francis Seymour Larpent, Esq.; with full liberty to transcribe what I liked, and to seek for what I thought was there or ought to be there. I first went through that portion of the Declared Accounts in Rolls that bore upon the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First; and which I thought was likely to contain information illustrative of the literary history of those reigns. In my first day's search I found three rolls of the expenses of Prince Henry; one excessively curious, and of some importance in our literary history."

The editor pursues his researches, and met with some small success. "I had the good fortune," he says, "to redeem from a destructive oblivion a bundle of the original accounts of the Masters of the Revels" Still, the papers so found, were of slight interest only, and would certainly not have been worth printing had they contained nothing about our great poet. The name of Shakespeare was a long time in turning up; it came, we are told, into sight at length:—

"My last discovery," says Mr. Cunningham, "was my most interesting; and alighting as I now did upon two official books of the Revels—one of Tylney's and one of Bue's—which had escaped both Musgrave and Malone, I at last found something about Shakespeare—something that was new, and something that was definite. This was my little Guanahana, but here I was destined to stop, for no other books of the Revels have I as yet succeeded in finding among the scattered papers of the old Auditors of the Imprests. We owe these two to accident, and it is not too fanciful to suppose that chance may yet lead to the discovery of other books connected with Shakespeare's two and twenty years 'traffic' with the stage. I am not without hope on this subject, and that it may be my lot to find them even in the office I am now in."

This "something about Shakespeare" was not only new, but of great public interest. It consisted of three papers, or parts of three papers, in which certain plays of Shakespeare were named. These important documents professed to be (1) an extract from the "Reuells Booke, anno 1605. The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres Charge in anno 1604: untell the last of Octobar 1605;" (2) an extract from "The Book of the Revells, ending the last day of October, anno dom. 1612;" and (3) a list of "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636."

The first paper was beyond comparison the most important, since it was the earliest in date and appeared to supply needful information. It is not too much to say that, since the publication of the volume of "Court Revels," the list of plays have been used to check controversy, and that every edition of Shakespeare's works since 1842 has been modified more or less by that list. If the list is not genuine every current editor of Shakespeare has been taken in, and all the editions will need amendment in important points. The first paper stands thus in the printed book:—

"The Chardges of thes times viz. betwine the last of Octobar 1604: A°RR. Jacobi iij° untell the last of Octobar 1605; As welby meanes of attendings making choise perusinge and reforminge of Playes Showes & Inventions as wear prepared & sett forthe and presented before the kings ma'tie att times afforsayde: As allso for workmens wages The Officers bord wages Jorneying Chardges wares workmenship and carredges with other expenses thereunto belonging, Besides ffuel chandrey ware for the Mrs loding for the Rehersalls and Ayrings w'th sutch leike ordinary Allowaunces. The perticulers whearof together w'th the parties names to whom & whearfor the same is due hereafter ensueth viz.

By the kings Ma'tis plaiers.—"Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar A play in the Banketinge house at Whithall called The Moor of Venis."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"The Sunday ffollowinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur."—*Shaxberd.*

"On St. Jhons Night A Maske with musicke presented by the Erl of Penbrok the Lord Willowbie & 6 Knights more of ye Court."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors."—*Shaxberd.*

By the Queens Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Sunday ffollowinge A plaie Howe to larne of a woman to wooe."—*Hewood.*

The Boyes of the Chappell.—"On Newers Night A playe cauled: All Fouelles."—*By Georg Chapman.*

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe day A Play of Loues Labors Lost."

"On Twelfe Night The Queens Ma'tis Maske of Moures w'h Aleven Laydies of honnor to accupayney her ma'tie w'ch cam in great showes of devises w'ch they satt in w'th exselent muske."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"The 8 of January A play cauled Euery on out of his Umor."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Candelmas Night A playe Euery one in his Umor."

"The Sunday following A play provided and discharged."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Shrousunday A play of the Marchant of Venis."—*Shaxberd.*

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Shroumonday A Tragidye of The Spanishe Maz."

By his Ma'tis plaiers.—"On Shroutusday A playe cauled the Marchant of Venis againe com'anded by the King's Ma'tie."—*Shaxberd.*

After these entries follows a great mass of details of no interest to any human being now alive. No suspicion, let us say, attaches to these subsequent entries; indeed, the document on which the supposed entries occur is itself genuine. The document seems to have had two or three blank pages, and on these pages some one seems to have added the whole of the matters just extracted. Who made these additions does not appear. There they are, and experts in old handwriting say they speak for themselves.

The second paper stands thus in the printed book:—

"The Names of the Playes and by what Cumpaney played them hereafter followethe; As also what Maskes and Triumphes att the Tilte were presented before the Kings Ma'tie in this year 1612.

By the Kings players.—"Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kings Ma'tie a play called the Tempest."

The King's players.—"The 5th of November; A play called ye winters nights Tayle."

The Kings players.—"On St. Stiunes night A play called A King & no King & Ruing at ye Ring."

The Queens players—"St. John night A play called the City Gallant."

The Princes players:—"The Sunday following A play called the Almanak."

The Kings players:—"On Neweres night A play called the Twines Tragedie and Ruing att the Ring."

The Children of Whitfriars.—"The Sunday following A play called Cupids Reueinge."

This day the King and Prince with diuer of his Noblemen did run att ye Ring for a prize.—"Twelfe night The princes Mask performed by Gentelmen of his High—"

By the Queens players and the King's Men.—"The Sunday followinge att Grinnwidg before the Queen and the Prince was played the Siluer Aiedg: and ye next night following Lucretia."

By the Queens players.—"Candelmas night A play called Tu Coque."

By the Kings players.—"Shroue Sunday:—A play called The Noblman."

By the Duck of Yorks players.—"Shroue Munday:—A play called Himens Haliday."

By the Ladye Elizabeth players.—"Shroue Teusday A play called the proud Mayds Tragedie."

After this important passage comes a note of what stuff has been used, and the like, for the king's service. The list of plays is the only thing of interest; and here again the experts say that those interesting matters form no part of the original account. They are suspected.

The third paper is of less moment, since little turns upon it with regard to Shakespeare. It may be seen on page xxiv. of the introduction to the "Court Revels."

It may be well that we should say under what circumstances these passages have at length fallen under suspicion. For many years the original papers have been wanting. Search, we believe, has often been made for them in our public offices without success. A few days ago some of them were offered for sale to the manuscript department of the British Museum; Mr. Bond carried them for verification to the Record Office, where they were at once impounded, by Lord Romilly's directions, as public property. How they came to be in private hands is a subject for inquiry—an inquiry which is now in hand. The gentleman who offered them for sale appears to have thought his right of property in them perfect.

Papers thus recovered by the nation were very properly subjected to a very close inspection; and this inspection, it would seem, has satisfied the experts that gross liberties have been taken by some persons unknown with these documents. In fact, the experts arrived at the conclusion that the whole body of Shakespearean illustration has been added to the originals.

This is the worst bit of Shakespeare news we have had to report for many a day.

CRUEL SPORT WITH SINGING BIRDS.—An English paper says that the rage for bird singing contests is on the increase throughout the north of France and Belgium, and considerable bets change hands. The poor winged performers in this brutal amusement are first deprived of their sight by a red hot iron passed over their eyes, and then confined in diminutive cages in dark cellars for fifteen days before the trial. Their removal into the fresh air and the rays of the sun causes them to give utterance to their joy in song, on which their proprietors bet—some for length of song, others for the various melodies performed.

"ADVICE GRATIS."

The "Brewers" should to "Malts" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "Furriers" to "Chili."

The little snarling, carolling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be spanked off to "Baby-lon,"
To "Lap-land" or to "Brest."

From "Spit-head" "Cooks" go o'er to "Greese"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
"Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."

"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy."
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the Bay of "Fundy."

"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man"—
Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany" Bay,
And "Shoeblacks" to "Japan."

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us,
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to "Texas."

OLD NAT'S LOVE SCRAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY C. E. C.

We had just finished supper, and squatting around our camp fire, smoking our pipes of peace and perfect content, we naturally resorted to our only possible amusement—talking. Old Nat, our guide and typical hero, seemed quite good humored, and so we pressed him for a reminiscence. The old fellow seemed a little coy at first, urging that he had already repeated every incident of peril or adventure which had occurred to him. His manner of stating this attracted my attention, so I said:—

"Perhaps you have something else besides hair breadth 'escapes' worth relating. Have you ever been in love, Nat?" It seemed to be a home question, for the old rogue actually colored a little, and looked at me with a queer, sly glance. Then he suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well I b'lieve I were once, boys, a little kind o' soft on a bit o' petticoat, but that were a long while ago, and I've steered clear o' 'em ever since."

"Why so, Nat?" asked one of the party. "Didn't you have much success?"

Nat whiffed away quietly for a moment, and then dryly replied:—"Nary!"

"But tell us of it, Nat."

"It ain't worth while; and I know you fellars are gettin' ready to laugh at me."

It took a good deal of protesting to convince the old hunter that this was not the case, but finally we persuaded him to tell his tale, which ran thuswise:—

"Mebbee you don't know it, boys, but I weren't born and raised on these plains; I'm going to tell you now jest what drew me out here. I used to live on a farm, in a spot whar there was more Christians and less buffiers nor we hev here, and I growed up that way, though I don't say I was much on farmin', for I allus had a kind o' weakness for rifle shootin', and spent a good deal o' time in the woods. Wall, the old folks, they didn't like it much, and so they seed I weren't goin' to do for a farmer; and about the time I were shootin' up and feeling sort of man, like they got me a place in town to 'tend store for a cousin of mine.

"I was glad of a change and thought I'd rayther like it, and b'lieve I did for a time; but I wasn't cut out for that sort of thing, and so it ended pesky soon, it did—but not afore I had plenty of time to make a durned fool of myself, boys! You see most of the young fellers about town were kind o' sweet on the gals and they used to want me to go with 'em. But I hung back, like, for I couldn't quite go polished boots, nor shirt collars, nor such things. I guess I was purty rough lookin' for such a place, though it was only one of your little country towns.

"I didn't live with my cousin, who was a young married man, and wouldn't want me in the way, I knowed, but I boarded at a house nigh onto the store. There was a good many things always occurring to make me feel sort of ashamed like, but I reckon I was getting along purty well, only I couldn't stand going into company. My cousin had to coax me a good many times afore he could get me to visit his house. But his wife was a real lady and talked so nice that I believe she done me good, and I got to goin' there purty often. He didn't care.

"But, boys, I was ketched badly one night. I came up there as I was used to and found my cousin's wife in the parlor, and durned if there wasn't a young gal there, too. Boys, she were the purtiest little thing, with red cheeks and black eyes, that looked as bright as—now, look here, if you laugh, I'll stop; durned if I don't.

"Who do you think she were? Another cousin; leastways they made me believe so; just kim out from the city on a visit. They told me I must call her 'Cousin Dot' (a pet name, you know—I'm not going to tell her real one) and she took right off to calling me 'Cousin Nat.' She could do it easy, boys, but I was awful skeered at first; there's a good deal in raisin', ain't there?

"I fought purty shy and sniffed around a good piece at first, but they acted so nice that I kind o' got to feelin' easy, and I guess I rayther liked the thing. She was a good-hearted little critter, that cousin of mine, if she were my cousin, and I didn't feel much like dodgin' of her after that evening.

"So the next night I felt sort of lonesome like after supper, and I goes around there again. And they was just as nice as they was before. I tell you, boys, I got to thinkin' what a blasted fool I was not to hev tried this thing before. And this cousin of mine—how she could talk! Sometimes I couldn't make out what she were drivin' at, and would feel sorry that I didn't get more larnin' when I were a boy, but I liked to hear her, and felt kind as if I were a better man arter spending an hour or two with her. I believe a man always does have that feeling with a woman, that is with the right kind o' women.

"Well, boys, I'll hev to cut with it. You know pesky well that this kind of an arrangement couldn't keep a going long without a fellow making a fool of himself. You're laughin' agin, but I don't keer. I'm like all the rest of human critters, and I soon got so that I couldn't be away from the gal without a thinkin' of her all the time; and when I went to see her I wanted to be alone with her. And somehow I never liked to hear her talk about other men—that is young men—though she often done it, jest because I didn't like it, I guess. And then, you know, I kept on gettin' worse and worse, until I became afeard that somebody might step in and get ahead o' me; for I knowed what drawbacks I had in the way of not having much edicetion, and being sort o' rough looking.

"So I kept makin' up my mind that I ought to be tellin' her my feelings, and getting her to promise to have me; for somehow I didn't have any skeery notions about being sot back by a 'no.' You see she was always so warm like and good to me. But, boys, it's hard to do, this askin' a girl to take you, when you come right to doin' the thing. At least I found it was in my case; and more'n once when I'd made up my mind to do it my heart would gin out, and I'd be glad o' some little diversion to save the thing off. This sort of thing occurred purty often, till at last I got mad and thought I'd not be such a durned fool no longer. So one night I just made my mind up that I'd ask her right out just as soon as I got there, and hev the thing over. If she sent me packing I knowed that that town was no place for me, so I thought I'd better see whether I was to leave or not. I knowed how much a gal looks at a feller's appearance, so I was mighty keerful that evening when I dressed myself, and I tell you I fixed up nice. My hair was slick as grease could make it, and I had on a starched shirt, and polished up my boots, and I do believe that you couldn't tell me from a regular city chap. Don't laugh boys, because we're coming to the sorrowful part now."

"Why did she reject you, Nat?"

"Now just wait till I come to that, will you? You see all my fixin' was done afore supper. When I came down to the table the folks kind o' looked at each other, and I let on I didn't notice it, but I got a little red, I know. Howsomever, they none of 'em said nothing, and I didn't stay long, for everything seemed to stick in my throat, though I tried to eat. Well, I got my hat on, and was passing through the parlor on my way out, when I happened to eye myself in a looking-glass, and thought my face looked dirty, and saw that some coal soot had got on it. I didn't want to go up stairs in my room again to wash, and didn't care about the folks a noticing me, neither, so I slipped quietly back to the kitchen. There was no one there, for the girls was in the dining room taking their supper, and it was dark as pitch; but I knowed where the towels was; so I felt till I found one, and then I wet it under the pump, and wiped off my face carefully. first with the wet end and then the dry one, and then I slipped out quietly to the street, and started up to my cousin's house. It wasn't much of a walk, and I went purty fast, so in about five minutes I was knocking at my cousin's door.

"The house girl came to the door, and when she let me in she looked at me very hard and kind o' grinned a little. And somehow I felt as if every one might guess what I'd come for from my looks; so I got red ag'in, and kind o' turned away my head, for in them days I was rayther bashful.

"She showed me into the parlor and left me there. There was no one there, and so I took up some books on the table and turned 'em over, and tried hard to keep my attention onto 'em, but I was awful narvous and fidgetty.

"It seemed to me an awful long time passed in this way, though I don't really believe it was much over five minutes. At last I heard the nice little patter of a woman's feet in the hall, then the rustle of skirts, and my gal came into the room.

"I must tell you, boys, that though Dot was a mighty good-hearted, clever sort of girl, yet there was a good deal of a sly devil about her. And she often used to poke fun at me, though in such a nice way that I allers rayther liked it. When she came in this time I believed right away that she had guessed what I'd come for, for she had a sly sort o' laugh on her face that I saw she was tryin' to keep in but couldn't. However, that made no difference to me.

"She came up and shook hands with me, told me to take a seat again, and then she sot herself near the door and looked at me and began laughin' ag'in. So, I looked at her and I thought I'd take it easy as she could, and so I laughed at her. And then we both laughed together, and I began to think mebbee I was makin' a fool o' myself, and got a little red, and sot lookin' at her kind o' serious like; and then durned if she didn't roar right out and laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks. Well, you know, boys, being laughed at when you don't know the reason ain't much fun for you; so I sot lookin' at her purty sheepish, I guess. Lord, how she did laugh! She kept going right on until I got skeered for fear she'd laugh herself clean out of the land of the living. And all this time I sot and sot, trying to think what made her laugh. All at once a thought struck me and then I saw it all. Boys, you may have your laugh at me, too, but make some allowance. I believe I did remark fore that a man will make a durned fool of hisself once in a while. This w s one of my *onces!* The conclusion I came to was this, that the gal knowed what I came arter and felt sorter bashful, and was trying to laugh me out of my purpose. Then I got to thinkin' what I'd come for, and jest made up my mind that—laugh or no laugh—I'd tell her what it was. And when I'd once got the idee into my head I thought the best thing was to do it at once.

"So all on a sudden I jumped right up and stepped towards her. I did it so quick like that I believe she was sort o' skeered, for she jumped up too, and backed away from me; but I was bound not to be fooled, so I took her hand and asked her kind o' quiet like to sit down, and then I held on to her hand, and him down on one knee. Boys, she bed her head down, and was breathin' hard, and her cheeks was red as fire. And I believe to this day that if I had spoke then she'd hev had me, rough as I was. But the words never came!"

"How was that?" we asked, eagerly.

"You see, boys," continued the old fellow, mournfully, "I looked around the room to see if any one was lookin' in on me; and when I was spyin' around my eyes happened to drop into myself in a big lookin' glass at the end of the room. Then I knowed what she'd been laughing at. Boys, you've seen Pottawattomies with the paint on, after a chase, when the sweat, paint and grease gets all run together. But that was just nothing to my face at that time.

"It wasn't a nigger black nor a Injun red, nor a white man white nor anything else human, but a durned nasty mixture of everything dirty. Jest as soon as I seed it I knowed what I'd done. When I went back to our kitchen that time I'd got hold o' the cloth the gals used to wipe off the pots with. Well, boys, the gal peeped up and caught me looking at myself, and then she went off in a wuss yell of laughing nor ever. I jumped up and looked purty mad at her for a minute, but she only screamed the louder. Just then I heerd steps comin', and I snatched my hat and jerked open the door, and bounced out into the hall. I bumped smack against some sort of a woman as I went out and turned her over, and she set up a yell; but I never stopped to see who it was; I jumped right out into the street, and never stopped running till I reached my room. The last I heerd was two women-screeches—one of sheer and the other of laugh I Boys, I left that town behind me next morning, and I knowed it was no use of me trying to farm, so I took up my gun, and you see what I've been! I've never seen the place nor heerd of the gal since!"

And, somehow, we couldn't laugh at the queer old figure before us, blinking thoughtfully and quietly over his tobacco pipe.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a scheme like the third of a yard? When it's a foot.

WHEN is a donkey like a bull at? When he's led (lead.)

WHAT word is always pronounced wrong? Wrong, of course. How can the quality of a sermon be discovered? By text sure.

WHY is a hive like a spectator at a show? Because it is a beeholder.

WHY is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Because it turns words into a-words.

WHY are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

WHY is ambition like a weather-cock? Because it is a vain and glittering thing to a-spire.

WHY is the letter R very unfortunate? Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness and misery, is the beginning of riot and rum, and is never found in peace, innocence and love.

BREVITIES.

SEEK the company of the best men.

A BAD sign—to sign another man's name to a note.

KEEP aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of the soul.

AVOID evil speaking, and give your counsel to him who will accept it.

KEEP thy tongue carefully; it may honor, it may also condemn thee.

IF thou wax angry speak little, and that little not vehemently.

THE man who swallowed the story whole was nearly suffocated.

THE "Promised Land"—alternate sections of the Pacific Railroad.

A "BACHELOR'S HALL" is modernised into a "Home for the Friendless."

THE greatest lack of self-respect is exhibited in thanking continually of self.

WHEN the good man dies the tears he in life prevented from flowing are shed.

REGRET not the golden age that is behind. There is one before, and it beckons you.

THE peculiarity of the sea-serpent is that he is not a seen serpent.

DOES a man with one arm have an off-hand way of doing things?

FEW ladies are so modest as to refuse to sit in the lap of luxury.

BENEATH joined hands the gulf of a whole world may divide souls.

MANY a fast young man has knocked a cordwainer out of his boots.

MAJESTIC on the forests and mountains stands the Night before man's heart, and makes it also great.

IF books do not make one good or bad, they at least make one better or worse.

AS to talking, man is the connecting link between the woman and the brute.

BE kind and gay, equable and changeable—that is, of easy manners and not stiff.

ACCUSTOM thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by over exertion.

MANY persons are so fond of fun that they will drink it out of a cup that is only indifferently clean.

AMONG the flowers and the trees Nature takes us into her own hands, and we breathe as freely as the first man.

THE manner in which a parental command is obeyed is of infinitely more importance than the mere fulfilment of it.

UNDER the gorgeous tints of the standards of victory the black crape falls in many a home that never more may put on joy.

SOMETHING of rebellion lurks in the heart of the most submissive, something of mystery in the hearts of the most prosaic.

CHARACTER doesn't depend on diet. The ass eats thistles and nettles, the sharpest of food, and is the dullest of animals.

THERE is no nobler, no higher power than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering and other foolish prate.

IT takes a good deal of time to eat or sleep or to earn money, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life.

PAIN here below is often nothing more than an initiation to something higher—the box on the ear or the sword stroke by which a man is made a knight.

EXCLUSIVE solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious; and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

THE sun rises and sets at the same moment for all, and each may dare to follow it and draw it to himself, as though it shone for him alone and made his joy or his sorrow.

AN old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one and thank you, too.

MEN would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and we know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife.

THERE is a natural rhythm to a man's walk, depending on the length of his legs, which beat more or less rapidly as they are longer or shorter, like the pendulums of different timepieces.

IDLENESS.—Beware of idleness; the listless idleness that lounges and reads without the severity of study; the active idleness forever busy about matters neither very difficult nor very valuable.

CHILDREN love powerful faces. A man with a strong and genial face is at once the favorite of children and dogs, only he can never act with the little jumping troop on the childish playground when grown spectators are in the boxes.

WHEN we look back upon our past lives the ominous words "irrevocable, irreparable—irreparable, irrevocable!" seem to beat to and fro with a dull, muffled sound from the pendulum of the great clock of time.

MERRY MOMENTS.

TRUE IN ONE SENSE.—A writer may be said to be more free than a king, inasmuch as he can "choose his own *subjects!*"

AN AWFUL GLUTTON.—The proprietor of a large hotel told us a short time ago that on that particular day he had had a dinner in every room in his house.

WITHOUT A LINE.—An artist, showing one of his pictures to a critic, said, "It is only an outline, you know." "I should think so," replied the critic, "*every line is out!*"

A NEAT REPLY.—A young girl at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun? The girl, blushing deeply, with hesitancy replied, "It is both *common* and *proper*."

DOING A LANDLORD.—"Do you suppose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply; "I have *done* a great many landlords."

MISPRINTS will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel, who wrote "Drunkenness is Folly," was horrified to read, "Drunkenness is Jolly."

OPINIONS VALUED.—A sporting Quaker puts his bets thus:—"Friend Edward, thee thinks thy horse is faster than mine. I value my opinion at $20. Now, if thee values thy opinion at the same rate, we will put the money together and ask our horses what they think of it, and leave the conclusion to them.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster began one morning the duties of the day with prayer, as usual; but after prayer he went up and asked a little boy why he hadn't shut his eyes during the prayer, when the boy sharply responded, "We are instructed in the Bible to watch as well as pray."

SELF PRAISE.—A distinguished actress was lately introduced to a lawyer in New Orleans, who was not at all backward in sounding his own praise. "He is a very smart man," an acquaintance remarked soon afterwards. "I know it," she replied; he told me so himself."

A TOUGH MEAL.—The clerk of a church in the country recently made the following announcement to the congregation:—"You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the best means of eating the church, and to digest other matters."

A FITTING ERROR.—A gentleman felt very uncomfortable a week or so ago, when, on going to sit for his photograph, he was asked by the artist, who was by no means "happy" in the pronunciation of *some* of his words, whether he wished to have his "*feel*-face taken."

THE DOCTOR KNOWS.—A regimental coffin maker was asked whom he was making for, and mentioned the intended. "Why, he is not dead man!" said the querist. "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other, "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

A STRONG REASON.—"Boys," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minuter." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired, "What is it?" "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

HOW WE LOVE THEM.

A woman with a mighty skirt,
(A drygoods merchant's card)
We must regard her as a flirt
And love her by the yard.
But when we see a pretty maid
Wear gaiters very neat,
Our gaze descends, we're much afraid—
We love her by two feet.
Adoring ladies by the measure
Affords a most ecstatic pleasure.

TAKING THE CHAIR.—"Rap! rap! rap!" "Come in," said the countrywoman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. "Is Mr. Smith at home?" said he. "No, sir; he'll be home in a short time though; take a chair," said Mrs. Smith. He selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off at a rapid rate.

SOFT LIPS.—A lady inscribed on a pane of glass, in one of the parlors of an hotel, "Mr. Davis has the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." A gentleman coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath—

"Then as like as two chips
Are his head an' his legs."

HANG AND REPENT.—"If you go on in that way, sir," said the prisoner in the dock to his counsel, who was defending him with force and fury, and abusing judge and jury in set terms—"if you go on in that way, they'll hang me; I know they will." "Never mind, my boy," replied the counsel, an Irish gentleman, carried away by his own eloquence—"never mind, my boy; let them hang you, and I'll make them repent it."

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BASE BALL.

TRIP OF THE MUTUAL CLUB TO ALBANY AND LANSINGBURGH.

THE GAMES WITH THE NATIONALS AND "HAYMAKERS."

The Mutual Club left town on the 3d inst. for two days' play with the Nationals, of Albany, and Unions, of Lansingburgh, N. Y. At the former place on the 3d instant they met the National Club, the crack club of the capital city, in the first of a series. The game came off at the Van Rensselaer Park, the inclosed ball field of the Nationals. Two thousand persons witnessed the game, the club house and its commodious platform being occupied by the members of the club and their lady friends, while the reserved seats were well filled. A large number of elegant equipages occupied the shady places under the trees at the lower end of the field. The Mutuals arrived on the ground by special car between 2 and 3 o'clock, but it was half past 3 when the game commenced, the delay being occasioned by the non-appearance of one or two of the Nationals.

The Nationals were the first to handle the willow, and in the first three innings scored 11 runs, while by sharp fielding they kept the Mutuals down to 8. At this early stage of the game it became apparent that the Mutuals were not playing as sharp a game as usual, while their opponents were doing right the reverse. The in-fielders were noticeable for their fine play in the second and third innings, Gould disposing of five of the six hands lost, Wolverton assisting three times and Powers and Spelman once each. In this innings Bearman and Shreve made a handsome double play. Powers had made second, when Kretzberger went out at first by Devyr and Bearman. In the meantime Powers had started for third base, but he found the ball there before him, and Shreve touched him out. In the fourth and fifth innings the Mutuals fielded so sharply that the Nationals failed to score. After disposing of their opponents so cleverly in the fourth innings, the Mutuals batted safely for seven runs, the only misplay being by Gould at first. In the fifth innings the Mutuals received their first and only whitewash. Powers caught out Pike and Jewett, Shreve having been previously retired on a foul fly to Cantwell. The totals now stood 15 to 11 in favor of the Mutuals.

In the next innings the Nationals made another brush for the lead, scoring 5 to 2, and leaving them but two behind. In the next three innings, however, the Mutuals scored 16 runs on good batting, making a fine break for 11 in the eighth innings. In the meantime the Nationals only tallied four, the fielding of the Mutuals being very sharp. This left the game in the hands of the Mutuals by a score of 32 to 20. In the seventh innings Spelman and Gould doubled up Wolters and Swandel very neatly. The fielding of the Nationals was first class, and their batting in most of the innings very good. Spelman and Wolverton made excellent play on the in field, the former at short being as good as we ever saw. The out field was well played by Kretzberger and Stimson. The pitching of Waddell was rather bothersome to the Mutuals; one ball would be swift the next one slow, and all delivered so as to deceive the striker. Cantwell was in good play behind the bat, and very few runs were made on passed balls. The Mutuals played wretchedly. Coming up from New York on the Troy boat which landed them at Albany at 4 A. M., they were deprived of their natural rest, and felt more like going to sleep than playing ball. Flanly and Swandel did all of the playing; the rest of the nine played poorly. Devyr was particularly loose in his fielding, making more mistakes than all the rest put together. The umpiring of Mr. Buckley was in the main good, but was marked by several annoying errors of judgment. The score follows:—

NATIONAL.	R.	L.	P.	A.
Cantwell, c	2	3	1	2
Spelman, 2d b	4	2	0	1
Whitney, r f	2	3	0	0
Waddell, p	1	5	0	0
Gould, 1st b	4	2	0	1
Stimson, c f	3	3	0	2
Powers, s s	0	4	1	2
Kretzberger, l f	0	5	1	2
Wolverton, 3d b	3	1	1	1
Totals	17	27	3	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Nationals	4	3	4	0	0	5	1	0	2—20
Mutuals	4	1	3	0	0	0	3	11	1—33

Umpire—Mr. Buckley, of the Irvington Club, of Irvington, N. J. Scorers—Messrs. Garfield and Coit. Out on fouls—National, 5; Mutual, 4. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

MUTUAL.	R.	L.	P.	A.
McMahon, r f	4	3	1	1
Devyr, s s	3	2	0	1
Wolters, p	2	3	0	0
Swandel, c f	3	2	1	0
Stockman, 3d b	1	2	2	1
Pike, 1 f	1	5	0	0
Jewett, c	4	3	0	1
Bearman, 1st b	2	2	0	0
Flanly, 2d b	2	4	1	2
Totals	22	27	5	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	5—
Nationals	0	0	4	0	0	1	1	2	4—12

Home runs—Mills, 1. Out on foul balls—Irvington, 5; Mutual, 2. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Chapman and McConnell. Time of game—Two hours.

MUTUAL vs. UNION.

At 12 o'clock on Tuesday, Aug 4th, the Mutuals and their friends left the Delavan House for Troy, in ten coaches, and arrived at Rensselaer Park shortly after 1. A large crowd was present at this early hour, and when the game commenced there were fully 4,000 people present. The "Haymakers" were on hand to welcome their friends, and the greeting was a very cordial one. The Mutuals, when they appeared on the field, looked a different set of men from what they appeared the day before, and judging from what they said they felt a hundred per cent. better. The nine had been strengthened by the arrival of Stockman, and the greatest confidence was manifested among the friends of the New York club at their chances of success. The friends of the Union were equally confident, and for an hour before the game commenced speculation on the result was very brisk. From three to five thousand dollars must have been wagered on the result of the game at evens, nearly all of which was won by Troy men. After waiting half an hour for Mr. Charles Mills, of the Atlantics, who was expected to arrive by the 1 o'clock train, Mr. McDonald, of the Niagara Club of Buffalo, was chosen to fill the position of umpire. After this had been settled, another half hour was lost by the refusal of the captains of the Mutuals to allow any one to run for Rus, the pitcher of the Unions. It appears that Rus, although an excellent pitcher, is unable to run, from some cause not stated, and that it has been the custom heretofore to allow some one to run for him. After considerable "chin music" had been indulged in, the point was conceded, and the game commenced.

Craver was the first to handle the willow, and giving Flanly a chance on an easy catch, retired; Ward hit to Devyr and was halted at first; Davis was very difficult to suit, and finally took his base on three balls and worried the third on passed balls; McAtee was also given his base on three balls, Davis coming in. Flynn sent a sky-rocket to McMahon, which Billy secured, and the innings closed for one run, McAtee being left. McMahon led off for the Mutuals with a safe hit; Devyr struck out, the umpire calling two strikes on him; Wolters went to first on a grounder and brought McMahon home; Swandel sent Wolters home and himself to second on a fine hit to centre field, and came in on Stockman's stroke; the latter went to second on a passed ball and to third on Pike's hit, which McAtee threw to first in time to cut "Lip" off; Jewett was third out, McAtee and M. King also attending to him, Stockman being left at third. Score 3 to 1

M. King hit a hot one to Wolters, who fielded it to Bearman. Rus took the bat, and the general impression was, that as he cannot bat any better than he can run, he was sure to go out; but he had received his instructions, and persistently refused to strike, although Wolters pitched him several balls just where he called for them, waist high; his "patience" was finally rewarded, and his "dummy" took first base, stole second, went to third on a passed ball, and came in on S. King's high hit to centre field, which looked as if it was going twenty feet over the fielder's head, but Swandel backed out well, judged it accurately, and caught it with his left hand amid great applause; Penfield fell a victim to the same player on an easy catch, and the innings closed for one run. Bearman should have been out at first, but King dropped the ball, and Charley held his base; Flanly sent a grounder between second and third and went to first; McMahon hit to right field, and the bases were all full; Devyr brought Bearman and Flanly home by hitting safely to left field; McMahon went to second and had a chance to reach third, the ball being badly handled, S. King throwing to catcher instead of third base; Billy had got half way to third, and not going back to second very leisurely, when Craver threw to Ward, and McMahon was nicely put out; Devyr worked round to third, and came in on Wolters' long hit to centre field, which gave him two bases; Wolters went to third on a passed ball, and home on Swandel's hit to third, which Penfield threw very accurately to first, retiring the striker; Jewett struck out, two strikes being called on him. This finished the innings for four runs, and left the totals 7 to 2, a handsome majority for the Mutuals.

The "Haymakers" didn't seem to mind it, however, and went pluckily to work to make the score more even. This was an unlucky innings for the Mutuals, and was, in reality, the turning point in the game. Craver took his base on called balls; Ward hit to Devyr, and a double play should have resulted, but Tommy muffed the ball, and both men were safe; Davis gave Stockman a chance to show off his abilities as a swift and accurate thrower, and was halted at first; Craver and Ward, having in the meantime moved to second and third, came on McAtee's long hit between centre and right field, on which "Butcher" went to second; Flynn hit a sky-scraper to right field, which McMahon caught and dropped; McAtee went sailing for third and Flynn for second at this display of muffinism, the former getting home; M King got to first on a safe hit, and Flynn to third; Rus hit to Flanly, who caught it nicely, and seeing Flynn off his base threw to Stockman; the ball hit the ground at the latter's feet and went flying out into the crowd, and Flynn and King got home; S. King closed the innings by giving Pike a chance on a fly catch, which that gentleman accepted. Bearman, waiting for a good ball, went out on strikes, two of which were called on him; Flanly made a beautiful hit to left centre field and came home on McMahon's stroke to right field, on which Billy went to second, where he was left by Devyr and Wolters flying out to S. and M. King. The score now stood 8 to 7, with the Unions but one behind—quite a change for one innings.

In the fifth innings the Mutuals went in for another run, Penfield making his base on a dropped fly ball by McMahon and stealing to third; Craver and Ward were both nicely fielded out by Flanly to Bearman, Penfield scoring; Davis was third out to Devyr and Bearman. Swandel and Stockman both scored for the Mutuals, Bearman and Flanly being left. With the totals 10 to 8 in their favor, the Mutuals were still hopeful, although there was something about the action of the umpire in giving the "Haymakers" bases on called balls and in calling strikes on the Mutuals which had a depressing effect. In the fifth innings the Unions scored four runs after two hands were out, a close decision on fouls causing considerable comment. In this innings Rus again took his base on called balls, and made his second run without having hit the ball. An exceedingly sharp play of Craver's in this innings gave the Mutuals their first white wash, and caused still further depression among the New Yorkers. Devyr had made first base and Wolters was at the bat; the umpire called two strikes, and Wolters struck once ineffectually; Craver dropped the ball, picked it up quickly, sent it to second, and Ward threw it to first, thus doubling them up; Swandel immediately after went out on a fly to centre field, and the innings closed with the Unions in the lead by a score of 12 to 10. The uproar at this time was deafening, and Craver's sharpness was much applauded. The Mutuals, believing that the umpire was partial in his feelings, lost all confidence in themselves at this point, and made no effort to win the game. In the last four innings the "Haymakers" had everything their own way, scoring 10 runs, while the Mutuals made but 2. The final totals were 22 to 12.

At the conclusion of the game one of the wildest excitement ensued. The large crowd rushed to the centre of the field and surrounded the "Haymakers," who were the recipients of a perfect ovation at the hands of their friends. The Mutuals were somewhat depressed, but took their defeat with the best possible grace. The few friends whom they had made by their manly way of playing assured them of their sympathy. The carriages were soon reached, and in a few minutes the excursionists were on their way to Albany. They reached this city on the morning of the 5th, in the steamer St. John. The score follows:—

UNION.	R.	L.	P.	A.
Craver, c	4	2	0	0
Ward, 2d b	3	0	0	0
Davis, c f	3	3	0	2
McAtee, s s	3	2	1	0
Flynn, r f	5	1	0	1
M. King, 1st b	2	3	0	1
Rus, p	2	3	0	0
S. King, 3d b	3	3	0	3
Penfield, 3d b	2	3	0	1
Totals	27	22	1	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	1	5	1	4	3	4	2	1—22
Mutual	4	1	2	0	1	0	1	2	1—12

Out on foul balls—Union, 5; Mutual, 1. Umpire, Mr. McDonald, of the Niagara Club, of Buffalo. Scorers—Messrs. Scofield and White. Time of game—Three hours.

MAGENTA vs. PACIFIC.

A game of base ball took place between the above named junior clubs, at Hoboken, N. J., on Saturday, Aug. 1st, which resulted in a victory for the Magenta by the following score:—

MAGENTA.	R.	L.	P.	A.
H. Mendelson, c	1	3		
Wood, p	3	2		
Sharkey, 1st b	3	2		
Noonen, 2d b	1	3		
Kramer, 3d b	2	2		
Haynes, s s	2	3		
Frye, l f	2	3		
Carlin, c f	0	0		
H. Symes, r f	2	1		
Total	15			

PACIFIC.	R.	L.	P.	A.
McCann, r f	2	1		
Thompson, p	3	1		
Dodd, 1st b	3	2		
H. Mendelson, 2d b	0	1		
Worden, 3d b	2	2		
Fowler, s s	2	3		
Meyers, l f	1	3		
Vannote, c f	1	0		
Flanagan, r f	1	0		
Total	15			

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Magenta	7	6	0	0	2—15
Pacific	2	0	5	2	1— 8

Umpire—Mr. Johnson. Scorers—Messrs. Dwyer and Neidhart. Time of game—One hour and thirty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. IRVINGTON.

The return game of this match, which came off on the 5th inst., was as pretty a display of fielding as has been witnessed this season. Neither club scored till the third innings, so sharp was the fielding. The Mutuals were the first to break the ice, making four runs on good hits, helped by a little muffing. The Irvington scored the same number in the next two innings, and the game was a tie. In the last four innings, however, the Mutuals scored 8 and the Irvingtons 3, and the game closed with the small score of 12 to 7. In the last innings it was very exciting, and but for an error of the umpire in not calling "foul" bad enough it might have been more so. The Irvingtons had made 3 runs, and Buckley was on third base, but seeing a chance to get home on a passed ball from a missed foul tip, did not hear the call of the umpire, and was put out before he could get back. The score follows:—

IRVINGTON.	R.	L.	P.	A.
Mills, s s	3	1	1

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

N. C. Forrester, L. Mays, J. A. McVeigh, Richard Clark, Sol Smith Russell, O. H. Hess, Low Gaylord, Maginley & Carroll, Thalia, Harry Stanwood, Harvey Dodworth, Edmond Coles, John Gilman, Billy Manning, J. S. Murphy, W. J. Hurley, Charles Hart, J. H., Alfred Moe, J. W. Shannon, C. A. Christy, S. O. Wheeler, W. H. Taylor, James Collins, Alfred Ireland, J. Tannenbaum, Geo. Sands, Sam Sharpley, Thos. Warhurst, William Thompson, George Pardey, D. P. Templeton, Harry Clifford, Charles B. Griste, C. Lorant, John N. Moulder, John Foster, Yankee Glenn, M. L. Townsend (2), Mattie Fiske, Victoria Howard, Varian Hoffman, Emma Stuart, Lou Irving, Emilie Yates, Anna Waite (2), Eliza Newton, Mrs. H. Breban, Lucie Clinetop,

J. E. Green, Jake Budd, Charles Pettengill, Billy West, John Trewalla, Warren Combination, George Maxwell, Louis Montaldi, Wm. Novisimo, Peak Bell Ringers, Henry Linden, Oscar Horton, D. O. Hunter, John Robinson, Doc Chambers, Ben Yates, W. R. Hayden, Harry Stubblebine, Henry Young, Charles Gardner, Arnold Jones, Leon De Berger, R. V. Ferguson (2), T. L. Donnelly, W. H. Bellamy, C. B. Reynolds (2), Wm. Peak, H. B. Dies, Pete Lee, W. J. M. Halpin, George Hutchinson, James Wambold, J. F. Noyes, W. H. Leak, Wm. S. Raymond, Fred. Maeder, R. H. Thompson, Selden Irwin, J. E. Hasel, Anna Byron, Julia De Lee, Annie Gibbons, Nellie Webster, Bessie Clifton, Mary Woodruff, Ada Granell, Lottie Howland, Fanny Hernandez, Mary Gladstane,

Johnny Keegan, Richard Willis, J. W. Burton, Geo. Castello, Robert Wade, R. J. Mayning, George Bowers, Charles Pope, John Templeton, C. H. Duprez (2), Samuel Cole, George W. Benson, Frank Kerns, Flem Adams, Harry Churchill, George Detendorf, Joe Lang, Pete Heavey, Henri Stuart, John De Pol, N. D. Roberts, Thayer & Noyes, Thomas Dougherty, B. Macauly, Frank Knight, Oliver Wren (2), R. A. Warren, G. A. Whitney, F. Buckingham (19c), Wm. Armour, E. W. Marston, Frank Whitcher, Tommy Winnett (2), W. R. Hayden, Billy Dwyer, John K. Verner, Edward Hincken, W. A. Boswell, Kittie Lee, Miss Bryce, Millie Blair, Josie Zanfretta, Julia Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Jas. Dickson, Lena Warner, Mrs. Thos. Hodge, Albertini Miller, Miss Annie Blake.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Aug. 10th, 1868.

THE TIDE is beginning to turn—the bottom of the dog-house trunk has been reached—the last dollar is gasping in the tight grasp of its owner—and homeward is the word of the mass of those who have been spending their means and the heated term together at the summer resorts. On Broadway we now see a score of faces that have failed to greet us on the shady side while old Sol ruled the roast. At the theatres a few representatives of the legitimate *habitues* are to be met with, all glad to get back once more to the comforts and conveniences and pleasures of a city life. Those who cater for our amusement are showing signs of activity preparatory to an early resumption of their business. New theatres are building, old ones are being brightened and rejuvenated, while a few have already commenced operations for the season. Managers who have heretofore held back, undecided what to do in anticipation of dull times consequent upon the progress of an exciting Presidential campaign, are now moving, though somewhat cautiously, and engagements are being signed, sealed and delivered in due form. The players who have been so well bestowed in the mountain tops, in the valleys' cool and refreshing shades, at the springs, the seaside, and other rural retreats, are buckling on their armor for the "arduous duties" of another season. A couple of weeks more and then the curtain rises upon new scenes and acts, and the frivolities of life at watering places will give place to the gayeties of our usual carnival of city amusements, when new sights will be brought to our notice, and new plays and curiosities introduced such as you perhaps never heard of before. Rhymes about

CURIOUS CURIOSITIES.

Did you ever see a Dodo?
Or hear an Elephant sing?
Did you ever see a Pelican
Dancing the Highland Fling?
Did you know that the Terrapin never drinks,
Was a well established fact?
Did you ever see a Gorilla
Doing the bare backed act?
Did you ever see a Wallapuss
Eating an Irish stew?
Or a white Ourang-Outang, whose eyes
Were really mazarine blue?
Did you ever see a Learned Seal
Eating chowder like mad?
What! never saw or knew any of these?
Well—we didn't suppose you had.

.....What a beautiful day it is! There we go—the weather will turn up, whether we will it or no. Mankind owes a debt of gratitude to the weather generally. How many a lovesick swain would be unblessed if he had had no weather to dash at and draw courage from in his first attack upon the fortress of Sarah Johnson's tender heart? How many a man would have a good, honest friend the less had he not been enabled to assert in bland tones to a stranger that it was a "fine day," or a "bad day," as the case might be? How many an author would yet be nibbling at his quill and encouraging premature baldness by scratching out ideas, if he could not have written "on a balmy day in June?" Where would that popular novelist James have been, for instance? How many a poet would have left the virgin page in its pristine purity could he not have sung of "gentle spring," of ye "summer days," or the "blowing winds?" And, lastly, how many would have written thus far had we not a *weather with a* vengeance at the time of *writin'*, when we must dash *right in* to our subject, or flounder about like our fat friend Dubessy, who can't swim when in the *surf at* Long Branch? Not being acquainted with the requirements of our *journal*, he requested us to accompany him on his *periodical trip*. We told fatty that although *he* could afford to be *surfeit*-ed with pleasure, we could not satisfy *his whim*. He therefore attempted *his swim* alone. "There's plenty of fun going on now," says our enthusiastic friend Peebles, but "we don't see it." How can we, when we're compelled to go ahead full *steam*, and even sit on the safety valve until our lucubrations are in the hands of our *esteemed* readers, who require as much attention in hot weather as at any other time; so that if a poor editor happens to have *his team*—which he would indeed *esteem* a freak of *fortune* (*for June*, July and August are hard months) it may be long *before* he can sit *behind* them. [You will perceive that we have italicised the hard words, so that you may understand that there is nothing in them over which to waste your valuable time and patience). This is political economy on our part, although we *eschew* politics. Nothing annoys us so much as to hear a friend after he has taken *his chew* (and perchance a glass of peppermint water) as a sort of *lunch*, to *launch* out into a political disquisition. All very good in *its* way, no doubt, but not at all in *our* way. So many good and bad people, too, who know about as much of the subject as we do of the last Fejee hymn book, are to be met on the *rialto* that its enough to make our head *reel to* hear their *dizzy disser*-tations. Well might the Scotchman have applied the same definition to politics as he did to some abstruse science or other when he was asked to describe it. "Well," said he, "it's jost this—when *twa* man are talking thegither, and the *ane* does na ken what the *ither* means, and the *tane* does *na ken* what he means *hissel!*" Therefore, let us make a *stand* against the subject as we exclaim:—"*Quantum suf.*"......Some of the dancing girls are with us still, notwithstanding the abdication of those leggish vehicles—the "Black Crook" and "White Fawn." In conjunction with that friend of our earlier days, "Humpty Dumpty," that poet of motion—Rita Sangalli—continues to fascinate the patrons of the Olympic with her brilliant gyrations. "First upon the heel tap and then upon the toe," the charming Rita turns our heads while revolving in her own circle. In honor of this unassuming artist, we throw some verses at the shrine of her loveliness, and these are the words we say unto her:—

SANGALLI RHITORNELLA.

Fairest Sangalli,
Thou art the sprite
Lurest men's senses
Night after night;
Floating in air
Like a flake of soft down,
Flitting to dazzle
The eyes of the town,
Stealing our hearts
And our senses away,
Love's rhitornella,
List to our lay.

Were we an Ottoman
(Not that stuffed thing
That's found in our parlors—
A man 'tis we sing),
We'd build a palace
By Bosphorus side,
Pile on thee fortunes
Fit for a bride;
Thou should'st have jewels
Sparkling and rare,
Coryphees, also,
Bewitching and fair.

Were we a monarch,
Thou should'st be Queen,
Were courtiers stubborn,
Thy dancing, we ween,
Would win to our measures
The stubbornest male,
Nor yet should a slander
Thy fair fame assail.
Were we a woodsman,
Thy dwelling should be
Reared in the greensward
Fashioned for thee.
Were we a rover,
On old ocean's breast,
Our bark thy home should be,
In these arms pressed.

Leaping and skipping,
Twirling along,
Like some bright bird
Its own bowers among;
Nymph of the flashing eyes,
Whom all adore,
Bounding as though
Thou hadst pinions to soar;
Vision of grace
With our dreams thou art blent—
Love's rhitornella,
Say, why wert thou sent?

.....We recently heard of a funny case which we hasten to lay before our numerous readers; it was that of a young actress who was fined ten dollars for kissing a young man—heir to his father's wealth—against his will. We hesitated to believe it at first, but "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" compelled us to knock under. We sympathise with the young person of the first part. She doubtless committed the act "with a view to *matrimony*," but it proved to be a *matter of money* to her in another way [old gag]. The young heir was a disagreeable *cuss* to complain of the *action* of the actress and bring an *action* against her for kissing him. Just let her try her *hand*—no, we mean her pretty *lips* on us; we are not so *refined* as to want her *fined* for it; we promise her that it shall not prove such a blunder *buss* between us, gentle reader; no, by our halidom, we will be on hand with a *rebuss*......We spent half an hour at Saratoga the other day, and like everybody else at that famous, or *inn* famous resort, we became very *dry early* in the morning, the result of a very heavy *eat late* the night before. Seeing a large crowd of thirsty, dissipated creatures around a water trough, all eagerly, and very ill-manneredly, as *we* thought, trying to get the first swig, we halted at the "fountain of life," and made bold enough to ask the drawer of water for a cup of the clear, sparkling beverage. "Them there *gentlemen* has to be waited on first," says he in a blasphemous tone of voice, and then the whole of that drinking crowd laughed at our discomfiture. We never winced, for we are used to being laughed at; but quietly taking a campaign medal from out of our trowsers pocket, and holding it up to the astonished gaze of that sarcastic boy, whose very eyes watered as he beheld it—for it looked very like a silver quarter—he instantly saw the situation, and handed us a foaming tumbler of the water, which we drank and returned the deceptive medal to our capacious pocket. "Say, Mister," yelled out the funny little boy, "you forget the quarter." "Oh, no, my honest friend," we replied, "them there *gentlemen* may be 'll recompense you." You never saw a chap so chapfallen as that fragile youth was, but we gave him no quarter during the half hour we surrounded the water trough. As we were drinking the beverage obtained in such a surreptitious manner, one of the laughing *gentlemen* says to us, says he:—"Is that ice water?" "It was last winter!" was our quiet rejoinder, and the whole of that dissipated crowd gave the gentleman such a drawbridge as he will not soon forget. He at once assumed the part of "first walking gent," and took the first train for home......Among the prodigies mentioned as likely to be brought before the public the coming season is a little girl only four years of age, who is reported to play forty tunes correctly on the piano. By all means bring her out, for if she can play *forty* tunes on the piano *forte*, music must certainly be her *forte*. ......"Our Jim," whose profound thoughts frequently carry him back to the misty days of antiquity, thinks he can trace a decided resemblance between George Francis Train and the trading galleys of the Venetian merchants on their voyages, for, like them, says "Jim," George in his speeches generally starts to Roam, Constant-in-no-pull, and then continues to Babble-on and Tyre!......Of the incongruities of the stage and its devotees, we could write seven or eight columns, but we do not intend to inflict such a dose upon you at this unseemly season of the year. Our poetic machine shall do duty in this matter, and with the turn of the crank we set it off on the subject of

THEATRICAL INCONGRUITIES.

Oh dear, what a farce is this life that we lead,
In which such sad dramas each hour we read,
And how little we think as to please you we aim,
We ourselves are but playing the old double game.

To-night I appear as a wealthy nabob,
Who gives entertainments a fortune that cost,
With a brace of poor nephews who feed on my purse,
And swear if I don't come down soundly they're lost.
I marry my nieces to princes and peers,
And grumble because I'm o'erloaded with pelf,
Yet my supper of bread and cheese often consists,
And no fortune I have save my talented self.

Oft a golden tiara encircles my head,
And for splendor my court is of world-wide renown;
Affairs of a kingdom I dictate at will,
And give heads to the scaffold for craving my crown;
I go forth in full panoply battles to fight,
And die like a man ere to treason I'll bend;
Yet am brisk as a cricket when at the Boar's Head
I afterward sing comic songs without end.

As a convict escaped, hurried music the while,
I enter strange house to avoid hue and cry,
And help myself freely to all that I see,
As one who such chances let's never go by;
Or thunder fierce oaths as a bold buccaneer,
Though never at sea in my life have I been,
And blow up my ship ere to foemen I'll strike,
And die like a chief 'mid the orchestra's din.

I'm the nifty young chap that makes love to the girls,
Though my wife is past forty, and twenty young brats
On my pocket make forays that leave me dead broke,
And drive me half mad with their rows and their spats;
Or as clown set the audience all in a roar,
While at home a death shadow is resting perchance,
And my heart breaks while, smothering grief as I can,
I play antics and join in the gay comic dance.

......And this reminds us that it is time to ring down the curtain on the prologue of our play and commence the real business of the week, showing new companies formed, old ones disbanded, managers seeking for people and people for managers, together with all the entrances and exits in the dramatic world, the movements of actors and actresses, minstrels, circus people, dancing girls, singers and of everybody that helps to swell the aggregate of our theatrical population. Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Behold the players and their plays:—

THE FOLLOWING THEATRES and other places of amusement will be in operation during the coming season:—Olympic Theatre, Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre, Wallack's, Old Bowery, Broadway, Theatre Comique, Niblo's, French Theatre, Pike's Opera House, Academy of Music, Edwin Booth's Theatre, Wood's Metropolitan Theatre and Museum, John Brougham's Theatre, Stadt Theatre, Lent's New York Circus, Bryants' Minstrels, San Francisco Minstrels, Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, Tony Pastor's, besides a number of halls devoted to concerts, panorama exhibitions, &c. In these many theatres and halls entertainments of almost every description will be presented, and every taste will be gratified. Shakespeare and tragedy will be the feature at one or two houses, comedy at other places, burlesque at another, pantomime at another, genteel comedy at another; melo-drama will receive attention; French and German plays will be offered for the entertainment of our foreign relations; horse opera and acrobatic business will meet the wants of *habitues* of the circus, and a higher order of minstrelsy will be furnished to those who favor that style of amusement. Italian opera and the *ballet* will likewise have a place, and eccentric comedy and variety features will present their claims for a share of public patronage. There promises to be a very animated competition among managers, and each will strive to merit favor, encouragement and pecuniary remuneration. The opening of so many places does not imply that managers are fearful of injurious results from what promises to be an exciting political campaign. Although business is dull, and money not so plentiful as in former seasons, theatrical and similar entertainments are growing in favor in this country, and if managers present good plays, good performers, and the proper scenery and auxiliaries, the public will reward their efforts. But inferior performances will not succeed in the coming race for popular favor; and managers, aware of this fact, are scouring the market, both here and in Europe, for the best available talent. The metropolis is bidding high for "artists of respectability," and already a number of first-class performers are on their way from Europe, bound for New York. In this department of the present issue of the CLIPPER will be found the names of performers engaged for various theatres here and in other sections of the country, while other managers are advertising in our columns for people, and people are advertising for positions. Everybody connected with theatricals is beginning to exhibit a go-ahead spirit, despite the Presidential controversy. Clear the track, then, for the campaign of 1868-9. A fair field, no favor, and may the most deserving win.

THERE IS NO CHANGE in the bill at Niblo's excepting the suppression of the straddling feature indulged in by Irma, and the verdigris operations of Aujax. The opera of "Barbe Bleu" runs more smoothly now, and the attendance, owing to the liberality of the management in distributing free tickets, has been quite good for this time of the year.

JOHN BROUGHAM concluded a lengthy engagement at Wallack's Theatre on August 8th, his new play, the "Lottery of Life," running through the season. We presume that Mr. B. will now devote his time and attention to the necessary arrangements for opening the theatre in 24th street, of which he is to be manager.

LOTTA—"only this and nothing more"—opens an engagement at Wallack's Theatre this evening in a new five act drama, written for her by Edmund Falconer, entitled "Fire Fly, or the Friend of the Flag." It is to be presented with new scenery, costumes, machinery and music, the bill informs us, and with the following cast:—Fire Fly, the Friend of the Flag, Lotta; Harold Cecil, passing as Louis Victor, Chas. Fisher; The Duke of Lyonnaise, friend to Louis, B. T. Ringgold; Berkley Cecil, brother to Harold, C. H. Rockwell; Ben Arslan, a Zouave, George Holland; Rake, Harold's own man, E. Lamb; Col. Chateauroy, Theodore Hamilton (his first appearance); Marshal McDonald, T. J. Hind; Shadrick Levi, T. McWade (his first appearance); Claude Chaurillon, T. Milton; Alcide, J. Hogan; Beauchamp, W. J. Leonard; Millbank, W. H. Pope; Barbe Grise, H. George; Arab Shiek, L. J. Williams; First Arab, P. H. Wilson; Officer, H. Jacobs; Orderly, J. McGee; Aid-de-Camp, J. Quigley; Tata Leroux, J. T. Ward; Venetia, Princess of Corona, Miss Le Claire Phillips (her first appearance),

COL. ALVIN F. LLOYD, formerly connected with various minstrel bands, is now in the city, managing a short season at the New York Theatre. His friends may be pleased to learn of his whereabouts.

THE BUISLAY FAMILY and Butler pantomine troupe are the chief attractions of the Old Bowery Theatre.

THE HEAVY RAIN of Saturday last played havoc with *matinees*, there being scarcely a corporal's guard at any of them. The storm opened just before the doors opened, and continued until they closed.

"FOUL PLAY" was produced at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on Monday evening, Aug. 3d. Those who have read the novel can appreciate the difficulty of dealing dramatically with it, so unsuited is it for stage representation. The action is hurried throughout. The early part jumps in a hurried manner over scenes in London, Oxford, New South Wales and a homeward bound vessel on the Pacific Ocean, then back again to London; then again to the Pacific Ocean. Though possessing no claim to be considered a great play, or a good work of art, it is a clever and ingeniously constructed drama. The adaptation contains many faults, as well as several good points. Some of the characters are badly sketched, while others are conventional and stagy. There are several excellent situations. There is not one good acting part in the whole piece, but the most successful ones are Hawkins, the detective, by Fred. Maeder, and Joe Wylie by J. B. Studley. Both of these gentlemen infuse considerable spirit into their characters and they are the features of the piece. What little Mary Wells and J. G. Burnett had to do was well done. Mr. Harkins did not appear to as favorable advantage in the *roles* of Robert Penfold, James Seaton and Hazel as was expected. He did not seem to have a just conception of the characters and was in some of his scenes very careless. McKee Rankin was passable as Arthur, Louisa Hawthorne was favorably received as Helen and did justice to the *role*. Jane Fisher, daughter of Charles Fisher, made her first appearance on the stage as Sarah. For a first appearance she was successful. Her manner is free, easy and graceful, and what little there was for her to do received full justice. The manner in which the piece is placed upon the stage reflects credit upon no one, and the sinking ship scene was a disgrace to any establishment. It was a great deal worse than a similar scene in De Walden's play of "British Neutrality," at the Olympic, two seasons ago. Imagine the effect upon an audience of the sea cloth being pulled down the stage and a lot of boys in their shirt sleeves rushing on the stage from the first entrance, and diving under the cloth and jumping about in a wild manner. Then the sinking ship was one of the most accommodating we ever saw. When it was supposed to sink, Robert Penfold was on deck, and as it went down it left him across the bulwarks with one foot resting upon the deck, thus saving him in a truly miraculous manner. The clashing together of the yards on the mast in order to fall through the stage was another "good thing;" but the most laughable was when the mast fell; the fly, upon which was painted the topmast, hung there perfectly unconcerned, giving the "catastrophe" a very odd look. The bungling manner in which this scene was arranged caused bursts of laughter, and was enough to damn the success of any piece. There was great dissatisfaction occasioned among the audience owing to the fact that the prices of admission were advanced in every part of the house. This was done without any notice being given of it through the public prints. The regular *habitues* on paying for an orchestra seat found that they had been advanced from $1 to $1 50, the parquet seats from 50 cents to one dollar, and all those who purchased fifty cent seats had to go up stairs. Then there were gentlemen who, having purchased seats for themselves and ladies, found one seat on the right of the orchestra and the other on the left, and when they changed them, to make it still worse, one was up stairs and the other down. Quite an incident occurred the first night, which shows the liberality of the management. Mrs. Worrell and Sophie came down from their country seat to witness the performance, when the manager—who is no other than Col. Alvin Lloyd, ex-manager of two defunct minstrel bands—refused them admittance, and that, too, in not very gentlemanly terms. He also had a notice on the programmes that the Worrell Sisters were in no way connected with the management of this theatre, which is incorrect, as Mr. Lloyd has merely rented it for four weeks, and the Worrell Sisters are still the lessees of the establishment. The house was comfortably filled the first night, and business continued fair throughout the week.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND METROPOLITAN THEATRE is fast approaching completion, and, it is thought, will be in order by the 31st inst., when it is to be opened with Maggie Mitchell as the star attraction, who will bring out her new piece on the opening night. A *matinee* will be given each day, when an English operetta troupe will appear in a light entertainment. Among the principal artists are Susan and Blanche Galton, nieces of Louisa Pyne; Mr. Thompson, baritone; Mr. Whiffin, tenor; and Mrs. Galton. Among the living curiosities will be found the Siamese Twins, Miss Swan, the giantess, the Albino children, the dwarf Gen. Grant, and several others, including Sophia Gantz, the "baby woman," who is said to be only three years of age, yet, in every respect, as fully developed as a woman of twenty years of age. Over thirty tons—ship measurement—of curiosities brought from Europe by Mr. Colville, are being put in their proper places in the various departments of the building.

A. W. YOUNG returns to Wallack's Theatre next season.

HARRY LANGDON has been engaged for Booth's Theatre.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE has been fitted up in magnificent style during the time it has been closed. The stage has been overhauled, all the seats in the parquet, dress circle and gallery newly stuffed and upholstered with a handsome red striped fabric. The dome has been re-painted as well as the entire auditorium. The proscenium has been handsomely frescoed, and the pillars touched up in gold, the prevailing color of the house being blue tint and gold. One hundred and eighty-six patent iron uplifting chairs, similar to those used at Niblo's, have been placed in the orchestra. New matting has been laid on the floors and in the lobby, which has also been re-painted and fixed up. Everything has been done to improve the house, and it is now one of the best arranged and handsomest theatres in this city. The season commences on the 17th inst. with W. H. Lingard as the principal attraction. It is the intention of the management to wipe out all traces of the music hall business and conduct it as a vaudeville and variety theatre, not permitting any negro acts on the stage.

TONY PASTOR opened his season at his Opera House, in the Bowery, on the 3d inst. The company remains the same as last season, excepting the addition of Helene Smith and Johnny Thompson. The last named performer was unable to appear on the opening night, having been sick for several days; but he, much against the wishes of his friends, appeared on the 4th, and was pretty weak. He got through his performances, and continued on during the week. Each performer received a warm welcome, and the show went off very well. Johnny Thompson was favorably received, and, at the close of his song and dance, gave on the *encore* his performances on nearly every brass and string instrument in the orchestra. Miss Alice Somers shows signs of improvement in her clog dancing, and receives an *encore* each evening. Jennie Engel sang a number of songs, which were heartily applauded. Tony Pastor appeared in a *melange* of songs, singing, for the first time here, George Leybourne's, the English vocalist, song of the "Clown in the Pantomime," and "Lights that we see in the City." Business was pretty good during the week.

THE BRYANTS make no change in their programme this week, Eugene's burlesque of "Ill True Bad-Doer" continuing in favor with the audiences. The Bryants are busily engaged on a new burlesque written expressly for them by John Brougham, for which they are said to have paid $2,000, and which, we are told, exceeds in wit his burlesque of "Pocahantas."

MRS. JEAN LANDER opens the season at the Broadway Theatre on the 31st inst. Mr. and Mrs. Florence, who are expected home early in September, will follow, with a new piece.

VERY RICH.—A few weeks since a manager called upon a critic attached to a daily paper and informed him that he was about to present a new musical entertainment to the notice of the public, that he had the use of a column or two in a certain weekly paper, and that he would like the aforesaid critic to write him a long and favorable notice of the coming performance, which article he intended to publish in the columns of the weekly alluded to. The plot of the piece, the cast, artists' business, incidents, etc., were furnished the critic, and in due time a most excellent notice, "written to order," was handed to the worthy manager, who, we presume, passed over the equiv. for the same and the "little arrangement" was thus completed. The following issue of the weekly, "controlled by the manager," contained "this first rate notice," and in a few days thereafter the writer copied it into his daily, without giving credit to the paper in which it originally appeared. This excited the ire of the editor of the weekly, who, being unacquainted with the real authorship of the article, pitched into the daily with "unrelenting fury," calling the musical editor of that journal "a lazy, worthless, inefficient person, of small brains and bad manners," who, "lacking the energy and ability to honestly earn his salary as a musical critic, steals from the weekly a well written article on a current topic, *obtained by us at some cost and a good deal of labor*," etc; and otherwise giving the unfortunate musical critic a heavy dose of pepper. What the feelings of the irate weekly gentleman must have been when he discovered that the article which cost "us a good deal of labor," etc., *was written by the "lazy, inefficient and worthless person,"* may be better imagined than described.

B. F. and JOHN TRYON, from Boston, Mass., and well known in the profession, were in this city the past week.

M. C. DALY, the low comedian, while coming to this city on August 4th, from Rondout, was robbed of a trunk containing his wardrobe, valued at $400. Mr. Daly discovered that during the night his trunk key and check had been stolen from his pocket, and his trunk had been carried away before he appeared to claim it. Detectives took charge of the case and were successful in discovering the thief and recovering the property.

A PALPABLE HIT.—If the production of "Foul Play" at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, on the 3d inst., did not make as palpable a hit as anticipated, there was, nevertheless, one hit made. It appears that Mr. D. H. Harkins, the stage manager, was not pleased with affairs as conducted by the stage carpenter, and after indulging in some rather unpleasant remarks, made a break for the man, Denham, and in return Denham went for Harkins, resulting in the latter receiving an ugly cut over the eye, which so grieved said vision that it immediately went into deep mourning. We are told that as soon as the scrimmage was started, Denham was joined by his assistants, and all had a hand in at Harkins, who, it is thought, must have been cut by one of the screws used for stage business. A pretty state of affairs, truly.

ROSE ETTINGE returned from Europe on the 4th inst.

JOHN BROUGHAM has already secured for his theatre on 23d street—late Fifth Avenue Minstrel Hall—Mary Carr, first old woman; Fanny Prestige, Effie Germon, Cornelia Jefferson and W. C. Crosby. Mr. Schonberg will be stage manager.

JOHN ELLSLER, manager of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, was in town last week.

LYDIA THOMPSON'S burlesque troupe, consisting of Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland, Pauline Monkham, Lisa Wiber, Henry Beckett and Mr. Connolly, was to have sailed from Liverpool on Aug. 12th, accompanied by William Henderson, business manager, late manager of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool. The company will open at Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre.

JAMES TAYLOR, the comic vocalist, whose services were so much sought after by the music hall managers of London, and who was put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder about a year ago, is on his way to this country. We understand that he comes to this country to appear in the various music halls, not for a salary, but on sharing terms. But "they don't do that 'ere business here, you know."

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS commenced an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 3d inst., opening in a four act drama, entitled "Trodden Down, or Under Two Flags," originally produced in the South by Mr. Watkins as his own production, under the title of "Trodden Down, or the Lost Cause." The second and third acts are taken from "Inshavogue," an Irish drama played at this theatre last season by the Florences, and in turn is translated from the French play of "Jocrisse the Juggler," produced at the New Bowery Theatre on several occasions. Mr. Watkins has taken this drama and written two new acts, the first and fourth, retaining the second and third acts, changing the escape of Fergus to his arrest, so as to carry the interest into another act. In the "Inshavogue," during the scrimmage, the "White Boys" rush in and Fergus escapes, while Mr. Watkins has caused his arrest. The story is that of a lost child, who has been adopted by a rich man and brought up as his own, causing his wife to believe that it is their own, they having lost by death a child in infancy while the wife was in a delirium. At the close of the play the child is discovered to be the daughter of a poor piper who fought in 1798 in the cause of Ireland and fled the country, residing in America eighteen years. Mr. Watkins has made a capital acting drama and we never saw him do a better piece of character acting than that of Fergus, the Shingawn, and Dermot the Piper. Throughout the entire performance he appears to considerable advantage. Mrs. Watkins has a good part, to which she does justice. She sang "Erin is my Home," "Oh, Hear Me, Sweetheart Dear," "Nora O'Neal" and "The Dearest Spot on Earth" with much feeling, each one of which was *encored*. Miss Desmond is the name of a young lady that we have never before seen. She appears to be a new beginner for histrionic fame. There is a peculiar brightness and exuberance of manner in her acting that may make her a fine actress. She has as good an Irish brogue as we ever heard.

SIG. P. PICARD, business manager for Chiarini's Circus, arrived in this city during the past week from California.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" continues to attract excellent audiences to the Olympic Theatre. As the nights grow cooler the attendance becomes much better, and this successful pantomime bids fair to run up to November, the commencement of the fall and winter season, when Joseph Jefferson and his dog Schneider appear.

A RUSH of business is being done by those dramatic agents, Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds, whose office is crowded every day with managers and performers, who are busily engaged transacting their coming season's business through this firm. Among our theatrical advertisements this week will be found a number from this firm.

E. C. DOBSON teaches the banjo at his residence 123 Prince street, this city.

L. A. HITCHCOCK will be at the Revere House in this city on the 12th inst.

WETMORE & CO., having taken the dramatic agency business lately conducted by Frank Rivers, advertise in this issue of the CLIPPER for talent. See their various cards.

JULIA FITZPATRICK, serio-comic vocalist from London, Eng., advertises for engagements in another column.

MRS. MARIE WILKINS, an excellent actress, whose *forte* is first old woman and characters, and leading heavy business, may be engaged through Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds, as per advertisement. Mrs. W. is at present in this city.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS commence their season in this city on the 24th inst. A burlesque on "Barbe Bleue," entitled the "Blue Barber," will be the first production.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS open their season on the 31st inst. Quite a number of scenic artists and property men and costumers are busily engaged on the new burlesque to be given on the opening night. In scenic effect it is thought it will surpass anything yet witnessed in a minstrel hall in this city.

ANNIE DELAND, formerly of Laura Keene's Theatre, this city, but who has been absent from the boards for a few years, is making arrangements for an early return to the stage. She is at present in this city.

ILLNESS OF THE MENKEN.—We are in receipt of a telegram direct from Paris to the effect that Ada Isaacs Menken was lying dangerously ill at her residence in Paris. She had but lately arrived there to fulfil an engagement at the Theatre du Chatelet, to open in her drama of "The Pirates of Savanne," but her sudden illness cancelled the contract.

GEORGE BECKS is passing his leisure hours practicing botany and enjoying the salt water breezes at the Beach House, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

WILLIAM POST, who has been connected with the Bowery Theatre for the past twenty-five years, and is about severing his connection with that establishment, has been tendered a complimentary benefit there on the 13th inst., on which occasion a host of volunteer talent will appear. For a list of those who will assist at the farewell, see advertisement in another column. The programme offered is such as to ensure a crowded house.

Dramatic.

BUCKLAND'S TROUPE reopened at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 3d, to an unusually good house. Our correspondent says:—"The play was 'Macbeth,' the afterpiece 'Don Giovanni.' 'Macbeth' was cast in a hurry and was a failure. The scenes stuck, the cauldron wouldn't sink and the players were poorly dressed. Mr. Vandenhoff lacked *physique*, and his elocution and reading of the character were severely criticised. Langdon made a very good Macduff, Griffith a good first witch, Mrs. Charles Hill a bad third one. The choruses were weak. Miss I. Cameron played Lady Macbeth fairly. Miss Ranoe is weak. The regular season will close on the 20th, when Vining Bowers will open in the 'White Fawn,' I believe. Ed. Coles comes here about the 10th of September to play all winter. Harry Langdon will remain to play leading business till December. Vandenhoff takes a benefit on Thursday, 6th, playing 'Hamlet;' Miss Ranoe has one on Saturday night, 8th. Ed. O'Baldwin is here, having concluded his engagement with Howe's Circus, and will spar at the theatre on Friday, 7th."

GEORGE HAMILTON advertises in another column for a position in some first class theatre as utility man.

MISS JEAN HOSMER may be engaged for the forthcoming season by addressing her as per card in another column.

MARY GLADSTANE commences an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 17th inst.

WALKER AND HEATON'S COMPANY were at Cold Spring, N. Y., on the 6th and 7th inst. O. B. Collins, Kate Raymond, Harry Lindley, Florence Webster, Mrs. R. Monell and Annie Byson are in the company.

MISS ANNIE E. DILLINGHAM was married on July 30th at Chelsea, Mass., to a gentleman of Demerara, and has retired from the profession.

O. W. BLAKE AND JULIA WESTON BLAKE, the former low comedian, the latter leading lady, are now prepared to receive propositions for engagements for the forthcoming season. Their address is given in their card in our advertising columns.

OLIVE LOGAN'S comedy of "Surf," which ran last season at the Arch, Philadelphia, is now nearly ready for production at the Boston Museum. Manager Field closed the house last week for the purpose of cutting the stage for the surf scene. This is the sensation scene of the piece, and the entire stage is to be cut for its proper presentation. The action of the comedy is to be located at Newport (at the Arch it was located at Cape May, that being the favorite Philadelphia watering place), and several months ago the principal scenic artist of the Museum was dispatched to Newport to make the necessary sketches and designs. Extensive preparations have been made for the production of the piece. The manager expects to produce it during the early part of October.

"THE SIN PHANTOM," one of the stories published in the CLIPPER, has been dramatized by George Aiken, and will be produced at the Boston Museum during the fall season.

FLORENCE TEMPLE, the equestrian actress, played at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst., in the equestrian drama of "Mazeppa." She had a succession of good houses, and is said to have made a favorable impression. Managers wishing to secure her for the fall and winter engagements can address her care CLIPPER office.

THE HANLON BROTHERS' COMBINATION occupy Selwyn's Boston Theatre this week.

KATE FISHER, having placed all her business arrangements in the hands of Lowell and Simmonds, those gentlemen are prepared to negotiate with managers for six or twelve nights for the production of equestrian dramas.

IN CHICAGO cooler weather has had the effect of increasing the attendance at the theatres. Our correspondent "Loiterer," under date of Aug. 5th, says:—"Benefits are the order of the week at Crosby's, La Petite Schlager leading off on Monday night to a good house, followed by Sol. the last night, Mrs. Oates to-night, Mlle. Wesmael to-morrow (Thursday) night, Bonfanti Friday night, and the *corps de ballet* on Saturday, Aug. 8th, the closing night. Of all these it is safe to predict that Mrs. Oates will have by far the better house. Mlle. Venturoli could not see the terms, so would not let her name go on for a benefit. Monday evening, Aug. 10th, Mr. C. D. Hess will receive a grand testimonial benefit tendered him by citizens of Chicago. The *ballet* troupe will then proceed to Philadelphia......Mark Smith opened at McVicker's on Monday night, Aug. 3d, in 'School for Scandal,' appearing as Sir Peter Teazle to the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Cowell. The house was well filled with an appreciative audience, who welcomed back the legitimate with open joy. The applause was genuine and not *superficial*, as has been the case too often of late. Mr. Marlowe appeared as Charles Surface, Rock as Joseph Surface, Sam Myers did Backbite, and Miss Quinton Lady Candor. In the fourth act the screen scene was worked up as smoothly yet powerfully as I have ever seen it. Mr. Smith looks the 'Old English' to perfection, and that his acting was admired by the audience was made manifest by his being called before the curtain several times. He does a round of old comedies during his engagement...... Arlington's Minstrels closed at Wood's, Chicago, on Monday evening, Aug. 3d, with a benefit as was a benefit to manager Haverly, and next Monday, Aug. 10th, the museum re-opens under the following regime:—Frank E. Aiken, lessee and manager; F. L. Keller, stage manager; Geo. Stevens, leader of orchestra; D. C. Waugh and H. Morrison, scenic artists; Crouse Bros., machinists; H. Sesson, costumer; properties, Geo. Slate; Supt. of Museum, Jas. Mann. R. L. Marsh remains in the box office, and Jerry Courtwright is right at the door. The new members of the company will comprise the following named ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. D. R. Allen, and Miss Susie Guer, of Boston; Mrs. E. J. Hanchette, once a member of North's Old Amphitheatre Company, of this city, and Miss Carrie Riggs, of the western theatres; Mr. F. L. Keller, from the Howard, Boston; J. K. Vernon, of St. Louis; Will. H. Otis, late of Laura Keene's troupe; J. C. Padgett, of New York and Cincinnati; J. H. Huntley, late of the Holman Troupe; S. W. Edwards, John Lacy, M. M. Weed and S. D. Reynolds. The following named members of the old company remain:—Mrs. Clara Stoneall, Mrs. Alice Holland, Amelia Waugh, Emma Marble, Adele Crocker, Ada Grover and Misses Mara and Axtell; John Dillon, Charley Wilson, Tom Holland, Jno. Marble, E. H. Browne, Barnard, Rose and Jackson. Mr. Aiken is making many improvements, both in the auditorium and museum proper, and a bevy of workmen are now busy remodeling and decorating the whole building. They open with a new comedy never before produced in Chicago."

MR. J. S. NELSON made his second appearance in Baltimore on Tuesday, August 5th, at the Maryland Institute, in the part of Butterby in Tom Taylor's "Victims." The house was large and the applause enthusiastic, a correspondent informs us. He says:—"Mr. Nelson was called before the curtain after the performance and compelled to make a short address, in which he returned thanks for his warm reception, and hoped to be able to repeat his personation next week. He intends going on a starring tour next season. His nights commence at Detroit, where he will open in a new play written for him called 'Joseph and His Brethren.' It is by Dr. Wood, of the Baltimore *Commercial*. He was supported in the 'Victims' by Miss Florence Stanley, of the Holiday Street Theatre; Miss Agnes Proctor, Miss Edith Preston, Mr. W. E. McCann, Mr. Robertson and Mr. T. Adams. The performance commenced with 'Michael Earle,' in which W. H. Langdon did the Maniac Lover."

A FIRST CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY is now being organized, we understand, and more talent is wanted therefor, as will be seen by F. Van Vliet's advertisement in another column.

HENRY WILLARD, the new manager of the Continental Theatre, Boston, commences his season on August 31st, with the following company:—Mr. Mitchell, leading; Miss Quenton, *soubrettes*; J. F. Hagan, heavies; Georgie Langley, juveniles; Mrs. Chas. M. Walcot, first old woman; W. Henderson, second low comedy; Harry Linden, first low comedy; Mrs. F. Meek, leading; E. B. Dennison, second old man; G. W. Marcellus, second heavies; May Arlington, walking ladies; C. Leslie Allen, first old man; Mrs. C. Leslie Allen, second old woman; E. Mackaway, Mrs. E. B. Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck, Thomas Collins, J. W. Shannon, Harry Lovell and W. H. Roby, utility; W. J. Felters, scenic artist; J. Rough, machinist, and A. Tyte, leader of orchestra.

M. W. CANNING, manager of the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., commences his season on August 27th, with the following people:—O. B. Doud, leading; Mrs. Mark Bates, *soubrettes*; Mr. Vanderen, first old man; Mr. and Mrs. Lane, responsible business; Mrs. Vanderen, first old woman, and others of note.

R. E. J. MILES, of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, has secured for his company, H. Lindley, low comedy; Florence Webster, juveniles; Minnie Monk, leading; Frank Pearce, first old man; M. V. Lingham, stage manager and leading; Ada Monk, *soubrettes*; Joseph Whitney, juveniles; and H. D. Guion, heavies

JOHN ALBAUGH, who is interested in the management of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., this season, with Spalding and Bidwell, has secured the following company:—Fanny Stocqueler, *soubrettes*; Frankie McClellan, walking lady; R. Duncan, first old man and character parts (his first appearance in this country); J. Anderson and H. A. Bailey, utility; Mrs. Mary Berrel, first old woman; Albert Wyatt Aikens, walking gent; Mrs. S. A. Austin, second old woman; J. W. Winters, heavies; J. B. Bilby, second old man; Mary Everett (Mrs. Bilby), walking lady; and Dolly Davenport, stage manager.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter commence a two weeks' engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 17th.

EDWIN BOOTH commences an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Sept. 14th.

EDWIN FORREST is at present securing several first class actors to travel with and support him the coming season.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has been secured by Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds for a brief traveling tour through New England, commencing at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on August 28th for two nights, and going thence to Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, Providence, etc., supported by James Collier and a stock company.

MARIE ZOE, the "Cuban Sylph," commences an engagement at Willard's Theatre, Boston, on Sept. 28th.

DOLLY DAVENPORT, having fully recovered from his late disease, will make his first appearance in Philadelphia, after many years' absence, as Lord Twaddledum, in the "White Fawn." Sixteen years ago Dolly was a great favorite in the Quaker City with the frequenters of Old Drury, under Quinlan's management.

"FOUL PLAY," Robert Jones' dramatisation, will be the opening piece at Willard's Theatre, Boston.

EDWIN ADAMS commences an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 14th.

JANAUSCHEK, who will shortly return to this country, opens a brief engagement at Willard's Theatre, Boston, in October.

LEONARD GROVER will be the manager of Bateman's traveling French Opera Troupe this fall, with Tostee as the principal card.

MARETZEK will have a traveling Italian Opera Troupe this season, of which Charley Levy will be manager.

WILLIAM R. FLOYD, manager of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, has already secured W. E. Sheridan, leading; Vining Bowers, first low comedy; M. J. Lanergan, first old man; Isabella Preston, first old woman; Mrs. M. J. Lanergan, juveniles; and Mrs. J. J. Wallace, walking lady.

WALTER LENNOX goes to the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this season, for first low comedy.

ANNIE KEMP has been engaged to play Oberon, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., commencing in September.

THE GALVESTON, TEXAS, THEATRE, will open the season on Sept. 21st, with the following company:—R. D'Orsay Ogden, leading; R. Younge, stage manager; F. G. Beckett, juveniles; E. A. Eberle, first old man; C. T. Thompson, second old man; G. W. Murray, prompter; Sam E. Ryan, low comedy; Nellie Johnson, leading; Maggie Desmond, *soubrettes*; Mrs. E. A. Eberlee, first old woman; Ella Wesner, boys' parts; Mrs. S. E. Ryan, walking ladies; Mrs. R. Younge, second old woman; Frank Knight and George Morton; R. Younkers, leader of orchestra, and J. V. Bowers, scenic artist. The Greenwall Brothers are managers.

B. F. WHITMAN, the well known manager, takes out a spectacular and *ballet* troupe on a traveling tour through the country, and will produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream 'Cinderella" and other spectacular pieces.

MAD. SCHELLER continued at the Salt Lake Theatre up to last advices. During the week ending July 25th she appeared as Lendormie in "The Idiot of the Mill" and as Marie in "The Pearl of Savoy." A correspondent, in a letter dated July 25, says:—"Next (last) week Mad. Scheller appears as Pauline and as the Daughter of the Regiment. On July 24th we had a 'Cinderella' *matinee*, when the theatre was crowded with juveniles, an ample proof of the proficiency here in matrimonial pursuits. Such a sight can only be seen in Salt Lake City and it is worth the price of admission to see it. Madam Scheller opens at Helena, Montana, on the 10th of August......Annette Ince follows her here and plays one month, after which the regular benefits of the company take place."

MRS. D. P. BOWERS has appeared as Lucretia Borgia, at Virginia City, Nevada, and the following may be considered a fair criticism of her rendition, as viewed by an *habitue* of that place: "A countryman watched the great actress with an interest that appeared to absorb his every sense—he saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing but the Borgia. At the end of the act he heaved a great sigh as he gazed at the green curtain. Turning to his next neighbor, he asked:—'Does Mrs. Bowers enjoy good health, do you know?' 'I believe so; why?' queried the neighbor. 'Well, I don't know, but it somewhat struck me that a woman who is obliged to have so many d—d bad spells, and has 'em so natural, couldn't be exactly right, you know, between whiles.'"

LAWRENCE BARRET AND JNO. MCCULLOUGH are preparing for their grand "prairie tour." They propose visiting Idaho, Montana, and perhaps Utah. They will meet with a *warm* reception (111 in the shade), and plenty of grasshoppers.

READING, PA., did not prove as speculative an abiding place for J. B. Roberts' Dramatic Company as the manager expected. He went there with his company two weeks ago expecting to remain four weeks, and, we are informed, extensively billed the town with street programmes, three sheet plain black and colored posters. The first night the receipts were *twenty-four dollars*; the following night the company did not play, as only *eight* tickets were sold; the third night was the same result—no show. The following day, at the urgent request of "many lovers of the drama," Mr. Roberts put up his name for a benefit with great promises from said lovers of the drama. The receipts amounted to *thirty-five dollars*. This was enough of Reading for Mr. Roberts, and he wisely left. Now there must be some cause for this non-appreciation of Mr. Roberts' company, for, generally speaking, Reading is a good show town, and Sherry's dramatic company goes there three or four times during a season, and always does a good business. There are several other Dramatic Companies and minstrel parties who go there with good results. Mr Roberts started out from Philadelphia with a splendid outfit in the way of scenery, properties, etc., equal to anything of the kind ever before seen on the road, but, with few exceptions his company was not a very strong one. Then again Mr. Roberts had the heated term to battle with, and there may have been other good reasons for his non-success.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, will re-open during the latter part of this month, under the management of Mr. Miles, as heretofore, and with almost a new company. Mr. V. Lingham, last season manager in Indianapolis, has been engaged for the leading juvenile business.

JOHN LEWIS BAKER has given up his enterprise of taking the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer will assume the management, commencing operations on Aug. 17th with the "White Fawn," for eight weeks. All the scenery, including the transformation scene used at Niblo's Garden, in this city, together with the properties, costumes, etc., will be presented at the Chestnut.

TWENTY BALLET LADIES are wanted for Carner and Woodford's Traveling Dramatic Company; also a brass and string band.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" season commences at the Boston Theatre on the 17th inst.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM commences its regular season on the 17th inst.

WALKER AND HEATON'S DRAMATIC TROUPE gave their second performance at Sing Sing, N. Y., on Aug. 3d. "Caste" and "Sarah's Young Man" constituted the bill. Mr. G. F. McDonough, who was to have appeared as George D'Alroy, was sick, and Mr. Chas. H. Matthews played the part. Mr. Collins played Capt. Hawtree, and Miss Florence Webster, Esther Eccles. On the 4th the company appeared in Peekskill in "The Ticket of Leave Man," followed on the 5th by "East Lynne," in which Miss Webster played Lady Isabel; Mr. Chas. Matthews, Archibald Carlyle; and Mr. Collins, Sir Francis Levison. This was to have been their last performance in Peekskill, but business having been good, the company finished the week out, presenting on the 6th, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room;" 7th, "The Streets of New York;" and 8th, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

STUART ROBSON is the current star attraction at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., opening there on the 10th inst. in the burlesque of "Camille" and "Black Eyed Susan," supported by Blanche Chapman, W. H. Wallis, G. A. Parkhurst, Chas. A. Stedman, Roland Reed, G. K. Fortescue, Amelia Harris, Harry Josephs and Ella Chapman.

MANAGERS desirous of securing the services of a first old man and character actor will find J. W. Delano's address in this week's issue.

HARRY B. HUDSON, stage manager of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., was the recipient of a farewell complimentary benefit at that house of amusement on the evening of the 3d inst., a very fluent description of which is sent us for publication by a correspondent. We quote his comments:—"A full and fashionable audience assembled to do honor to that promising young actor, who, in the course of a single season in Boston, has won an enviable reputation. Helen Western, Fannie Marsh, Polly Daly, Harry Leslie, Columbus, James Lewis, E. W. Watson and the entire company volunteered for the occasion, which was an ovation of an enthusiastic character, and in every way a success. The bill consisted of a magnificent feat of tight-rope walking by the Hero of Niagara, Harry Leslie, 'The French Spy' and 'Actress of Padua,' and the Leap for Life by Columbus. At the end of the first piece "Handsome" Harry was called before the curtain, and appeared leading Miss Western, the audience loudly calling for a speech. Harry felt bashful and unequal to the task, but Helen playfully detained him, and the curtain rose discovering Mr. Harry L. Bascomb, who advanced, holding a casket containing a beautiful diamond ring, valued at about $300, which he presented to Mr. Hudson with the following speech, which was gracefully and felicitously delivered:—

"'MR. HUDSON.—On behalf of a few of your many friends in this city, I have the honor to present you with this diamond ring. (*Applause.*) You go from our midst and you carry with you our sincerest friendship, our highest appreciation of your talents as an actor and your qualities as a man. (*Applause.*) Short as has been your stay in Boston, it has been long enough to bind to you, with hooks stronger than steel, the hearts of all who have come in contact with you. Genial companion! Warm heart! True friend! May your memory be ever green among us. Take this ring, with it the wishes of the donors that your professional success may be as bright as the diamonds whose cluster adorns it, and when fresh triumphs crown your brow with laurels in your Western home, do not forget the warm hearts that beat for you here, and the welcoming lips that will gladly greet your return to us.' (*Loud cheers.*)

"To which Mr. Hudson replied feelingly and appropriately as follows:—

"'MR. BASCOM.—The emotions with which I receive this beautiful gift are those of mingled pride, joy and grief. Pride and joy that my efforts to please have not been in vain, and grief that I must *so soon* part from those who have become so dear to me. Believe me, sir, if I have achieved any professional success in Boston it has been due more to the warm hearts which have encouraged me, and to the generous charity which has so leniently passed over my short-comings, than to any merit of my own. And let me assure you that from my western home I shall look back to my season in Boston as embracing some of the happiest moments of my life. (*Loud applause.*) And to you, ladies and gentlemen of the audience, Miss Western, and the entire company and the press of the city, I return my hearty and sincere thanks, and pray that you may always be as happy as you have made me to-night. I shall never look upon this ring without thinking of you; and never think of you without the deepest feelings of pride and pleasure. God bless you all.'

"Here followed a shower of boquets and the *beneficiaire* gracefully bowed his way off the stage amid deafening applause. Mr. Hudson is engaged at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, for the ensuing season, at the close of which his many friends and admirers hope to see him back in Boston."

A DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of Sam E. Ryan, consisting of Mrs. Kate Ryner, Mollie Cook, Emma Stone, Miss Demar, Sam Ryan, J. Crosbie, G. G. Turner, H. Duffield, G. Malmberg, J. Lindow, H. Stone, Miss Cool and John Nunan, performed all last week in Williamsport, Pa.

THE OFT ATTEMPTED sale of Handy's Opera House in Cincinnati, which had been advertised to take place on the 7th, has been stayed by an order of Court until the 28th of this month. There is some talk of taking it for a Merchants' Exchange, and it has been also suggested to the authorities of Porkopolis as an excellent building for a public library. There seems little probability that it will ever be used for theatrical purposes.

AT THE HOLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, "Humpty Dumpty" is in active rehearsal and it is expected it will be produced on the 16th inst., with all the original scenery, transformations, &c. The new company and *ballet* is not entirely complete yet, but will be in time for the production.

THE BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE is advertised for rent for all first class entertainments. See address in another column.

MISS ANNA LEVERING, leading lady, can be engaged by responsible managers by addressing as directed elsewhere in this paper.

MR. AND MRS. A. F. KINGSLEY (formerly Miss Kate Thornton) have retired from the stage, and are residing at Waverley, Iowa.

VIRGINIA RICHMOND is resting from her professional labors at Niagara Falls.

ELLSLER'S COMPANY, from the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, continues this week at Canton, Ohio.

W. M. PAUL AND GEO. E. MADDEN were tendered a complimentary benefit on August 1st at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mobile, Ala. Our correspondent says:—"The programme consisted of a variety bill and the 'Dumb Man of Manchester,' in which Mr. Paul sustained the part of Tom, the dumb man, and Mr. Madden, Ralph Rowland, in a creditable manner, especially Mr. Paul, who seemed at home in the pantomime business. Mr. Madden sang and danced in good style. Among the volunteers who appeared were Minnie Grey, Masters Berry, Williams and Wiley. ......Manager Roig has an army of carpenters and scenic artists at work on the scenery and traps for the production of the 'White Fawn,' to be the opening piece for the fall season of 1868 at the Mobile Theatre......Mrs. Mary Bradshaw and her daughter, Blanche, have been re-engaged for the next season. ......Oliver B. Doud sailed on the 4th inst. for New York."

W. K. LINYARD starts out the first week in September with a dramatic company for a fall and winter tour. The gentlemen and ladies of the company are requested to meet at the Anson House, in this city, for rehearsal on the 29th inst.

LINA EDWIN, *soubrettes* and juveniles, can be engaged for the season, as per advertisement elsewhere.

GEORGE VINING BOWERS was announced to open a six nights engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 10th inst.

GEORGE BECKS is business manager for Mrs. Jean Lander this season.

T. C. HOWARD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Bangor, Me., on the 3d inst. The band late with S. O. Wheeler's Circus is now with this party. Anna Levering joins the company this week as leading lady in place of Mrs. D. R. Allen.

LEO HUDSON, having lost or mislaid the MSS. and parts of her equestrian drama of "Rookwood," offers a reward for their recovery.

DICK CARROLL has lately made his appearance in a new line of business, that of Irish character acting. Having had an Irish burletta written for him, and in which he has appeared with considerable success, he can be secured by managers for brief engagements. The title of his piece is "The Whirligig, or 4008," which he has copyrighted, and cautions all parties from infringing upon his rights.

"THE VICTIMS" was produced at the Alhambra, San Francisco, Cal., on July 18th and 19th, followed with the Martinettis in the pantomime of "The Contrabandist." On the 23d, "Two Can Play at that Game," "Model of a Wife," the pantomime of "The Milliners" and the ballet of "The Prima Donna," constituted the bill.

LAWRENCE P. BARRETT opened an engagement at the Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on July 18th, in "How She Loves Him," followed on the 19th with "Rosedale;" 24th, "Marble Heart," and 25th, "Macbeth."

JOHN ALBAUGH has secured for the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., the following stars:—Frank Chanfrau, J. H. Hackett, Edwin Adams, Bateman's Opera Bouffe and Maggie Mitchell.

MISS THERESA SHERK, who recently made her *debut* in San Francisco, Cal., as an actress, sailed for this city on July 18th. Just previous to sailing she is reported to have been married to A. Hoffman, a dry goods clerk in that city.

E. L. DAVENPORT'S benefit on July 20th, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., was a great success. On July 26th Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport were to give readings from the poet, at Mercantile Library Hall.

THOMAS MAGUIRE was announced to receive a complimentary benefit on July 26th at both the Opera House and Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. "Othello" was to be given at the Opera House, and Lucille Western was to appear in "Loan of a Lover," besides a host of volunteer talent in other pieces.

THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, was opened on the 3d inst. for the production of the "Black Crook," but the weather is rather against its success, especially as this is the third time, and at three different theatres, that Mr. McDonough has presented the spectacle in that city.

ROBERT STRUTHERS, second old man, and Jennie Gourlay, *soubrettes*, have concluded to travel together next season.

C. VANDENHOFF is to be the leading juvenile man at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, next season.

"FOUL PLAY" will be among the earliest productions at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season.

ISADORE AND VICTORIA CAMERON return to the Louisville Theatre the coming season.

OWEN FAWCETT, comedian, has withdrawn from the company of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, and will resume his position of first low comedian at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the commencement of the regular season.

G. H. GRIFFITHS, Mr. and Mrs. T. Graham and G. F. Kenway go to Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, next season.

KATE AND HATTIE O'NEIL have been engaged for the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. DE VERE, leading man, and Nellie Mortimer, *soubrette*, have been engaged by B. Macauley for Toledo and Detroit.

Circuses.

WHO IS THE CHAMPION LEAPER?—Considerable discussion has been indulged in, from time to time, on this topic by those interested in the matter, as the readers of the CLIPPER are well aware, and again we are called upon to publish a card referring to the question, of which George M. Kelly is the hero. Here is the card:—

GEORGE M. KELLY.—Much dispute has been had as to who really is the Champion Leaper, and while Mr. Kelly was in Europe the last two seasons, different parties in the United States put in a claim to the championship. While there Mr. K. settled all claims in Europe. He is now with John Robinson's Combination Circus, and, on all kinds of runs, bad, good and indifferent, is leaping *fifteen* well fed horses, and they more than as large as the average size of ring stock. He has done this terrific leap at Davenport, Iowa; Warsaw and Quincy, Ill., and other places, where thousands of spectators will testify as to the truth of this assertion. But for fear that some may still doubt we append the names of a few responsible members of the circus to which Mr. Kelly is attached, merely adding that they are given with the wish and consent of each witness:—John F. Robinson, Jr., Manager; G. N. Robinson, Treasurer; W. W. Durand, Business Manager; John Lowlow, Frank Robinson and Archie Campbell, Clowns; John Wilson, George Sloman and Boyd Robinson, Leapers and General Performers; Signor Castello, Ring Master, and Tom G. Canham, Leader Cornet Band.

AMES' MENAGERIE exhibited in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on August 7th, and was to go thence to Nashville, 8th and 10th; Gallatin, 11th; and Franklin, Ky., 12th. The company comprises Horace Smith, Harry Tibbs, William Naylor, F. Watson, Master Frank, Belle Cordelia, the Miacco Brothers, Alfred and Thomas, J. Shorey, Bart Holmes and Johnny Lawton, clown; ten cages of animals, a baby elephant, Ella Eugenie and Herr Lengel, manipulators of the "ferocious monsters," trick horses, ponies, mules and performing monkies.

DE HAVEN'S CIRCUS was in Buffalo, N. Y., on August 4th and 5th

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS will visit the following cities:—Dansville, N. Y., August 11th; Nunda, 12th; Warsaw, 13th; Attica, 14th; Lancaster, 15th; Buffalo, 17th, 18th and 19th; and Lockport, 20th.

A. F. AYMAR joined the Dan Rice concern at Providence, R. I.

J. T. JOHNSON & CO.'S VARIETY EQUESTRIAN COMBINATION is traveling through Illinois and were at Butler on July 30th.

MAGINLEY AND CARROLL'S AND THE HEMMINGS, COOPER AND WHITBY SHOW exhibited in Lexington, Ky., on the same day—August 1st.

THE STEAMER "COOSA," having cruised up and down the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, conveying the John Robinson Circus and Menagerie in safety to the different points of interest, is offered for sale. She has been in use only three seasons and is said to be in every respect adapted to the business. For full particulars as to her build and capacity see advertisement elsewhere.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, having traversed the Mississippi and Ohio rivers by their steamboat Coosa, are now traveling on wheels, and perform in Nashville, Tenn., August 14th and 15th. A correspondent says:—"The business of this concern this season has been pretty fair. The bare-back riding of Cordelia, the leaping of George M. Kelly over fifteen horses and the hurdle act of the colored boy Lewis, have been the features. The double somersault and four-horse act of John Nelson, the clowning of Lowlow and Robinson, the somersault riding of Master Frank, the tranco and barrel act of George Sloman, the posturing, acrobatic and contortion acts of W. H. Ashton and sons, the leaping and gymnastic exercises of Boyd, Robinson, Homer and Barker, have all gratified and pleased the public; hence, in the midst of so much disaster to other circus establishments, this concern has been borne 'high and above the storm,' and steadily made money and reputation. The concern will be in Knoxville, Tenn., about August 23d.

A HIGH OLD TIME AT A CIRCUS.—Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby's Circus, was advertised to show in Flemingsburg, Ky., on July 23d. At two o'clock the canvas had been spread, and was crowded from top to bottom. The *debut* had been made, and the spectators were just losing sight of themselves, watching the Indian on horseback. Just here the weather clerk, as if riled to see so many of the flock of Israel present, stirred the elements, and raised a breeze, which was followed by a gentle shower. The wind gradually began to blow more furiously, and the rain to fall faster. At first there was but little excitement among the spectators, but when the stakes of the outer canvas gave way, and the immense centre pole of the large one commenced to sway and groan, the sides to flop and give way—when the lions commenced to growl and roar, the elephant to swing his huge proboscis around, and the horses to neigh and stamp—the confusion was indescribable. Everybody rushed pell mell for the entrance, gentlemen and ladies, in a confused mass, calling alternately for help and friends. Of course, from the top seats some jumped to the bottom, some fell through, some were caught and suspended while falling, and a great many cut their way through the canvas. At this juncture the elephant broke out among the people, and created a terrible excitement. The rain was falling in torrents, the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed. Many of the ladies screamed, fainted and fell. After the storm had abated the canvas was explored, but no one was found to be seriously injured.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S SHOW is at present in Illinois, fast approaching Michigan. A correspondent writing about this concern says:—"The show was at Kankakee on August 4th and was greeted with a couple of rousing houses, and 'thereby hangs a tale.' Some time ago Lake's Hippo-olympiad was there and the company got into a big fight with the citizens, the result of which was that a number of the latter were seriously injured, and, in revenge, the 'powers that be' elevated the license to such an altitude as to amount to a prohibition, consequently, there has been no show there since, until the Yankee arrived. A few weeks ago the Yankee determined to try his hand in reducing the figure, and he accordingly visited the place, and forthwith called at the clerk's office with a view to investigate the matter. He found the deputy clerk *solus* and asked him to oblige him with a look at the book containing the city ordinances. He inquired the subject he wished to investigate. He replied, *shows and licenses*. Having designated the place the Yankee sat down to look it over, when the principal clerk made his appearance, and, knowing the 'Yank,' he exclaimed, heartily, 'Hello, Yankee! What the deuce brings you here?' 'See here,' he replied, and, pointing to the deputy, he continued, 'can that individual stand a joke?' The individual smilingly acknowledged that he could. 'Well, then,' he said, 'I asked him to show me the ordinance respecting the licensing of shows, and, see here, he has referred me to nuisances,' which was a fact, shows being upon the next page. They had a good laugh, in which the individual deputy indulged, and after that a 'smile,' in which he also participated. Ten more aldermanic 'smiles' finally succeeded in reducing the license to such reasonable proportion as to open Kankakee once more to the world of show."

JONES, KITCH & CO.'S NORTHWESTERN CIRCUS exhibited in Chippewa Falls, Wis., on Aug. 1, to fair business.

HARRY ENOCHS has the concert troupe attached to Forepaugh's Menagerie. Among his company are Dan Howard, Geo. Thatcher, Johnny Perkins, Matt. Wheeler, Johnny Morton, Sam Lathrop and Miss Jennie King.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE was at Rushville, Ind., on the 6th and Richmond 7th.

BRYAN'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS—which has been doing a profitable business in New York State—is now in Ohio where it is reaping a fair harvest. It is the intention of the directors to run a portion of Western Virginia, thence into Pennsylvania and Maryland. The concern will be at Marietta, Ohio, on the 28th of August, and Parkersburg, W. V., on the 31st. A correspondent writes us that "Western Virginia is 'cursed' by a set of legislative asses and municipal 'leatherheads.' The State license is $40 per each exhibition, thus making $80 per day, while the city tax, even in obscure villages, is the same. Some Dogberrys go so far as to 'construe' the law as $40 for each show, that is $40 for the circus and $40 for the menagerie. At Wheeling the city wanted $50 for each exhibition, at which liberal suggestion C. H. Castle, sherried his nibs at a rate that would have done credit to Weston. At Clarksburg, Dr. Jones talked out in meeting to the City Fathers, and told them that they would have to charge a more reasonable extortion, or else he would 'set his pegs' outside of the corporation. I believe they concluded to come down. Maginley, Carrol & Co.'s Circus (of which Haight has recently become an interested owner) is advertised to show a few days in advance of the Bryan concern. This establishment is engineered by Mr. Ben. Crosby, and is in all respects a good circus. But the 'invincibles' have made 'the row a hard one for them to hoe' as Bryan's double column advertisements with the *ecce signum* heading, 'Wait for the Boss,'" looms up in every paper; besides, Dr. Jones has leased nearly all the walls and bill boards. The Bryan party are hard to beat......A person calling himself O. B. Fowler has been through Ohio and Western Virginia, and by misrepresenting himself as the agent of Howe's Transatlantic Circus, has done some petty swindling and put some worthy printers to needless labor and expense."

DEATH OF A CIRCUS GROOM.—On the morning of the arrival of Lake's Circus in Galesburg, Ill., lately, John Roddy, one of the grooms, was thrown from the ticket wagon, and was picked up by those on the chandelier wagon and taken to the American House, but he had laid but a short time in one of the rooms of this house when the landlord ordered his removal, much against the wishes of the doctor and Mr. Lake. A room in an adjoining house was procured, and although Mr. Roddy had attentive nurses he died. The Doctor attributes his death partially to the hasty removal from the hotel and the unfeeling action of the landlord.

MAGINLEY AND CARROLL'S CIRCUS, which has been making its way through interior Kentucky, exhibited in Covington on Friday, the 7th, and in Newport on the following day. Their stay in Covington was marked by a heavy storm, but, notwithstanding, they did fairly.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS exhibits in Utica on the 12th; Oneida, 13th; Syracuse, 14th; Oswego, 15th; Waterloo, 17th, and Canandaigua, 18th.

SAPPHIRE is the name of a fine black horse belonging to Sig. Chiarini, which died in San Francisco on July 23d from injuries received at the Bay View Park Hippodrome races. He was valued at $750.

THE DE MOTT AND WARD CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE has been meeting with success in Virginia and Tennessee. A correspondent, writing from Knoxville, Tenn., under date of Aug. 4th, says:—"I thought the license demanded in Western Virginia heavy, but the State of Tennessee can beat it. First comes a State tax for every twenty-four hours' show of $100 for cities and $50 for other towns; then a county license from $50 to $100; a corporation license from $25 to $75; then frequently there is a special tax of $10 to $20; and the clerks are very particular about collecting their fee and think themselves insulted if they ask for ten or twelve complimentary tickets and get refused. The band wagon, two of the horses and thirteen persons, while crossing a bridge from Salem to Christianburg, Va., on the morning of July 21st, were precipitated to the bottom of the river, a distance of twelve feet, by the breaking away of one corner of the bridge. Although there were no bones broken, there was no one but what was bruised and cut more or less. At Wiley, Va., the doorkeeper was stabbed in the breast by a ruffian who attempted to pass without a ticket. The blow was partly warded off and did not take effect as intended, or it would have terminated fatally; as it is it has left a very ugly flesh wound. This party and Ames' New Orleans Menagerie have had very strong opposition lately, which resulted in considerable newspaper talk and the distributing of various kinds of gag bills, &c., but judging from the receipts given to the U. S. Revenue Collector at the different towns, the N. O. Menagerie came out second best. Our route from here is through the wilderness, as follows:—Manardsville, Tenn., Aug. 7th; Tazewell, 8th; Widow Moore's, Ky., 10th; Flat Lake, Ky., 11th; Mrs. Colier's, Ky., 12th; Linden, 13th; Mount Vernon, 14th; Crab Orchard, 15th; and thence towards Lexington."

Negro Minstrelsy.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S COMPANY opened at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Monday the 3d. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of them on east, it is certain that they are prodigious favorites in Porkopolis. The opening night witnessed a *furore* not often seen in these hard times. The passages of the building were literally jammed by their anxious friends, and the hall was packed full long before the time of commencement. Numbers of disappointed ones were turned away and the box office had to be closed. A perfect ovation greeted the boys on their *entree* and the applause continued during the whole performance. Emerson gave his two specialties, the London Sensation and his song and dance, and he must have been flattered by his reception. Manning and Allen occupied the ends in the first part, and Johnnie afterwards gave his "Nickodemus Johnson." The three also appeared together in a sketch, entitled "Match Them." Rosenthal, a favorite balladist, formerly of the Newcomb troupe, was also warmly received. Jackson proved himself a capital tenor, singing "Annie o' the Banks of Dee" and another air. The "Statue Clog," of Lew Collins and Parkhurst took well, and all in all the performance was a surprising success. The closing farce was an old piece dressed up and baptised "Humpty Dumpty." Every succeeding night the rush was the same, most of the seats being secured in advance. The proprietors feel very much elated, and are making arrangements for a permanent season in Cincinnati. They were to have remained there only last week and then tour around the west previous to returning and settling down. They are somewhat puzzled just now as to what hall to take, there being objections to Mozart Hall, and Pike's has but a small stage with no scenery; this last will probably be their choice, however.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS commenced a season of three nights and a *matinee* at the National Theatre on the 6th instant. Our correspondent says:—"As was the case during their former appearance here, the opening night witnessed a house with receipts reaching eleven hundred dollars. Leon's 'La Belle L. N.' closed the performance and would have passed off splendidly had it not been for the presence in the audience of persons utterly devoid of manners. In the scene where All Gammon proposes the conundrum—'What three Washington celebrities remind one of an industrious insect?'—the answer to which is, 'Butler, Boutwell and Bingham, the three busy B's,' a scene followed in the audience which nearly baffles description. Slight applause followed, as a matter of course, upon the answer being given to the conundrum, whereupon those entertaining a dislike to the celebrities named commenced a violent hissing. It was minutes before the tumult ceased, and I have no doubt many would have left the house had it not been for the crowded state of the aisles. That a harmless conundrum should cause such a feeling among an audience professing refinement is something to be deplored."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS AND BRASS BAND are about to start out on a tour of these United States of America, the date for commencing the campaign being fixed for Aug. 20th, and George Swaine Buckley will assume the generalship of the campaign. As the name of Buckley is a household word in connection with minstrelsy, we expect, as we hope, that a large roll of greenbacks may be harvested. A good clarionette player is wanted to join them. See advertisements.

OWING TO THE PRESENCE of Emerson and Allen's rival company there was a perceptible falling off in the business at Newcomb's Minstrels in the Queen City last week, though their audiences were very fair. Burgess repeated his Nickodemus Johnson during the week in opposition to Allen's at the other hall, and he is generally considered superior to Johnnie in that act. Frank Pell has severed his connection with the company. Billy Sweatman, banjoist, made a very good impression on his first appearance. Burgess made a hit as Jack Cade, in a burlesque of that name. This week Rollin Howard was to have been added to the company, and the burlesque "Grand Duchess" is to be given.

MANAGERS DUPREZ & BENEDICT, of minstrel fame, are still enjoying their *otium cum dig* and recruiting their health and energies preparatory to commencing another campaign, which they are already laying plans for, as will be seen by their call for minstrel recruits in our advertising columns. The organization of the troupe will take place on September 5th.

SHARPLEY & COTTON'S MINSTRELS appeared in Milwaukee, Wis., on July 31st and August 1st. Charles De Forrest joined the party there.

CHARLEY PETTENGILL'S MINSTRELS closed in Saratoga, N. Y., on the 8th inst.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened on the 5th in Aurora, Ill., and were to proceed thence down through the State to Quincy, up the river as far as McGregor, then back through Wisconsin *via* Madison, Janesville and Milwaukee, then home again to Chicago on or about September 7th, when they will reopen their own hall. D. D. Hodges is ahead and Haverly is with the party, which includes Arlington, Price, Sweet, Brandin, Carter, Bideaux, Howard, &c.

DR. STANLEY'S VARIETY MINSTREL TROUPE were performing July 3d to the largest audiences ever assembled at Walla Walla.

A PRESENTATION.—On the occasion of Mr. Haverly's benefit in Chicago, Ill., on the 3d inst., Rollin Howard was presented with a gold watch and chain said to be worth $325. Mr. Howard will shortly open a star engagement for four weeks with Newcomb's Minstrels in Cincinnati, Ohio, producing the "Grand Dutch-us," after which he returns to Chicago to open at Arlington Hall with Manager Haverly, to whom he is engaged for the year, but he will, during the coming season, perform several star engagements with different troupes as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at several theatres, commencing in November at Wood's Museum.

J. E. GREEN, the mocking bird balladist, is ruralising at New Haven, Conn. He is to appear the coming season in a new *role*, we understand.

S. S. SANFORD has established a new opera house at Pleasantville, Pa., and to entertain the people wishes to recruit his forces from the minstrel, dramatic and pantomimic phalanxes. Those desiring engagements should apply as instructed in our advertising columns.

OLIVE LOGAN'S play of "The Surf" has been made the subject for a burlesque by Robert H. Craig, and which is produced this week at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn. It is entitled "High Life at Coney Island," and new scenery has been painted expressly for it, besides new machinery for the purpose of representing the surf, the breakers and sea bathing.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS perform in St. Paul, Minn., on the 17th inst.

J. H. TAYLOR, general comedian, banjoist and end man, has his address published in an advertisement elsewhere.

M. B. LEAVITT'S MINSTRELS were travelling through the gold

and coal mines of Nova Scotia during the latter part of July. They had been at Mount Uniacke, Waverley, Renfrew, Shubinacadea, Truro, Coal Mines, New Glasgow and Pictou; and were at Antigonish Aug. 1st and 3d; Sherbrook, 4th and 5th; Goldenville, 6th; Wine Harbor, 7th; Port Mulgrove, 8th and 10th; and were to go thence to Harrisburg, Cape Briton, 11th; Plaster Cove, 12th; Port Hood, 13th, etc.

J. H. TAYLOR'S MINSTRELS were at Fall River, Mass., Aug. 3d. They were advertised to play in Taunton on the 4th, but were compelled to leave the town without giving a performance. When the time arrived for the company to make their appearance, they were greeted with an audience comprising just sixty persons, all told, dead-heads included. The manager gave it up and returned the audience their money. They went thence to Newport, R. I., the 5th; Yonkers, N. Y., 6th; Matteawan, 7th, and Rondout, 8th. The following is a list of the company:—J. H. Taylor, F. X. Dimmond, H. Lockwood, E. Harrison, Jimmy Johnson, Walter Birch, Frank Dumont, Geo. Warren, Tom Yates, F. Blakely, J. L. Merchant, C. H. Coes.

CHARLEY PETTENGILL'S MINSTRELS closed at the Union Hotel Opera House, Saratoga, on the 8th. Charley had a complimentary benefit on the 6th, when nearly every seat was taken, and we understand the receipts were over $400. The company were to appear at Schenectady on the 10th for the benefit of H. T. Mudge, which will close their traveling season.

THE SAN FRANCISCO COMBINATION are again on the war path, and held forth at Spring Valley, N. Y., on the 6th, and went thence to Washingtonville for the 7th, and Chester, 8th. The following comprise the company:—L. R. DeVega, manager; Tommy Sheridan, stage manager; Harry Hamilton, musical director; Johnny Brassel, comedian and tenor; W. T. Kelly, interlocutor; S. P. Smith, balladist, and Mickey Warren. Master Jerry McMillin, jig and clog dancer, joins the company at Chester.

Music Halls.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, was announced to commence its season with the variety business on the 10th inst., under the management of Rich, Josh Hart, and J. Trowbridge. The following is a complete list of the company:—Johnny Thompson, Delehanty and Hengler, the Miaco Brothers, James Budworth, William Carleton, Harry Bloodgood, Charles Gardner, Andy Leavitt, Robert Smith, the Clinetop Sisters, George Winship, L. J. Donnelly, Josh Hart, J. Trowbridge, Hattie Moreley, Nellie Taylor, Mlle. Bertha, Laura Le Clair, Ida De Vere, Lizzie Whelpley, Julia Melville, Nellie Le Roy, Emma Wagstaff, Mlle. Josephine, Julia Somers, Maggie Vernon and Emma Miller.

MANAGER VALER, of Philadelphia, Pa., advertises for vocalists and *danseuses* for his Winter Garden, in another column.

TIM HAYES, clog dancer, publishes a challenge to dance with any man in the world for the championship, in our advertising columns. As it has long been a question as to who is the better man, now is the time to bring it to a focus and find out who is the better man.

SUICIDES appear to be coming popular with professionals, as we have within a year chronicled the taking off of several by strychnine, opium, laudanum or drowning. The last victim is Edith Lamareux, well known in the music hall profession as a *danseuse*. It appears that she had contracted several debts which she could not pay, and this, coupled with some private domestic trouble, caused her to take the fatal step. The night previous to her death—which occurred in New Orleans during the week ending August 1st—she had had some difficulty with her male companion and she sought relief in her favorite narcotic—opium—and the result was her death. She had been seen under the influence of opium more than once. On one occasion, in her helplessness, she had to be undressed and put to bed. It is not believed that she had any idea of destroying herself; in fact, she said she hadn't. The quarrel with her lover was not a matter of much moment. They seemed mutually desirous of parting, and it was understood he was never to call again unless sent for. When told of her expected dissolution she expressed an entire willingness to die, and thought it was all for the best. Her real name was Springstein. Her father, it is said, lives in Ohio, and her mother was a Spanish Creole.

THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., opened on July 27th as a variety place, the management finding it impossible to run it as a first-class theatre. The troupe comprises Ned West, Geo. Powers, Tony Benton, Joe Childs, Andy McKee, Johnny Smith, Master Ed. Haley, Sig. Constantine, D. E. Ralton, stage manager, G. A. Beane, Sallie Mason, Ada Wallace, Mlle. Elise, Drew, Fannie Beane, West and Powers. The afterpiece the past week was "Warlock of the Glen," with Ralton as Mathew, Chapman as Clanronald, Burnett as Andrew, Beane as Sandy and Sallie Mason as Adela.

AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL AND VARIETY THEATRE, Washington, D. C., business continues excellent. Our correspondent, "Novice," writes:—"Quite a change has recently been made in the company as well as in the manner of giving the performance. It has been customary to give a regular minstrel first part, introducing besides the necessary number every member of the company; this has been abolished and a new order of things instituted. Manager Henze engaged a troupe of Tyrolese Warblers, six in number, and a first appearance occurred on July 27th. The Warblers appear in solos, duets, trios and choruses, and please greatly. Madame Hofer, the only female singer, possesses a soprano voice of considerable power, and executes solos in an excellent way. Negro acts are cleverly given by Messrs. Hall and Eagan, and the *ballet* is very well sustained by Jennie Eagan, Emma Marsh and Josie Farran. Mlle. Millie Tournaire, the Spanish gymnast, appeared at this house on August 3d, and created considerable of a sensation."

ANNIE GIBBONS, female cloggist, comic vocalist and song and dance performer, can be engaged by music hall managers for brief engagements. Her address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL, Louisville, Ky., is now doing a prosperous business, we understand, under the management of J. F. Pike, and to add to its attractions additional talent is advertised for in another column.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., which has been overhauled and improved of late, opens for the fall season on the 15th inst., under the management of H. W. Williams.

THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE is doing an excellent business, we are informed. Mr. Edmund Glover, melo-dramatic actor, put in an appearance on the 3d inst. as Jack Sheppard. Miss Belle Thomas, balladist, has a fine voice, but it needs cultivation. The Florence Sisters are popular, especially in their double dance, and never fail to receive an *encore*. Miss Angela Sefton is undoubtedly a most graceful and finished *danseuse*. De Burton, Harry Forbes and De Bonay are still in the company.

DAVIS' MUSIC HALL, Baltimore, continues to attract good houses, the latest card being Lottie Edwards and Jimmy Quinn. Davis and his dog Fannie Ellsler put in an occasional appearance.

CARRIE WESTON, *danseuse*, is filling an engagement at Union Music Hall, New Haven, Conn.

JERRY COHEN advertises in another column for an engagement in his various music hall specialties.

THE BARLOW BROTHERS, jiggists, cloggists and singists, want an engagement, and so advertise in another column.

AN ACCIDENT to a gymnast occurred on July 28th, while the Wilson Brothers were practicing at the Skating Rink, Milwaukee, Wis. Louis was attempting to turn a double somersault from a pedestal fifteen feet high and alight upon the shoulders of Luke, but his heel struck Luke on the neck, breaking his collar bone. A benefit was tendered him on August 5th.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., Charles Dunham, Maggie Mairs and Frank Addison appeared on Aug. 3d. Charles Dunham took the bone end.

JENNIE JOHNSON joined the forces at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 3d inst. Hen Mason has been favorably received in the song, "My Father Sould Charcoal." Julia Marsh was announced to open there on the 10th inst.

TILLY FORBES, says a correspondent, retires from the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., and from the stage altogether, on Aug. 8th, to proceed to Richmond, Va., where she was to be married soon after her arrival to John Snellings, a non professional.

J. B. WHITMAN and PHIL DIFENBACH comedians, are in Norfolk, Va., waiting for something to turn up.

OSCAR WILLIS and AUGUSTA LAMAREUX opened an engagement at the Varieties, Richmond, Va., on Aug. 6th. Ada Wray, Jennie Benson, Morrisey Little, Julia Marsh and Louisa P. Wray are in the company.

THE COURT STREET MUSIC HALL is the only place of amusement open in Indianapolis, Ind. Manager Sam. E. Dinnin retains Bowman and Harris, song and dance men. R. T. Tyrell, balladist, is now the middle man. Mlle. Leocetta, and Mlle. Eugenia Erwin have been recently added.

THE NEW BELLA UNION, now being erected on the east side of Kearny street, north of Washington, San Francisco, for Sam Tetlow, is nearly completed. The stage will have a depth of 20 feet and a width of 45. The auditorium will be 68 feet long and 45 wide. The distance between the floor and ceiling will be 27 feet. The orchestra and dress circle will be constructed on the same plan as that of the late Academy of Music, and the Academy seats will be used. Above the dress circle and orchestra there will be a semi-circle of private boxes—23 in number. There will be four proscenium boxes, two on each side of the stage. The auditorium entrance will be on Washington street. The seating capacity will be about 900.

THE "CAN CAN" has made an immense hit at Fox's American Varieties, Philadelphia, and Zucardi, the *danseuse* has come with a rush. At 9 o'clock, P. M., when the "Can Can" is on, standing room is scarce. Manager Fox is deserving of his great success.

SPAULDING AND BIDWELL are in want of first class performers in all branches of the profession for the Academy of Music, New Orleans, commencing the season on Nov. 25th.

Miscellaneous.

WALL'S OPERA HOUSE, Washington, D. C., with scenery and all necessary appointments, and having a seating capacity of twelve hundred, may be rented by addressing Mr. W. L. Wall, as per advertisement.

M. HARTZ, illusionist, was to have remained in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., until Aug. 8th, after which he intends to visit all of the surrounding towns.

THE CITIZENS of Bloomington, Ill., have the repute of being very fond of amusements generally, dramatic and minstrel particularly, and fortunately for them they have a friend in Dr. Schroeder, who has erected a convenient edifice there that his fellow citizens may hear and see good performances. This is an evidence of generous character, and managers traveling that way should not fail to send their advance agents there to enter into a contract. We are informed that a good dramatic company would do well there for a fortnight. Schroeder's Opera House is a convenient establishment, and details of its fittings and appointments may be found in another column.

JAMES TAYLOR, a popular comic performer of Great Britain, is supposed to be *en route* for this country with a company of good performers, with the purpose of amusing the people of America in his specialties. His representative, Mr. Edward Pailthorp, is now arranging preliminaries for his first appearance.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeems Pipes) has made a hit in San Francisco, we are told, in his new descriptive lecture called "Sixty Minutes in Japan and China." He will shortly give it in New York.

PROF. MOREY is traversing the territories. He had given four performances in Georgetown, Colorado Territory, up to July 28th, and was to give three more prior to his departure for Salt Lake City. On July 27th, in Georgetown, he had a crowded house. At that time there was *a heavy snow storm there.*

WOLCOTT'S VARIETY TROUPE performed in Pendleton, Ind., on July 31st and August 1st, under canvas. Lou Ginger, Charley Bartine and the Wolcott Family are the principal features.

"PARIS—CITY OF LUXURY," is the title of Olive Logan's new lecture for the coming fall season.

JOHN DENIER'S COMBINATION performed in Eau Clair, Wis., on July 29th and 30th; Chippewa Falls, 31st and Aug. 1st; and were to go thence to Red Wing, Minn.; Prescott and Minneapolis. The company at present consists of John Denier, Frank Carlton, E. M. Hall, Tom Coleman, E. T. Smith, T. Hesse, Robert, Fred., John and Rudolph Christy, Maggie Willett and Ada Austin.

COWHIDED.—A few weeks ago a party by the name of Morningstar opened the Varieties Theatre, Louisville, Ky., having engaged a company, including a number of *ballet* girls. Having very little, if any money, and business proving bad, the ghost did not peregrinate the day set forth for his perambulations. Naturally enough some of the company became uneasy, more so when a number of land-ladies demanded their week's board. One enraged individual took the matter in hand, and on the 1st inst., in the vicinity of the Varieties, made a scientific application of the skin of the cow to the hide of the Morning Star, and it is natural to suppose that he saw several stars just about that time.

MRS. NELSON KNEASS' burletta entertainments are still continued at the Fourth Street Theatre, Cincinnati. George Radcliffe is no longer with the troupe, and the principal attraction is the singing and chambermaid acting of Miss Annie Kneass. During part of last week she appeared in an original interlude entitled "A Bachelor's Advertisement for a Wife," and afterwards in "Jenny Lind." The singing and musical portion of the programme is really good, and deserves better encouragement. James Gregson, of the company, was to have had a benefit on Friday, the 7th inst.

TWELVE MEN are required to go through and clean out the "Great Organ" of Boston annually. The expense attending the operation is said to be $300.

S. BEHREN, musical conductor, who has been rusticating at Cape May, conducted ashore about fifty pounds of blue fish a few days ago.

THE JAPANESE JUGGLERS have been doing well at Nevada City.

A CORNET PLAYER, one who can well the trumpet blow, so he says, advertises for a "polish" in another column over the signature of B. B. Dale.

THE PEAK FAMILY, bell ringers, and Sol. Smith Russell, the humorist, were at Cooperstown, N. Y., on August 5th.

CALCIUM LIGHTS may be procured of Thomas D. Benson, as per advertisement.

R. CRAIG'S entertainment at the Columbia House, Cape May, on the 5th inst., was a success, his imitations of prominent actors and literary characters receiving the warmest applause.

KATE BREVOORT, serio-comic vocalist and pianist, may be engaged for the fall and winter season by addressing her as per card in our advertising columns.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS MUSICIAN.—Mr. Philip Ernst, a flute player of repute, a thorough musician and a good citizen, died at Morrisania, N. Y., on Wednesday, Aug. 5th, at the age of 76½ years, of cholera morbus. His funeral took place on the 7th inst., and was very largely attended by relatives, friends and prominent musicians from New York and those in his immediate neighborhood, including Messrs. Wollenhaupt, Bristow, Nash, Speck and Wells, and a fine band from this city, whose music, plaintive and mournful, was most excellent, and well adapted to the occasion. Although retired from public performances, he continued to give lessons up to the 3d inst. Philip Ernst was born February 29th, 1792, at Mentz, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany; his father was a noted gunsmith of that city at that time. He, to please his father, endeavored to learn the same trade, but having met with a serious accident, was confined to his bed for more than three years, and then compelled to undergo a severe surgical operation, the first of the kind ever performed until then, consisting of having his thigh bone actually cut out with a chisel, an operation he endured without being bound or rendered insensible by chloroform, then unknown to the medical fraternity. It was at this time that Dr. Leydis, his physician, observing that he was fast losing flesh, recommended him to play the flute and thereby to exercise his lungs; it was this painful circumstance that inducted him to the musical profession, inasmuch as his father, having been deprived suddenly of his property by the invasion of Napoleon the first, in Germany, Philip promptly arose from his bed, and on crutches at once began to give lessons on the flute and play in public, in which, fortunately, he met with great success; so much so that he was appointed first flutist at the theatre of his native place, where he remained until, ambitious to see the world, he started on a tour through Germany and Switzerland, meeting everywhere with warm reception and applause. About that time he made the acquaintance of the celebrated composer, Winter, and, encouraged by this great musician, began the study of composition, which led soon afterwards to his engagement at the Royal Theatre, Munich, as first tenor singer, in which he made such a signal triumph that most persons would not again have exchanged the stage for the concert-room and orchestra; but the flute was his favorite, so he refused to renew his lyric engagement, and started for Paris, where he soon succeeded in getting appointed first flutist to King Charles, in which he continued until the revolution of 1830, when he followed the royal family to England, where he succeeded the celebrated flute player Nicholson, at the Royal Italian Opera. As his family grew upon him fast he did not remain there long, but in the wake of other first class musicians came to the United States, and was the first to introduce here, we understand, the famous Boehm flute, and here he made quite a name, fame, and, we are glad to say, a moderate fortune. Among his leading pupils were the mother of the present Napoleon, Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, Sir Robert Peel's daughters, Lord Brougham, Sir Henry Hardinge in the old country, and Messrs. J. White, D. P. Chamberlain and many others in the new world. He leaves an affectionate wife, son and daughter, we understand, to mourn his loss and sudden decease. We have known the old gentleman personally for some six years, and we never knew a more kind, affable and honest man. In the bourne to which he has gone we sincerely hope he may have found that peace and happiness which passeth all understanding. *Requiescat in pace*

PAREPA ROSA continued too ill to give her proposed concert at Oakland, Cal., on July 24th, and the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 25th.

A CANVAS is offered for sale in an advertisement elsewhere.

FRED LUBIN, one of the Lubin Brothers, having opened an office in East Thirteenth street, is prepared to attend to the wants of professionals upon every subject relating to the show business. He offers to furnish negro farces, sketches, gags, single and double acts for minstrel and music hall performers, melo-dramas, farces, translations and adaptations from the French, for actors and actresses; in fact, novelty of every description he is prepared to furnish. Parties who have any little pledges that they may wish to dispose of for a little while will find in Mr. Lubin an obliging person, as making advances on show "props" is a specialty with him. He also continues the manufacture of magicians' apparatus. Consult his advertisement elsewhere for further particulars.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT commenced a four nights' stay in Halifax, N. S., on Aug. 7th.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION was in Halifax, N. S., on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst.

THE INDIAN SHOW, under the management of Charles L. Howard, was at London, Ohio, Aug. 6th; Columbus, 7th; Newark, 8th; Zanesville, 10th, and Columbus, 11th. The company then travel, performing under canvas at the State Fairs.

AT YOUNGSTOWN, O., they have a new hall, just finished in good style with all the necessary appointments, having a seating capacity of 1,000, and well located. Managers who intend traveling that way should read Mr. Confoy's card in our advertising columns.

THE TYROLESE OPERA TROUPE, under the leadership of Edward Hofer, the well known Tyrolese singer and versatile performer, concluded their engagement in Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst. The troupe contains the following artists:—Mrs. Hofer, *prima donna* soprano; J. Lercher, first tenor and warbler; J. Baire, second tenor and warbler; Edw. Hofer, baritone and warbler; P. Lercher, first basso, and F. Oberforcher, basso profundo. They can be engaged. See advertisement.

A. DEWEY, late of the Zanfretta combination, has settled down in Eu Clair, Wis., as agent for a Sewing Machine Company.

MR. JOHN DENIER'S Combination performed in Chippewa Falls, Wis., on the 3d and 4th inst., and Eu Clair 5th and 6th inst. A correspondent says:—"The brass band, led by Prof. Christie, astonishes the natives, and Edwin Hall's drumming on his snare drum, as well as the way he manipulates the banjo, also surprises them. He is introducing to the public up here the 'Bell Chimes,' and it takes well. Maggie Willetts in her rapid changes in 'In and Out of Place,' her Irish Jig and 'Active Gal' go well, while John Denier's rope-walking always pleases and astonishes. Mr. Denier is at present negotiating to put his Combination under a 100 ft. oblong canvas."

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played the "Ticket of Leave Man" for their benefit on the 6th. An Old Actor, says:—"Mr. Tustin as Dalton was excellent; he introduced many fine and original points in the part. Mr. P. Francis as Brierly did very well and Mr. J. Quigley received commendation for the superb manner in which he impersonated the character of Hawkshaw. Mr. Fenno deserves credit for his make-up and playing of Melter Moss. Miss Annie Sheldon as Sam Willoughby looked and played the part well, whilst Mr. J. A. Buck as Mrs. Willoughby kept the house in continual roars of laughter. Miss Baker deserves censure for being so imperfect in the part of May Edwards, as this is the second or third time that she has played it. Mr. Wm. Brooks played Maltby. Mr. Perry is stage manager now."

THE JAMES MURDOCH DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Pittsburgh, Pa., gave an entertainment at Masonic Hall on the 1st inst. The plays were "Lucretia Borgia" and "Maurice the Wood-Cutter." The playing of Gennaro by Mr. J. C. Raymond, and Lucretia by Miss Jennie Stanley, is said to have been good.

THE FORREST ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, Md., give a performance of "The Advocate," the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice," and "Unwarrantable Intrusion," at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 11th inst., for the benefit of the sufferers by the late flood at Ellicott City, Md.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON SHOW NEWS.—The London managers have been experiencing some pretty hot weather of late, and in consequence business has not been good at the various places of amusement open. Charles Mathews closed his performances at the Adelphi Theatre on July 25th, and the "Flying Scud" was to be brought out on the 27th......The Princess' closed on July 25th, to prepare for the early production of Boucicault's new drama of "After Dark, a Tale of London Life"......The Queen's closed on July 23d for a rehearsal of "The Lancashire Lass," by H. J. Byron, produced on the 24th for W. H. Liston's benefit. ......The French plays at the St. James' terminated on July 25th with the benefit of Mlle. Schneider......The Prince of Wales' closed on the 25th......At the Haymarket a series of tragic revivals commenced on July 20th with a performance of "Othello," Mr. Pennington appearing as Othello and Ada Cavendish as Desdemona. "King John" followed on the 21st, being James Anderson's first appearance since his Australian engagement. He is said to have introduced innovations and alterations in the character. Miss Frances Bouverie made her London *debut* as Constance. She is said to be pretty, but does not possess much physical power. For Mr. Coe's benefit on July 24th, Mrs. Scott Siddons made her last appearance prior to her departure for America, as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."......At the Alexandra a new burlesque on "Giselle" has been produced. Blondin continues at this house......"Lady Anne's Well, or the Warning Spirit," is a new drama by Mr. Travers, produced at the Britannia on July 20th......J. B. Johnstone is the author of a new drama entitled "Bonnie Prince Charlie," produced at the East London Theatre on July 20th......Daniel Bandmann appears at the Lyceum, under E. T. Smith's management, early in September, in a new play by Bulwer. Boothroyd Fairclough will follow Bandmann, for a few nights only......Mr. Gye terminated his season of Italian Opera on July 23d. Taken on the whole it was not a brilliant or successful season. The season closed with Patti's benefit, when she appeared in "Romeo," "Faust," and "La Figlia."......Her Majesty's Opera House closed its season on August 1st. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson appeared in "Il Flauto Magico" and met with a failure. While singing her first air it was evident that the excessive heat had affected her throat, and it became still more evident, after she had too generously accepted an unreasonable *encore*, that it would be unwise for her to attempt the second song. Hence no one was surprised at the stage manager's appearance with an apology, however much the result was disappointing. That some present were disgusted, the few hisses which followed Mdlle. Nilsson off the stage made clear. Clara Louise Kellogg appeared as Linda on July 27th, for her benefit. Christine Nilsson gave scenes from "La Traviata," "Faust" and "Lucia," for her benefit on July 30th, and the closing performance was the first act of "Norma," "Fidelio," "I Duo Foscari" and third act of "Medea" for Titien's benefit......Azella, the flying trapezist, was succeeded at the Amphitheatre on July 20th by M. Onra. There is also at this establishment a female acrobat whose remarkable suppleness of body is displayed in two or three very difficult feats. Placing the back of her head on a cushion, and having the points of twelve swords resting on her face, she makes several perfect evolutions without disturbing the weapons...... "Under the Gaslight" has been successfully produced at the Pavilion......Agnes Cameron, an American actress, was to open Astley's for a summer season on August 1st, with the poetic play of "Alarcos."......Mr. Dillon will make his appearance at Drury Lane on the 15th of October, in a four act drama, on which Mr. Bayle Bernard is now engaged......Mr. W. Brough has written a burlesque for the Queen's Theatre......Mr. Alfred Wigan, who has retired from the New Queen's Theatre, has accepted an engagement at the Gaiety, now being constructed in the Strand, and will make his appearance at Christmas, under the lesseeship of Mr. John Hollingshead......Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan will return during the autumn to the Queen's Theatre, and will appear in an original five act play by Mr. Watts Phillips. A second drama by Mr. Watts Phillips has been accepted at the same theatre, and a sensation piece, by the same author, is in preparation at the Surrey......"Armida" is said to be in rehearsal at the Grand Opera. At the same theatre a Mlle. Hisson, pupil of the Conservatoire and of M. Wartel, the instructor of Madame Trebelli and Mlle. Nilsson, is reported to have made a favorable *debut* in "Il Trovatore."

PARIS SHOW ITEMS.—According to M. Jules Favre, the languishing state of the drama in France is due to that fatal hankering after government subsidies which afflicts that country. The 1,835,000 fr. given yearly by the government is nearly all expended in scenic effects, which neither Corneille nor Moliere ever dreamt of, and which quickly exhaust rival managers. A subsidy once accepted, the manager is a slave, and soon finds out to his cost that what the administration gives him with one hand it takes away with the other. If any one takes into account the money laid out in the *mise-en-scene*, and the tax of an eighth of the receipts paid to the hospitals, it is not astonishing to find so many theatres with their doors closed, and dramatic authorship at a discount......Mr. R. Reece, author of several burlesques produced at the New Royalty Theatre and elsewhere, is writing a comedy for the new Gaiety Theatre. Mr. R. Soutar and Miss Ellen Farren have been engaged at this house......A three-act comedy, by M. de Leris, "*Les Marie sont Esclaves*," and a one-act sketch, by M. Octave Gastineau, have been produced at the Gymnase Dramatique.

MRS. PYNE-GALTON gave a farewell concert in Gravesend, Eng., on July 20th, prior to her departure for America.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced in Leeds, Eng., by Mortimer Murdoch, on July 20th.

THE NOTA THEATRE, Turin, was lately destroyed by fire, as noticed in our last. The disaster occurred during the performance of "Crispino e la Comare." The house was crowded, and the piece had arrived at about the middle of the second act, when the scream of a woman was heard from behind the scenes, followed by the noise of hurried footsteps and a cry of "Keep your places, it is nothing." The clothes of a female dancer had caught fire, and in her terror she had run about with her skirt in a blaze, and had thus set light to some drapery at the wings; she was, however, firmly enveloped in a linen cloth, and the flames of her dress were extinguished before she had suffered any injury. The alarm had, however, spread among the spectators, and a general rush was made for the doors; for a moment there was great danger of loss of life from the pressure, but some young men who were in the gallery above, and could see what was going on near the stage, called out that the fire was over. About half the spectators then returned to their seats, while those who were nearest the door left the building. The disaster had indeed, for a moment, appeared to be at an end, as the canvas on fire had been torn and trampled under foot. But the flames had found in the painted scenes and light wood-work an aliment too favorable, and the flames again appearing the panic once more became general; screams were heard on all sides, several women fainted, many persons jumped from the windows on the staircase, and every one made for the street, leaving behind hats, shawls, umbrellas, etc. The scene outside was most curious; the spectators might be seen, some head bare and others with clothes torn from their backs, hurrying to and fro in search of friends or relatives; the actors and actresses were in their costumes, while some of the *ballet* girls, who had been surprised while dressing, were between two toilets, half civil and half theatrical. The flames in the meantime had gained the pit and galleries, and, as the interior of the house was constructed of wood and canvas only, any attempt to check the progress of the fire was useless, and in a short time nothing but the blackened walls remained.

SIGNOR ROSSINI, it is stated, intends to found a music school in his native town, Pesaro, to which professors of the first class are to be attached.

THEATRE ROYAL, Margate, Eng., was opened for the season on July 23d, under Sarah Thorne's management, with the "Black Sheep."

WILLIAM CHALONER, of the London Hall and Circus, Manchester, Eng., died there on July 22d, aged 39 years.

JOSEPH BROOK, vocalist, died in Yorkshire, Eng., on July 21st, aged 63 years.

BUCKSTONE'S LONDON COMPANY opened a brief season in Liverpool, Eng., at the Theatre Royal, on July 20th, in "School for Scandal."

E. P. HINGSTON is said to be meeting with success in the management of the Hall by the Sea, at Margate.

THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—The show world is pretty well represented in Great Britain, as there are thirty-three theatres in London, six in Liverpool and three in Glasgow, as well as fourteen circuses in various parts of the kingdom. Of the metropolitan theatres eight have been totally destroyed by fire during the past twenty-seven years; namely, Astley's, the Garrick Theatre, Leman Street, Whitechapel, the Olympic, Pavilion, Covent Garden, Surrey, Standard and Her Majesty's Theatre. During the past year one hundred and twenty-two new pieces were produced at the London theatres and twenty-one Christmas burlesques and pantomimes. There are forty music halls in London, and the artists thereof comprise one hundred and seventy-one sentimental singers, one hundred and seventy comic singers, twelve Irish comic and one hundred and seventeen serio-comic performers. There are also seventy-five comic duettists, one hundred and one parties of so-called "negro delineators," forty-three single, duetto, or troupes of dancers, one hundred and eight single or associated gymnasts and acrobats, ten jugglers, balancers, &c., six dog and monkey troupes, nine comic trios, quartets, ballet companies, &c., and sixteen wizards and ventriloquists.

ADELINA PATTI was married on the morning of July 29th, at a Roman Catholic Church at the Clapham Road, London, Eng., to the Marquis de Caux, a nobleman of ancient family, and at present Equery to the Emperor of the French. The Duke of Manchester and Mr. Costa gave away the bride; Miss Harris, M'lle Rita, daughter of Mario, and M'lle Zanzi were the bridesmaids. The witnesses were the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French Ambassador, and the Secretaries of the French Legation. Patti will continue on the lyric stage for some time longer under her maiden name, having accepted engagements in St. Petersburgh, Paris and London.

AQUATICS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF HALIFAX HARBOR.

GEORGE BROWN AGAIN WINS THE BELT.

Ten years since Dr. Chas. Cogswell, of Halifax, N. S., with a view to promoting the growth of the healthful exercise of boating among the youth of that section, offered a champion sculler's belt of the value of $150, which was to be competed for yearly, and won five times successively by the same person ere it became his personal property. At the same time the sum of $400 was placed by him in the hands of the manager of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club, the interest of said amount, together with the entrance fees, to be paid yearly to the successful competitor. The first contest for the trophy took place at a regatta held on Sept. 8th, 1858, and resulted in the success of Bernard Gallagher, he defeating seven opponents. The second contest came off on the 13th of July, 1859, when George Lovitt was declared champion. On the 10th of August, 1860, Jeremiah Holland won the belt. It was then decided that in the future the race should take place on the 1st day of August in each year. In 1861, 1862 and 1863 George Lovitt was victorious, thus winning the belt four times. Halifax—and particularly the "north end"—was not a little proud of the champion who, it was thought, must carry the prize off altogether. It was not so, however. In 1864 a greater man than Lovitt appeared on the harbor in the person of George Brown, a hardy fisherman, who was declared the victor. In 1865, 1866 and 1867 Brown participated in keen contests, and in each case became the champion. This brings us down to the present year, and concerning the contest which took place on the 1st inst. the *Chronicle* speaks as follows:—

"Lovitt and Brown having each won the belt four times, one more victory would make either of them owner of it. Lovett did not compete last year, and it was said that he had retired from the contest. This year, however, he again appeared on the harbor for practice, and his friends expressed strong hopes that he would carry off the prize. The entries for the race were as follows:—

1. Tangier, 1st—George Lovitt.
2. Camilla—George Brown.
3. Anti—James Fergusson.
4. Fidget—James Brown.
5. Tangier, 2d—Edward Tracey.

"The weather was not favorable for the contest. The sky was cloudy and there was considerable fog hanging over the harbor. This, however, would not have greatly impeded the race, but the water was much too rough for scull boats. The harbor was alive with boats, in which parties were seeking a good view of the race, and thousands assembled on the wharves. George Brown's successive victories had made his friends confident of winning this race, and heavy odds were offered on him. We think there was not so much betting as in former years, the friends of the other competitors not caring to risk their money against such a formidable opponent. Next to George Brown, Tracey was the favorite.

"About half past eleven George Brown, James Brown, Edward Tracey and James Fergusson took their positions for the start. In consequence of the roughness of the weather, it is said, Lovitt determined not to row. At the signal the boats went away in fine style. Geo. Brown soon took the lead, followed closely by Tracey. James Brown came next and Fergusson last. This position was maintained throughout the race. It soon became evident that the race would be between George Brown and Tracey. Fergusson was being rapidly left behind, and James Brown, though doing very well, must have seen that he had no chance. Near the end of the course James Brown's boat upset, and then there were only George Brown and Tracey to finish the race. At twenty-three minutes and twenty-two seconds from the start George Brown passed the umpire's vessel about three boat lengths ahead of Tracey. The course was 2½ miles long. In smooth water 23.22 would not be considered very fast, but in rough water like that on Saturday it was excellent time. Brown pulled into Pryor's wharf, where he was received by an immense crowd of his admirers, who warmly congratulated him on his success. And thus for five years in succession has George Brown won the champion's belt, which now becomes his property. He has nobly won it. A finer oarsman has probably never appeared on Halifax harbor. Tracey pulls a splendid stroke, and even he must feel that it it no dishonor to be beaten by such an oarsman as George Brown. Tracey is a young man and a few years will do much to make him equal to the present champion.

"The contest for the championship is ended. The belt becomes the personal property of Brown, and it remains to be seen whether any of our citizens will come forward with another belt. Dr. Cogswell's gift of $400 remains in the hands of the Yacht Club. If within three years no person offers a belt for the championship the money reverts to the giver; but if any person will offer a belt, the interest of the $400 will still be paid to the annual winner. We are sure that the doctor would regret if the money was returned to him under these terms, and we may safely say that our citizens will not permit the gift to be lost, but before the 1st of August, 1869, a new belt will be offered. And here it may not be out of place to say that Dr. Cogswell witnessed the contest last year, and was so well pleased with Brown's oarsmanship that he offered to give the handsome sum of $200 towards sending him to England to compete with the English champion, an offer which we know he is still ready to carry out."

SHREWSBURY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The third annual regatta of the above club was held on the picturesque Shrewsbury river on Thursday, the 6th inst., the race being thrown open to entries from all surrounding organizations. The weather was favorable for both yachtsmen and spectators, and there was quite an extensive gathering of ladies and gentlemen present. The course was twelve miles in length, starting from Fair Haven dock, opposite Van Tine's Hotel, thence around a stakeboat opposite Port Washington, thence around stakeboat off Red Bank, thence back around stakeboat off Port Washington, thence between flagboat and dock at place of starting. John R. Mallery, Bayonne Yacht Club, and James E. Nolan, Neptune Yacht Club, were appointed judges, and S. J. Delan acted as referee. The prizes were:—For the first winning boat, $60; for the second, $30; the third, $20; the fourth, $10; the fifth, $5; the sixth, a silver cup. Shortly before two o'clock the following yachts appeared at the stakeboat. The time allowed was a minute and a half to the boat:—

Name.	Owner.	Feet.
Crazy Jane, N. Y. C.	Mr. Jenks	18
Abby, S. Y. C.	Mr. Masters	27
Flying Cloud, S. Y. C.	Mr. Hoffmer	28
Dreadnought, Port Washington	Mr. Longstreet	26
Eliza Jane, S. Y. C.	Mr. Hendrickson	20
Lillie May, Hoboken	Mr. Fowler	21
Lavine, A. Y. C.	Mr. Heaman	26
Mattie, Bayonne Y. C.	Mr. Elsworth	27
Unknown, J. Y. C.	Mr. Cornet	22
Comet, New Jersey Y. C.	Mr. Hall	18
Georgia	Mr. L. World	20

At 2.15 the gun was discharged and the smaller craft were speedily under way in their regular order, a good start being obtained. The Mattie and Abby were among the last to get off, but they gained rapidly upon their rivals, passed them gallantly and made it soon apparent to all that the real contest lay between them. The superior sailing qualities of the Mattie were again made manifest, however, for she defeated all her competitors by over four minutes, the yachts coming home in the following order:—

Name.	H.	M.	S.	Name.	H.	M.	S.
Mattie	4	36	15	Lillie May	4	57	00
Abby	4	40	30	Crazy Jane	4	57	25
Comet	4	51	45	Eliza Jane	5	02	15
Lavine	4	56	15	Unknown	5	06	18

ELLIS WARD CHALLENGES RAYMOND.

One day last week Ellis Ward called at our office and left the subjoined challenge, which we hope will receive prompt attention from the oarsman to whom it is directed. Ellis' reason for desiring that the race should take place so soon after signing is, that he is employed upon a schooner and cannot get away from his duties longer than that time. Read the *defi*:—

NEW YORK, August 5th, 1868.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—Sir,—Hearing that John T. Raymond has, since his late defeat by my brother Charles, expressed a desire to row against any of the Ward Brothers, I hereby challenge him to pull me a three mile race, either in shells or seventeen foot working boats, for from fifty to one hundred dollars a side. The race to take place on the Hudson, at Haverstraw or Grassy Point, within four days from date of signing articles. By answering this and appointing a place of meeting for arranging preliminaries, the match can be made. Respectfully yours, ELLIS WARD.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—Agreeable to appointment, Josh Ward, Charley Peverelly, Ed. Fitzgerald and Henry Munn, on behalf of the Ward brothers, and Morton Price, on behalf of the British crew, met at our office on the afternoon of the 7th inst. for the purpose of negotiating a four oared race between the Cornwall heroes and an English four. A brief consultation, however, disclosed the fact that the gentleman from across the water had no authority to take any decisive action until he had consulted with the crew which he proposed to match; and although the New Yorkers offered very great inducements to any crew which would consent to row upon this side the Atlantic, and were prepared to back up their challenge by a deposit of from $250 to $500, he declined to make good the rather positive card inserted in our last issue. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen, although we regret to say that the chances are against it. We prefer to say nothing further upon the subject until something definite is known. The Wards desire it distinctly understood that they wish to row the *four best men England can produce and none other*, in order that the race may decide who is entitled to the proud position of champion crew of the world. They do not wish a repetition of the St. John affair, at the making of which match they were assured that they were to meet the very best crew in the provinces, but as soon as they had proven their superiority a hue and cry was raised that "the Paris crew" could beat them, although the latter have, notwithstanding this confident assertion, refrained from answering the challenge which the Americans issued long since. The backers offer an amount largely in excess of any which would probably be offered by any foreign crew for the race to take place upon our waters, and we hope that it may induce some of our trans-Atlantic cousins to afford us the opportunity which we have several times given them, of witnessing an international match.

SINGLE SCULL RACE AT SING SING.—Those of our readers who keep themselves posted in aquatic matters will recollect that shortly subsequent to the great four-oared race at Sing Sing between the Ward brothers and the Biglins, Jared T. Raymond, of that place, then an amateur in rowing, challenged Charley Ward to pull a five mile race. Ward accepted, and the contest took place the day following, when Raymond, to the surprise of all, took Charley into camp very easily. The Wards thought so well of him after this that he frequently practiced with them, and at Boston and Worcester he formed one of their six-oared crew. Having taken no care of himself, and being pushed harder than he ever was before, Raymond flagged greatly during the race with the Harvards at Lake Quinsigamond and came very nigh giving out altogether—in fact, it was only by the utmost urging by the rest of the crew that he could be kept to work. After it was over, considerable discussion occurred in reference to the matter, which finally culminated in another match being made between Raymond and his quondam opponent, Charley Ward, and they pulled a three mile race for $50 a side on the Hudson, at Sing Sing, on the 3d inst. A large number of boating men from Newburgh, Cornwall, and other points along the Hudson, were present, and the speculation upon the result was quite brisk, slight odds being offered upon Raymond. Timothy Donoghue was chosen referee, and the judges were Charles W. Johnson and H. T. B. Brown, of Sing Sing. The contest to the turning stake was close and productive of much excitement, but here, unfortunately, the interest was nipped in the bud by the loosening of one of Raymond's outriggers, compelling him to withdraw from the race and allowing Ward to pull home leisurely, his time being 28:30. The result dissatisfied all except those who bet upon the winner, and, as Raymond expressed a desire to row again, it is probable that another race will be arranged, to take place at an early day.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB piloted their various craft to Glen Cove on the 8th inst., preparatory to starting on their annual cruise with full crews to test the fleetness of their fleet, which consists of the following yachts:—Alarm, A. C. Kingsland; Alice, Geo. W. Kidd; Calypso, Jno. H. Bache; Dauntless, J. G. Bennett, Jr.; Fleetwing, Geo. A. Osgood; Fleur de Lis, Jno. S. Dickinson; Idler, Thos. C. Durant; Josephine, F. R. Starr; Magic, G. L. Lorillard; Maria, E. A. Stevens; N. P. Palmer, R. F. Loper; Pauline, Ch. R. Penniman; Phantom, Commodore Stebbins; Rambler, F. Skiddy; Restless, W. P. Douglass; Scud, C. Macalester, Jr.; Sea Drift, A. Major; Widgeon, Lloyd Phœnix; Addie V., W. Voorhies; Gussie, Hy. Steers; Jessie, E. A. Lawrence; Whitewing, S. Homans.

The fleet, with Commodore Stebbins in command, after a feast and a hop, left Glen Cove on the 8th, and sailed for New London, Conn., where they arrived on the 9th, between 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., in the following order:—Eva, Dauntless, Palmer, Phantom, Idler, Fleetwing, Halcyon, Magic, Rambler, Widgeon, Alice, Restless, Fleur de lis and Scud, the others following.

NARRAGANSETT BOAT CLUB.—The members of this organization are preparing for the fall campaign. Their boat house is fast filling with new boats. They have recently added to their club the famous six-oared shell of the Ward brothers, in which they beat the Harvards at Worcester; and last, but not least, the boat in which Tyler beat Mekiel, has been purchased by Mr. R. R. Deming. West is to have a new boat this week, his boat having warped so as to be unfit for use.

YACHT RACE IN HALIFAX HARBOR.—The Royal Halifax Yacht Club held their annual race for the Prince of Wales' challenge cup on the 1st inst. At 12.45 P. M., the following yachts started: —Squirrel, 20 tons, owned by J. M. Watson, Esq; Petrel, 14¼ tons, owned by William Hare, Esq.; Blanche, 16½ tons, owned by Lieut. Fowler, R. E., Vice Commodore. They returned as follows:—Squirrel at 3.05 P. M. Petrel at 3.13 P. M. After allowing for difference in tonnage the Squirrel was declared the winner (for the first time) by 2½ minutes.

A SINGLE SCULL RACE for a champion pin will take place between members of the Palisade Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., over the club course, on the 15th inst.

IMPORTANT PIGEON MATCHES OUT WEST.—During the latter part of July articles were signed by Mr. Bogardus, of Illinois, and James Shannon, of Missouri, according to which they agree to shoot two matches at St. Louis on the 25th and 26th inst., the first match to be at double birds, 41 each, 21 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, and the second at fifty single birds each, 25 yards, 100 boundary, spring traps and 1⅛ oz. shot to be used in both matches, each of which will be for $500. Half of the entire amount of the stakes has already been deposited in the hands of a well known gentleman in the Mound City, and the matches are creating much interest among the friends of the respective parties as well as the sporting public of that vicinity generally.

THREE PIGEON SHOOTING MATCHES took place at Ludlow's hotel, Union Hill, N. J., on the afternoon of the 3d inst., which were witnessed by quite a large number of the lovers of trigger sport. The first on the programme was between William Taylor, of Jersey City, and William Hess, of Hoboken, N. J., and two others without *nom de plumes*, which was won by Hess, who slaughtered all his birds. The second trigger trial was between Hess and Taylor for $100 a side, ten single birds each, in which Taylor was defeated by Hess killing nine birds to his opponent's eight. Notwithstanding this result, Taylor gave Hess another trial at nine birds for $25 a side, but again got defeated by Hess killing eight birds to his seven.

A POP AT PIGEONS took place at Windsor, C. W., on the 8th inst., between Cook Cousins, of Windsor, and J. Payne, of Providence, R. I. The former won by killing all his birds, 21, to Payne's 18.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE.
TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT TO MR. WM. POST.

BOWERY THEATRE, August 3d, 1868.

MR. WM. POST.—*Dear Sir*—For the many favors and kind attention to us since our arrival in the United States, we tender, with the consent of Mr. Wm. B. Freligh, the services of the family for a benefit, and hope it will be as pecuniarily successful as we wish it to be. Yours, ETIENNE BUISLAY.

NEW YORK, August 7th, 1868.

TO THE DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE BUISLAY FAMILY.—*Gentlemen*—Your kind offer has surprised me. It is indeed an honor you would confer. I have been connected with the Bowery Theatre, in various capacities, for upwards of twenty-five years, and as I am about to withdraw from public life, the testimonial you propose will afford me an opportunity of taking leave of my many friends and the public, who have heretofore been so generously disposed towards me. Therefore, as Mr. Wm. B. Freligh has kindly tendered me the use of the Bowery Theatre for the occasion, I will name Thursday evening, August 13th, for the purpose you have proposed. Yours, WM. POST.

On which occasion the following HOST OF TALENT have generously volunteered:—
THE BUISLAY FAMILY,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE,
MR. T. J. DONNELLY,
The Wonderful FOSTER SISTERS,
5 and 8 years of age, their first appearance in this city.
Professors HEINTZ, FREDERICKS, ROZENBAUM and pupils will give an exhibition of the BROAD SWORD AND FOIL EXERCISE.
The celebrated BEN WHEELER, Irish Vocalist.
WM. McMANUS, Jig Dancer, accompanied by LARRY DUNN, Violinist.
Professor WHITNEY and FRED. CORBIN in the celebrated INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.
MAT. CONKLIN and SON; also A. TICHTAKER will beat the REVEILLE.
JOHN ENGLER, the Champion Skater.
WALLACE'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND and numerous others, all of whom will be duly announced.
Box Book now open, where seats may be secured. 19-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.
J. E. HAYES.......Lessee.
G. L. FOX.......Stage Manager.
C. W. TAYLEURE.......Business Manager.
IMMENSE AND MEMORABLE SUCCESS!
TWENTY-THIRD WEEK OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.
MR. G. L. FOX'S GREAT SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME,
HUMPTY — DUMPTY. H. D. is the delight of the Metropolis—the envy of the provinces. Children are ecstatic over its wonders. Young men and pretty maidens grow charmed with its diversified attractions; and the old renew their childhood in the presence of its fairy marvels and infectious fun.
G. L. FOX IN HIS GREAT ROLE OF CLOWN, a performance of unequalled humor and fame.
The Great Danseuse, MLLE. SANGALI.
THE WONDERFUL LIGHTNING DRILL.
HUMPTY DUMPTY MATINEES 1½ EVERY SATURDAY.

WALLACK'S.
DOORS OPEN AT 7½. COMMENCE AT 8.
The manager takes great pleasure in announcing an engagement with the talented young AMERICAN COMEDIENNE LOTTA, Who will appear MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1868, AND EVERY EVENING, IN A NEW DRAMA, written expressly for her by EDMUND FALCONER, ESQ., Entitled FIRE-FLY, which will be produced with NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES, ORIGINAL MUSIC, STARTLING EFFECTS, AND A SPLENDID CAST.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
SPLENDID SUCCESS OF THE REOPENING.
A new drama this week, full of fun. THE LAWYER'S CLERKS OF NASSAU STREET.
JOHNNY THOMPSON in his great act, THE LIVELY MOKE.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL AND TONY PASTOR in new serio comic and character songs.
BARBE BLEUE, TRODDEN DOWN, MUSIC TEACHER IN DISTRESS, etc.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE,
TAMMANY BUILDING, FOURTEENTH STREET, (Adjoining the Academy of Music)
Great success of EUGENE'S Burlesque Opera Bouffe, Flouffe, Pouffe. ILL TRUE BAD DOER.
LEO NORAH.......THE GREAT ARTIST.......EUGENE
COUNT DE LUNATICK.......UNSWORTH
AS YOU CHAIN HER.......SEYMOUR
MAN-WREAK-OH.......DAN BRYANT
Introducing EUGENE'S Popular Ballet Troupe, with EPH HORN, JOS. EMMITT, M. DEMPSTER, C. HENRY, W. ROCKFELLOW, J. H. ROSS, W. H. GRIER, and DAN BRYANT.

WANTED—FOR CARME AND WOODFORD'S GREAT SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME, Twenty Ladies for Corps de Ballet. Also, a Brass Band and Orchestra to travel. Will start about middle of September. Address CARMER & WOODFORD, Canastota, N. Y., or WETMORE & CO., 17 West Houston street. 19-2t*

MR. WM. HORACE LINGARD
Has just concluded his First Season in Boston, where, for five weeks, the Museum has been crowded to overflowing, and on the occasion of his Benefit, on August 7th, hundreds were unable to gain admission. Returns to THEATRE COMIQUE, N. Y., AUGUST 17TH, for the Fall and Winter Season, with a company (many new additions from Europe), unequalled in the States. 19-1t

CIRCUS TALENT of every description WANTED, to open in this city under canvas about August 25th. [19-1t*] Address M. L. P., Clipper Office.

J. W. DELANO,
First Old Man and Character Business. Address Milford, N. H., or 19-1t* LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC MUSICAL EQUESTRIAN Agency
LOWELL & SIMMONDS PROPRIETORS
609 BROADWAY NEW YORK

GALVESTON THEATRE.
NOTICE.
The company engaged for the above Theatre will be prepared to leave New York on the steamer sailing Sept. 5th, preparatory to the opening of the Theatre on the 21st of September.
19-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

WANTED—CORPS DE BALLET.
Twenty competent young ladies for the Corps de Ballet; can secure an immediate engagement in a first class Theatre by applying to
19-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

LOWELL & SIMMONDS
Are the only authorized agents for the negotiation of engagements of the following well known stars:—
EDWIN ADAMS,
JOSEPH PROCTOR,
MR. & MISS COULDOCK,
MATILDA HERON,
EMMA WALLER,
M'LLE ZOE,
CHARLES BARRON,
HELEN WESTERN
FRANK MAYO,
MARIETTA RAVEL,
MISS FANNY HERRING,
MARY GLADSTANE,
ALICE KINGSBURY,
KATE FISHER,
ZAVISTOWSKI TROUPE,
And the BUISLAY FAMILY.
All business communications for the above artists must be addressed
19-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Fifth street, opposite the Southern Hotel, ST. LOUIS, MO.
SPALDING & BIDWELL.......Proprietors
J. W. ALBAUGH.......Managers
The most elegant, commodious and comfortable theatre in the West; capacity 2,000 persons, seated after the style of Niblo's, New York; heated and cooled by patent machinery; will open on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1868, with a first class dramatic company.
Prominent stars and artists will address
J. W. ALBAUGH, care LOWELL & SIMMONDS, Dramatic Agents,
19-1t 609 Broadway, New York.

KATE FISHER is prepared to negotiate with managers for Star Engagements for the Fall and Winter Season of 1868-9 for the production of Equestrian and Sensation Dramas. Address her only agent,
19-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS.

ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS after August 19th, must be addressed
19-2t* GEO. W. GARRISON, No. 86 and 88 E 11th st, N.Y.

THE BARLOW BROTHERS,
Double Jig, Clog and Song and Dance Men, can be engaged by responsible managers. Address D. BARLOW,
19-2t* Pittsburgh Post Office or Clipper Office.

KATE BREVOORT,
SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST AND PIANIST, can be engaged for the FALL AND WINTER SEASON, by addressing her at 1930 SANSOM STREET,
19-1t* Philadelphia, Pa.

JERRY COHAN is open for Music Hall Engagements. Specialties—Negro and Irish Eccentricities, Clog and Song and Dance. Address JERRY COHAN,
19-1t* Union Music Hall, New Haven, Conn.

LINYARD'S GRAND CONSTELLATION AND BRASS BAND
will commence their regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON, on or about the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1868.
W. K. LINYARD, Proprietor and Manager.
All persons engaged will please meet at the ANSON HOUSE, NEW YORK, on the morning of the 29th August, FOR REHEARSAL.
By order of S. H. VERNEY,
11-2t* Stage Manager.

DICK CARROLL'S GREAT PIECE,
"THE WHIRLIGIG; OR, 4,008," AN IRISH BURLETTA, With startling local hits upon the times.
Managers wishing to secure the services of Mr. Carroll for six or more nights, will address him care No. 6 Tillary street, Brooklyn. 2t*

J. H. TAYLOR, Banjoist and End-man, and General Comedian, can be heard from by addressing care of CLIPPER office, or 80 Prince street, New York. 1t*

SIDE SHOW CANVAS For Sale. A rare chance and a great bargain. A new canvas, 37 by 25 feet, with poles, ropes, chains, &c.; also, a very fine Organ can be bought cheap for cash, by calling on
19-2t CHARLES RUSSELL, 65 Canal street, Room I.

WETMORE & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO AND PROPRIETORS OF FRANK RIVERS & CO.'S GENERAL OPERATIC, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, EQUESTRIAN, COSTUME AND PURCHASING AGENCY, No. 17 WEST HOUSTON STREET.
Having purchased the entire interest of FRANK RIVERS & CO.'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, we would respectfully announce that we can offer every facility for the transaction of all the details of the Agency business. We have completed all arrangements for the Fall and Winter Season.
Gentlemen and Ladies of the Profession who may patronize us may rely upon promptness, courtesy and dispatch in the transaction of business. 19-1t*

THE LATEST NOVELTY.
MISS CARRIE AND MR. CHARLES AUSTIN, Now performing at the Olympic Theatre in the great Pantomime "Humpty Dumpty," introducing their original and exciting MUSKET EXERCISES AND BAYONET COMBAT.
The high estimation in which their performances are held may be judged by the voice of the public journals and the marked approval of their audiences.
Managers getting up Spectacular and Military Pieces will at once perceive the propriety and advantage with which their exercises can be introduced between usual lengthy pauses or tiresome interludes.
Apply to their agents,
WETMORE & CO., Proprietors Rivers' Dramatic Agency, 17 West Houston street,
19-1t* New York City.

G. F. McDONOUGH,
LEADING MAN AND CHARACTER BUSINESS,
From the London and Provincial Theatres, England, can be engaged for the above line of business for the season of 1868-9, through his only authorized agents,
WETMORE & CO., Proprietors Rivers' Dramatic Agency, 17 West Houston street,
19-1t* New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS. Manuscripts.
MANUSCRIPTS.
We have constantly on hand and receiving from our London Agents all the new sensations of the day, which we invite managers of first class theatres to call and examine.
WETMORE & CO., Proprietors Rivers' Dramatic Agency, 17 West Houston street,
19-1t* New York City.

LOUIS MONTALDI,
GYMNAST, and
MLLE. LUCIE MONTALDI,
VOCALIST, DANSEUSE AND VERSATILE PERFORMER,
With her Trick Horse BEAUTY, can be engaged by managers of first class Varieties for two or more weeks. Apply to their agents,
WETMORE & CO., Proprietors Rivers' Dramatic Agency,
19-1t* 17 West Houston street, New York City.

WANTED.—Corps de Ballet for a first class company; must be young and attractive, and know how to Dance. Also a Second Danseuse to act as Ballet Mistress. Apply to WETMORE & CO., Rivers' Dramatic Agency,
19-1t* 17 West Houston street, New York.

CARD TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.
The undersigned, having been for the past twenty years connected with the Profession in almost every capacity, flatters himself that by so long experience he is fully able to appreciate their wants in every particular, and hereby respectfully offers his services to furnish substitutes for all the worn out trash which has by long usage become flat, stale and unprofitable. There are, no doubt, many stars in the Theatrical firmament who would be glad to abandon much of the ancient part of their repertoires, could they replace it by something fresh and fully as attractive; to such I would say I can exactly furnish what you want,
SENSATIONAL PLAYS, MELO-DRAMAS, LOCAL BURLESQUES, FARCES, ETC.,
replete with novel situations, startling incidents and unabating interest; with good parts to suit the capabilities and talents of an individual performer or entire company. The days of such pieces as "Mazeppa," "French Spy," "Black Crook," "Jack Sheppard" and a multitude of others of a like character are passed, and their representatives are losing money nightly, from the simple fact that they will not add to their stock of pieces some new attractions. I make a specialty of sensational pieces of this class, and am confident that my pieces will prove satisfactory alike to audience and actor. Another branch of the Profession that certainly needs reconstruction is Negro Minstrelsy.
NEGRO ACTS, SONGS, FARCES AND GAGS,
which were rendered popular by the late lamented Daddy Rice, a quarter of a century ago, are stale, retailed to audiences who know exactly where the "laugh comes in," by long familiarity with them. The reason for adhering to these resurrections is, perhaps, nothing better presents itself to the vast army of Negro Delineators. To such I would say that I will guarantee to supply you with novelties especially illustrating the lights and shades of Minstrelsy—witty, funny and artistic. Nothing ventured nothing gained. Write or call and satisfy yourselves.
TO STARS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
about arranging their Repertoire for fall, an unusual opportunity is now afforded them to carry next season through with everything new, and with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their patrons. In closing this brief review of my earnest wishes and offer of attraction to better the interests of the play-going public and their favorites, I but reiterate a want long since felt and expressed by many critics and patrons of the drama, and suggest to those requiring my services to call or write at once, in order to receive the first chance for Fall Season.
FRED. LUBIN, ILLUSIONIST, Dramatist and Translator, 232 East 13th street.
F. L. would also intimate that he has established at the above address a "Theatrical Loan Office," where liberal advances will be made on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Call or address as above.
We still continue to invent and furnish professors of the "Art Magique" with everything in their line. Also, Fantocini Figures.
The services of the Lubin Brothers, the renowned Wizardian Artists in their new "Entertainment Diabolarium, or a Night in Dreamland," can be engaged by responsible managers.
Address all communications on magic business to
LUBIN BROTHERS, SALLE DE LUBIN,
19-1t 559 Broadway, N. Y.

MISS ALICE DUNNING,
(From the Crystal and Royal Alhambra Palaces, London, England), will make her First Appearance at Theatre Comique, N. Y., under MR. WM. HORACE LINGARD'S MANAGEMENT, on August 17th, 1868, for the Fall and Winter Season. 19-1t

MISS FLORENCE TEMPLE,
the dashing Equestrienne, and acknowledged one of the Best in the World, is prepared to negotiate with managers, together with her performing horse, "Fire Fly," for brief engagements for the production of all the most popular Equestrian Dramas of the day. MISS TEMPLE has a MAGNIFICENT WARDROBE. Address care Clipper Office. 19-1t*

MRS. MARIE WILKINS
Is at liberty to negotiate with responsible managers for FIRST OLD WOMEN AND CHARACTERS, or LEADING HEAVY BUSINESS, for the coming regular season. Address care
19-1t* MESSRS. LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

BANJO INSTRUCTION BY E. C. DOBSON, 125 PRINCE ST., near Wooster, N. Y. My method is very simple; it can be explained in five minutes. A thorough knowledge of the Banjo guaranteed in a few easy lessons. 19-1t*

JULIA FITZPATRICK,
The great London Star Serio-comic Vocalist, from the principal theatres and concerts of Great Britain and Ireland. First class proprietors address CLIPPER office. Immense success of "Wait till you are Married." 19-1t*

A CARD.—Managers wishing to secure the services of MISS ANNIE GIBBONS, that gifted artiste, the only Lady Champion Cloggist, Irish Comic Vocalist, and the original and only Song and Dance Lady now on the stage—pronounced by both the press and public to be without a rival—can engage her for two or four weeks by addressing
MISS ANNIE GIBBONS,
19-1t New England House, Boston, Mass.

MISS JEAN HOSMER.
Managers wishing to arrange time for the Fall and Winter Season please address [19-4t*] JEAN HOSMER, Box 2,204 Buffalo.

WANTED.
LADY VOCALISTS AND DANSEUSES,
At Valer's Winter Garden, 720 to 726 Vine st., Philadelphia. Respectfully, [19-2t*] JACOB VALERS.

JAMES TAYLOR,
CHAMPION COMIQUE
Of Great Britain, is coming with his
19-1t* TALENTED LONDON COMPANY.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of joining a first class Dramatic Association (now organizing), will address F. VAN VLEIT, care G. F. Elliot, 400 Grand st. 19-2t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY TO travel, first class Clarionette Player, one who can play brass. Address immediately, G. S. BUCKLEY, Manager Buckley's Serenaders, Quincy Point, Mass. 19-1t

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS
AND BRASS BAND,
TWENTY (20) STAR (*) PERFORMERS.
MAMMOTH TROUPE OF ARTISTS,
FIVE COMEDIANS IN THE FIELD.
Start on their Fall and Winter Season August 20th, visiting all places of importance in the Eastern States, thence through the principal cities West and South, all under the sole direction of GEORGE SWAIN BUCKLEY.
H. E. PARMELEE, Advance Agent. 19-4t

WANTED—For Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, one Second Violinist, one Flute and Piccolo, one Double Bass Viol, and one Clarionetist. All must play Brass and be good readers. Wanted, two Cloggists and one Wench Dancer who can do Prima Donna business; talent must be first class and steady, and have a good wardrobe. Salary sure for one year's engagement, but must be moderate to suit the times. Give lowest terms and full particulars in regard to abilities. Apply by letter to CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager, Providence, R. I., or call in person on LEWIS BENEDICT, No. 154 West 34th st., New York city.
PARKHURST & COLLINS, Cloggists, your presence is required to organize Sept. 5th, as per agreement. Write at once your whereabouts to [19-4t] CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

O. W. BLAKE,
LOW COMEDIAN, and
JULIA WESTON BLAKE,
LEADING LADY,
Can be engaged for the coming season by addressing
253 Jeff avenue, Detroit, Mich., or
19-5t* LOWELL & SIMMONDS.

EXCELSIOR HALL,
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.
Splendid new HALL and SCENERY just completed; Dressing Rooms, Gas, &c.; seats 1,000 persons; population of city, about 10,000; good city for FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS. Terms $25. For further particulars address TIMOTHY CONFOY, Agent, and City Bill Poster, or apply at my News Depot, Federal street.
19-3m.

METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL,
(Late Odd Fellows' Hall), cor. First and Jefferson streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. F. PIKE.......Acting Manager
Harry Alberts.......Stage Manager
The above popular place of amusement is now in the "full tide of success." Artists of known ability and SPECIALTIES can always find good engagements by corresponding with the above.
J. F. PIKE, Acting Manager.
WANTED—A first class Lady Vocalist. 19-3t*

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE.
This popular Theatre can be rented by the week or night for all first class entertainments. APPLY AT 136 COURT STREET,
19-1t* Brooklyn.

MISS ANNA LEVERING, Leading Business, is now at liberty, and can be engaged by addressing
19-1t* FRANK RIVERS, or in care Clipper Office.

LINA EDWIN can be engaged for next season as Soubrette or Juvenile Business. Apply to LOWELL & SIMMONDS, or her residence, 332 East 13th street.
19-1t

NOTICE.
Mislaid or stolen MSS. and parts of Rockwood, or Turpin's Ride to York. A reward will be given for the recovery or whereabouts of the Play. Address LEO HUDSON, 34 William street, Baltimore, Md.
19-1t or FRED. LUBIN, 232 East 13th street, N. Y.

CALCIUM LIGHT.
THOS. D. BENSON, 580 Hudson street, New York. Gasometers made with complete apparatus for the light, that any one can use. Send for circular and price list. 19-1t*

SANFORD'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
PLEASANTVILLE, VENANGO CO., PA.
Six miles N.W. of Titusville, sixty-four line of stages daily.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of acknowledged ability in MINSTREL, THEATRICAL, PANTOMIME AND OPERA, DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS will address, in haste, stating terms, etc.,
J. M. MORTIMER, Washington House, Philadelphia.
SAM. S. SANFORD & J. M. MORTIMER,
13-2t* Proprietors.

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First class performers in every branch of the AMUSEMENT PROFESSION WANTED, for a season of twenty-four weeks, to commence about 25th of NOVEMBER. Apply immediately between 10 and 12 A. M., at 35 Bleecker street,
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CAUTION TO MANAGERS AND PERFORMERS.—Having copyrighted my new Irish Burletta entitled "The Whirligig; or, 4008," I hereby caution all parties from infringing upon my rights, otherwise they will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. [19-2t*] DICK CARROLL.

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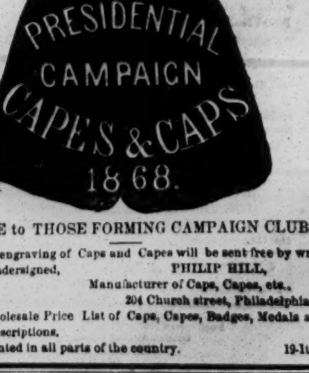

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FOR SALE—THE SHOW BOAT, STEAMER COOSA.
Desiring to abandon the water for a land route, I have no longer use for my circus boat, the steamer Coosa, and therefore offer her for sale to cash purchasers. She is comparatively new, having been in use only three seasons, and is the best adapted for circus and menagerie purposes of any boat on any waters in America. Her length is 182 feet, her breadth of beam 30 feet, depth of hold 4 feet, while her lower guards reach from the bow to the engine room, four fifths of her entire length, and are nearly 8 feet wide, built for the accommodation and easy transportation of baggage wagons, cages, band-chariots and procession cars, with capacity to carry any required number. Her accommodation for stabling horses is complete, and will transport 60 with ease and comfort, being provided with mangers and bins for storing and feeding food. Her cabin will comfortably sleep sixty passengers, being provided with a sufficient number of large, airy state rooms, and newly improved berths. The cook rooms, pantry, and all the culinary arrangements are in the most advantageous order possible. The machinery of the boat is of the most perfect and latest improved kind, and is pronounced by authorized inspectors to be inferior to that of no boat of the capacity of the Coosa on the western waters. In front of coal bin and boilers is room sufficient for stowing away seat stuff, canvas, or any other character of baggage peculiar to the business; and in addition, room for carrying two elephants if necessary. The hold is large, well ventilated, and easily kept in a healthful and clean condition, and in it will be found abundant room for stowing and transporting the properties, baggage and paraphernalia of half a dozen circuses or menagerie.
Taken as a whole the Coosa is really the best circus or menagerie boat now on water. Her draught is light with one hundred tons on board, and this present season she has been where other boats dare not venture. Were it my intention to follow river showing, no money could induce me to part with my boat, but as it is not, I will sell at a reasonable price, and will be open for bids until the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER. To such persons as desire an opportunity of this kind—and river show business has not been unprofitable—I offer a good bargain for cash. My boat is new, stylish, well painted, and will suit any parties contemplating a boat show.
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged for the Season of '68-'69, will meet on the stage, Thursday, 27th of August, preparatory to opening on the 29th, in the Comedy of MONEY. G. D. CHAPLIN, Stage Manager. 19-2t

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The Public Hall of the TEMPLE is 50 feet wide by 80 feet long and is to let for Balls, Concerts, Minstrels, Theatricals, Lectures, &c. It is the only hall in the place. ASHLAND and vicinity has a population numbering over 15,000. Apply to GEO. H. HELFRICH, Secretary Odd Fellows' Temple Associatio 7 13t*

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NOTICE.—All communications in reference to the coming season of '68 and '69, from Stars and General Artistes, will please be addressed to the undersigned, B. MACAULEY, Clarendon Hotel, Long Branch, N. J. 16-tf

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This ELEGANT HALL, admitted to be the best in the city for FIRST CLASS MUSICAL and DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, will be for rent during the coming season to responsible parties, by the night, week or month.
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WANTED. TWO SECOND CLASS ACTRESSES, For Ebsons, Page and Messier's Mammoth Amphitheatre. Address stating terms, capabilities, &c., FRED. NEWCOMER, Fort Bridger, Utah. 18-2t*

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For particulars, address S. BLOOM, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 17-4t

CHAS. B. GRISTE, ADVANCE AGENT, Will be disengaged after August 24, 1868. Business communications addressed to Saratoga, N. Y., till Aug. 5, or Clipper Office after that date, will receive prompt attention. 17-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NASHVILLE, TENN.
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WANTED—To buy or rent a good 60 or 80 foot Canvas. Parties having the above can hear of a purchaser by address [illegible] F. BERGER care of [illegible]

BUTZEL'S HALL, Saugerties, N Y.—Large and Commodious, and newly erected stage 18 by 25. Good troupes can draw crowded houses. 32-6m*

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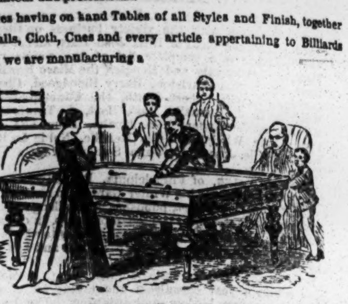

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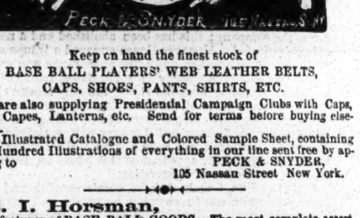

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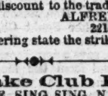

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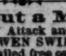

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